

APRIL

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

*The Dream of the World's Magazines
Reproduced for Busy People*

1935 DILLON & TAYLOR
N.Y. 23

1935 DILLON & TAYLOR
PUL. FIFTEEN

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG CHICAGO LONDON AND

RUSSELL CONSTRUCTION!

WHAT IS IT?

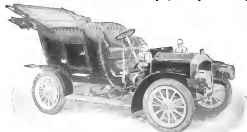
Perfection of design

Excellence of Material

Accuracy and finish of Workmanship

And these three backed up by

a factory near enough to take care of you,
determined to give you more for your money than you
can obtain elsewhere,
and careful to look after you, when you have bought.



ONE OF THE RUSSELL THREE

All models embody the design we adopted at the start.

We were right then

We are still in the lead.

Our ideas have prevailed

1007 MODELS

Model D.	35 H.P. 2-cylinder, 90 in. wheel base, speedy, roomy and comfortable	\$1690.00
Model E.	22 H.P. 4-cylinder, 284 in. wheel base, powerful, light steering car	2500.00
Model F.	40 H.P. 6-cylinder, 113 in. wheel base, high powered, touring car, 50 carry seven passengers, double ignition—magneto and accumulator	3750.00

Metal to metal disc clutch—selective sliding gear transmission,
nickel steel in all gears and shafts.

Canada Cycle and Motor Co. Limited, TORONTO JUNCTION, ONT.

Branches: Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Melbourne, (Aust.)

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

If you could only add a column



of figures with absolute accuracy in one-half the time that you now can; if you could multiply accurately six times as fast as you now can, or divide accurately four times as fast as you now can, wouldn't it mean something to you? How much would it mean in your office? Wouldn't your value to your employer be tremendously increased? Just suppose, for instance, that you could extend your office bills and figure the discounts on them, as well as their coming bills at a saving of fifty per cent. What would that mean in your office?

If you want to know just what your increased efficiency would mean try a Comptometer. It's quick and it's easy, and takes all the drudgery out of work.

Write for pamphlet and special trial offer. Send, express paid, or trust to responsible persons or concerns.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 851 N. Paulina St., Chicago, U.S.A.



Beauty and Solid Comfort

BRICK FIREPLACES
MADE FROM

MILTON BRICK

are not only useful but are decided
in ornament as a room. The new
is reasonable

Good for Suburbing

MILTON PRESSED BRICK COMPANY

Works and office - MILTON, ONT.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

W. & E. Thornton-Smith Co.

11 King St. W., TORONTO, and 123 Oxford St., LONDON, England



Agents for
**Huntallie
Candles**

Agents for
**Bowes'
Well Fires,
and
Whitefriars
Glass**

We will submit Designs and Estimates for the

Partial or Complete Decoration and Furniture

of Houses, including Painting, Paper-hanging, Paneling, Parquetry, Electric Lighting, Carpet-Planning, Upholstery, Wall-hangings, etc.

Patterns of Wall-papers, Silks, Linens, Cretonnes, Tapestries and other Fabrics sent by mail on approval.

We make a special feature of County Clubs and Office Interiors.

A separate department for Church Decoration.

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business")


CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1907.

LIFE STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE		PAGE
Sir Percy Girouard	A character sketch of the new High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria.	37
The False Steps of Great Men	The life story of some of the greatest men in history who did not allow their errors to ruin their careers.	41
Canada's Next Successful Business Man	A sketch of Messrs. Stephens, M.P., President of the Montreal Harbor Commission.	13
POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS		
The Perils of the Sepahs	Some of the dangers confronting the American Republics.	27
Steady Floating Marine Structures	An invention which promises to revolutionize the construction of Irish bridges, piers and light-houses.	53
Two Years of a Government That Does Things	A tribute to the efficiency of the administration of President Roosevelt.	89
ENTERTAINING SHORT STORIES		
An Up-to-Date Fairy Tale	The curious story of some remarkable adventures experienced by a man reduced to the height of one inch.	27
More Red Tape	Some of the foolish, whimsical and extravagant regulations in public service.	76
The Youngster	The adventures of a young man while spending his vacation in a western town.	160
Silverhorns	A hunting expedition which resulted in the capture of the cornered game in a novel way.	113
BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY		
The Policy Plus the Manager	How modern business found a lifeline profitable and termed a deficit man a dividend.	31
TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION		
Cobalt, The Cobalt of the North	An interesting description of the world-famous Cobalt.	88
Hareet the North Pole	A unique voyage which concluded a new record in Arctic exploration.	81
Edmonton: The World's Greatest Fur Mart	A colour pen picture of the Canadian Northwest.	167
England's Perpetual War With the Sea	The problem of protecting her coast against the invasions of the sea.	110


Kay's Mail Order Department

Cluta Rush Furniture


THIS attractive and comfortable line of furniture is now very much in vogue. Here, as in New York where it originated, it has often a place in well-furnished drawing rooms as well as in sitting rooms and bedrooms. It is made in a soft shade of green Cluta Rush and has a springiness and give that make it indescribably restful and easy. Our new catalogue contains prints of other designs. Orders for those here illustrated will have our prompt and careful attention.




No. 16.
Cake Stand,
37in. high.
Price, \$2.50.




No. 206.
Arm Chair.
Seat measures
18 in. x 17 in.,
back 20 inches
high.
Price, \$10.00



No. 306.
Rockers to
match, same
size.
Price, \$10.50



No. 016.
Table.
Top 25 in. x
25 in. Covered
with
Chinese
matting.
Height 28 in.
Price, \$8.50



No. 514.
Arm Chair.
A quiet de-
sign.
Price,
\$13.00.

John Kay Company Limited

36 and 38 King St. West, TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Israel Unbound	By JAMES CREELMAN	43
The part played by Jews in the discovery and development of America.		
The Flower Doctor	By S. LEONARD BASTIN	55
Making good the defects of nature in flowers.		
When Shall We Fly?	By ISRAEL LUDLOW	59
Showing what the builders of aeroplanes have accomplished.		
City Suburb Turned to Light	By M. G. FOSBERG	78
Street refuse utilized as fuel in New York City.		

ARTICLES FOR THE WORKERS

Working-Men's Gardens in France	By W. H. TOLMAN	17
A welfare work introduced among the laboring classes in Paris.		
Heroes of Everyday Life	By EDGAR FRENCH	53
Acts of heroism worthy of being recorded in history.		
The Man Who Lives on His Nerves	By W. LEE HOWARD	57
Men who pride themselves on their nervous system, but recklessly on their nervous capital.		

MISCELLANEOUS

Homeless England	By M. R. CRANSTON	38
The significance of the housing problem in relation to the prosperity or degradation of a nation.		
World's Greatest Gambling House—Lloyd's		45
An interesting description of the world's greatest insurance company.		
A New View of the Arab	By C. A. MOORE, JR.	50
The pretensions of the good points of the Arabian horse in an entirely new light.		
Last Days of the Fur-Seal	By P. T. McGRATH	75
Presenting the only extermination of the fur seal.		
The Slight on the Easter Lilies		87
What the holiday season means to some of the poorer classes in New York.		
Some Truths About Christian Science	By LILIAN "MAC"	152
A defence of the creed of the Christian Scientists.		
Humor in Magazines		156
Other Contents of Current Magazines		158
The Busy Man's Book Shelf		153

The novel story "Friday, the Thirteenth," by THOMAS W. LAWSON, is being published in book form by Messrs. MacLod & Allen, Toronto. Installments of this story appeared from time to time in The Busy Man's Magazine. Our readers will gladly welcome its appearance in book form.

OFFICES

CANADA		
TORONTO (Telephone 1314)	19 Fleet Street, East	331 McEwen Street
WINDSOR (Telephone 224)	Room 311 Union Bank Building	
St. John, N. B. (J. Hunter White)	Telephone 314	
	No. 7 Market Street	
GREAT BRITAIN		
LONDON, E.C. (J. Meredith McKim)	33 Fleet Street, E.C.	
MANCHESTER, ENGL. (H. S. Ashworth)	Telephone, Central 1296	
	14 St. Ann Street	

EWING'S

SEEDS FOR

Farm, Garden and Lawn

RELIABLE SEEDS

In the ground they are the most reliable seeds obtainable — they are seeds that give results. Carefully obtained from the best sources — therefore reliable. They are giving satisfaction to hundreds of planters. They will do the same for you.

William==**EWING**==& Co.

142-146 McGill St., Montreal

SEND FOR

Ewing's—1907—Catalogue

MAILED FREE

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 6

Canada's Most Successful Business Man

BY C. D. CLIFFE.

George Washington Stephens, M.P., President of the Montreal Harbor Commission, upon the occasion of being the subject of a most interesting portrait given in Canada. Although under forty years of age, he is a leading figure in the commercial, financial and political world. The story of his career serves as a fine study by every young person as well as every parent.



MAJOR GEO. W. STEPHENS, M.P.
President of the Montreal Harbor Commission

"**L**IFE is a sequence—the logical, far-seeing mind is a cumulative consequence. Men who are wise at forty were not idle at twenty."

This statement applies to Mr. George Washington Stephens, M.P.; new president of the Montreal Harbor Commission; a capable, prominent and influential owner of property, running into millions; director and head of several vitreous manufacturing and financial corporations, and yet on the sunny side of forty, clear-headed, simple-living, hard working and possessed, as he ever has been from childhood, that intoxicating thing—thinking on his feet.

His distinguished father and grandfather have their names inextricably interwoven with the history of Montreal and the Province of Quebec, and hence of Canada, during the past three-quarters of a century. The subject of this sketch was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, which means that his father was wealthy; but the way in which the clever father watched that spoon made young George often think, without any disrespect, that it was made of steel. It was that very training which put iron into the young man, for he has got it in him all over to-day.

The lad was educated privately and also at the high school and McGill Col-

lege. He early learned the ease of distinguishing the essential from the accidental—and that is his salient characteristic to-day—in applying the axiomatic laws of human action with which he became familiar.

Travel, to young Stephens, was his supreme pleasure. He traversed Europe; knew his London at an early age. His knee band was open and, in addition to the reflection of scenes upon the retina of the eye, the reading and thought prompted therefrom accumulated the benefits. Mastering modern languages was not his chief task, but none or less of an necessary or an incident; his real work was studying men; endeavoring to assimilate from the world, by his Father's example, a due estimate of the imperishable principles of human liberty.

He soon found, after studying law and philosophy—after poring over the business of a magnificent library at home—that all the professors, and all the paraphernalia of universities, could never educate a man, but only help him to educate himself.

Blessed with a hardy constitution and a fondness for outdoor life he became identified with many outdoor clubs; was always an ardent snow-shoer, and at the dinners and smokers of these oc-

gamesters, George Stephens was a well-known participant. He can to this day sing a good song, tell a good story, and make a rattling good speech in almost any modern language.

There has never been any sign of the client about him. He is frank and plain. He might have become a pettifogging lawyer or a class B preacher or doctor, and taken in thousands in the name of his honored father, but he concluded it was better to be himself. And the greatest that any man can be is to be himself; and any man who is himself commands respect.

Now that he is head of the Harbor Board at Montreal and he is in the fullness of his maturity drawing a salary of \$7,000 per year, the expression may be allowed that his mind never "listened to either port or starboard."

To glance at the career, briefly, of his father, the late Hon. George Washington Stephens, will give a clearer idea of the environment which patterned and influenced his early life.

His father was the second son of the late Mr. Harrison Stephens, a leading merchant of Montreal, and formerly of Vermont. He was born in 1832, and lived a strenuous and influential life up to four years ago. Think of him for a character; born wealthy; he did not have to work at all any more than his son had, but he never stopped working. The hardware business in which he was engaged most successfully was for too long for his active mind. He decided to study law, and at the age of 31 graduated at McGill and was called to the Bar. He mastered whatever he undertook. He was always mischievous with wrongdoers. The celebrated Mr. John A. Perkins, an eminent Montreal lawyer, joined him as a partner, and they did honor to their profession always.

When George Junior was wrestling with the kindergarten, and his only worry was an evening lesson, he used to hear of his father's fame in celebrated cases. The air used to resound

with remarks about that eccentric lawyer, who fished out queer cases, such as one testing the validity of an Indian marriage, according to the custom of their country. He personally concluded this case and won it. It is on the records: *Connolly vs. Woolrych*.

He championed another rare case of a man named Pillabrant against the hierarchy of Quebec for some alleged libel published by this man. This case, too, he conducted personally, and fought it for years, finally winning, after losing time and money which would have ruined a less able man.

He was called to serve the city as alderman in 1848, and remained an active civic life for 17 years, being several times mayor. Unflinching and open-handed in honesty he was a rare benefactor to Montreal during these dangerous times. They evidently need such a man to-day. His public order of awards was not a whit stronger than his rigidly kept private life. Then, his eldest son George had up chance to become a boy-spoiled. Instead, he was taught early to examine well the basis of opinion which he might have formed upon political or other subjects. He was taught to do what the Stephens family had always done; namely, to buy the things they ought to have bought and to never have left unthought the things they ought to have worked off.

His magnificent home on Dorchester street, just west of the St. James Club, is one of the beauties of Montreal, and has always been regarded with every comfort, furnished with unique and original designs and especially-made conveniences for ideal home life. In fact, he gave the home as it should be, where the family were taught to be more fond of each other than they were of beauty and of power and to be as good, if possible, as they were clever. His mind (the father's) mediated between the mental and material interest and rested in neither. His law was partly that of Henry George, the law of liberty

"the law of each for all and all for each."

Prudent, economical private and public life summed up his belief. His was a fine mind, and clever men and others were fond of hearing his advice; short and sometimes curt, but always true; and when they saw his strength, like form; saw the gleam of his honest eyes from under the stern-looking beetle eyebrows, they felt the presence of a man—a man who wanted nothing but who was always willing to give.

His political life led him to sit in the Quebec Assembly, for Montreal Centre, from 1851 to 1880. His careful scrutiny of public measures will go down to history as an example of the fact that honesty, as a business asset, can never be questioned. He taught a doctrine that might be translated to mean the gospel of hope; in teaching men how to live, not how to die. He contested, unsuccessfully, at the general election in 1892 for District 4 Huntingdon, and was elected at the general elections in 1897. With the success of the Marchand government, in May, 1897, he was called to the Quebec Cabinet, without portfolio.

A monument to his clear-cut life in the good government association which he founded in Montreal, in January, 1897. He received the thanks of that body for his vigorous efforts and judicious action at the Quebec Assembly in reference to local measures.

Another characteristic move was in carrying a measure, in 1896, prohibiting the exposure of posters or bills of indecent character. That he was in his lifetime a member of the Board of Trade Council, a life governor of the Montreal General Hospital, a magnificent supporter of the Unitarian church as well as a director of many enterprises of a commercial, scientific and benevolent nature need not be told, but the multiplicity of simple, kindly, homely charities would make a volume. He

was a close knitted, a better enemy, and a staunch, warm friend.

So, then, George Washington Stephens, Jr., was the victim. He was his father's eldest son. Well, the father knew the shadings of ancestry in his boy, and he despatched him most rapidly. Of Highland Scotch, Yankee and English origin, young Stephens's direct and true nature inherited the traits of the middle class, even to sturdiness of religion and simplicity of habits on all sides. His worthy father was known as the "watchdog" of politics in Montreal and the province. The father must have seen, with some prophetic instinct, rare possibilities for his eldest son, and trained him accordingly as far as lay in his power.

That is now to be seen. No doubt, "What shall I make of the boy?" often came to the father's mind. He early took away the kingly from the boy's knees by making him think for himself; caused any chance of cringing from his seat, and started him to work—a free man.

Little was heard of George Stephens, Jr., until the death of his father. George was a hidden volcano. His qualities had been simmering for years, growing and strengthening always, however, in sublimity. When his "time" came to play, the volcano took place, and he stepped forth heir to an immense fortune, head of a splendidly organized business, confessed in his own proper person; not a cheap, impudent imitation—but just himself.

All that he had done before began to glow into a Pentecostal brightness. While his father's will was surrounded with codicils and conditions that the young millionaire could never spend the money he had in his name, nor deplete the fortune in store, the world waited.

Prior to this time George Stephens was known as a right royal good fellow in social and commercial circles of the best set and was just manager of his father's immense landed interests

in the city and elsewhere. Now he was facing the bright light that blazes on conspicuous people. There was a low murmur, in social circles, of wonder as to how the young man would take the prominence, so low that it was no more than like some heat made audible for a few seconds and then to die away as this did. The equisite of training for years was there; training in most of the leading shipping ports of Europe and Britain where he had earned his living while learning the languages, and had mastered the intricacies of international business and shipping, as soon to come into practical use for this country. It will be remembered that he contributed able articles to the press of Montreal and other cities on the harbors of Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Havre, London, Bristol, Cardiff, Glasgow, and Liverpool, and others, all copious with information and alive with his own belief that one never knows a thing well until he tells it to somebody.

He seemed to have been always on the highway which leads to superiority. His presence at political and other meetings had been familiar for years, but he would never permit anything to be said about himself. In fact, the writer of this article well remembers on many occasions when at banquets George Stephens did things, like singing and speaking, in a way far above the average, and he personally would take the sincere pains to ask the reporters privately to say as little as possible about him. Now, however, he was heard of differently. His name began to appear, inevitably, as chairman and lecturer, and his speeches were accepted, showing no lack of arguments nor words wherewith to clothe them.

Yet his public life may be said to have only begun. He was chosen candidate for the responsible constituency of St. Lawrence division, and was elected M.P.P. by acclamation, being favor-

ably acclaimed by members of all parties and creeds.

Meanwhile his commercial ventures were maturing, and a group of eleven young Montreal business men, all friends of his own, made a big coup in securing controlling stock of the Canadian Rubber Co., of Montreal; they completely rejuvenated the whole business by whipping into the concern new blood, new life, and new capital. Mr. Stephens was chosen president of this board. Afterwards bigger things still loomed up, and his friends captured a big margin of all (but one) of the rubber companies of the Dominion, under the caption The Consolidated Rubber Co., of which Mr. Stephens is the vice-president.

His mind was active most, however, in Parliament, as thoroughness is his forte. He was busy at once doing things for his people. His mind turned to the half-baked educational facilities of the province. He made speeches, wrote to the papers, brought the matter up in Parliament.

Potent with right on his side, he bound-sided the Government; he organized a campaign in favor of an extended increase of grant for educational purposes, and the Government passed unanimously a measure to not only increase the salaries of teachers in the province, but to elevate the standard of examinations and to improve the school buildings, etc.

At this time it was common talk that Mr. Stephens was to become the new Minister of Education for the province, but other plans matured, and such a portfolio was not created; although a strength and impetus was given to the department of Public Instruction which it had never before shown.

He never sidestepped any issue. When he heard the people of Montreal calling for a new jail what did he do? He went to jail himself to see how conditions were. Down he went to Montreal jail, full of the subject in hand almost

to intoxication—in fact it was eighty pounds of steam with a monkey wrench on the blow-off. When the iron door of that prison cell clanged behind George Stephens, he was utilizing the exhaust in his love for justice and his people. There he sat the greater portion of one night in the black darkness of a seven-foot, grimy cell, huddled with criminals, suffering what they suffered, and peened through the cracks of the old building at the free silent stars. He wrote a graphic account of his experience and created a great sensation. The whole city was abuzz with his action. The press took it up: preachers gave sermons, politicians backed him up, and with the combined efforts the Government was induced to vote a handsome appropriation for a new jail. George Washington Stephens really did the whole business, and he will rank easily in the place of his father as one of Quebec's greatest reformers.

Notwithstanding the many calls upon his time he is able to address the Sunshine Society, the Art Association, attend numerous annual and society meetings, and yet always be pleasant, time-saving and interesting. What fine equisite of mind! What sanity of security in good training at twenty.

While George Stephens had been a volunteer in his early life, it was only a few years ago that his services were called to serve as commanding officer in His Majesty's forces. At the time the Montreal Third Field Battery needed a commander whose means and character would be in consonance with its splendid traditions and memories. Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, was instrumental in inducing his warm personal friend, George Stephens, to take the command. With the same courage with which he tackled anything, he went to work and took a special course and held the command for some years with honor and success, retiring, owing to pressure of business, with the rank of major. Major

Stephens made an ideal soldier. His open-handed generosity to the Battery will not be forgotten easily. His smoking concerts were never surpassed. His camps on the island were always looked forward to with delight. On one occasion, after completing a very successful inspection, he took the whole Battery and a party of special friends to Quebec, visiting the garrison at the Citadel. For this he chartered a special steamer, entirely at his own expense. Many of the rank and file were permitted to bring along their wives and mothers.

He was a keen sportsman and took no active interest in the welfare of the sportsmen, being highly appreciated as a soldier in all quarters.

He was especially honored in being chosen by the Minister of Militia to accompany him to the Old Country at the command time, and also visited London at Jubilee time as a member of the Montreal and Canadian contingent. His relative importance was not minimized in the presence of the greatest men of the world.

How he managed to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet on one occasion in London would make an interesting chapter, but, as Kipling says, "That is another story."

Members of the Battery who visited London on the evacuation occasion tell privately of the major's generosity in slipping them some of money, telling them to say nothing, as they would need that in London and they must keep up Canada's reputation.

It is said that when certain people have gone to him for advice he has done as his father often did—handed them some money and remarked "Never mind the advice."

He has never sat at the treasury box of slaves and asked whether Jew or Gentile, never asked longitude or latitude, but simply seems to be listening to Edward Everett Hale, who says: "Look out, not in; look up, not down; and lend a hand."

There is little doubt that some of the things done by Mr. Stephens have surprised one man anyway, and that is himself—no man does much well unless he owns this experience.

A glance at the man himself would see an erect, square-shouldered, inclined to be short of stature, closely knit frame; rather of the way type, which at once suggests energy, alertness, activity.

His massive, broad, bare forehead is the striking feature, the remainder of the face supplementing the forceful appearance by keen brown eyes shining through heavy glasses, and a close pursed mouth, of sympathetic mould, wearing a well-groomed moustache. His voice is magnetic and commanding, but it always has had little to say about its owner. The wonder now to his best friends is that he has never met his Fate in his long and popular barbershop. That part of his history is yet to come.

Owing to his appointment as chairman of the new Harbor Commission in

Jan., 1907, Mayor Stephens has been recently compelled, through the pressure of work, to abandon his membership of the local legislature, and shortly before inauguration, in March, this was announced with much regret to the House. Mr. Stephens has associated with him two of the ablest business men in Canada, namely, C. C. Ballantyne and L. E. Geoffrion.

The new commissioners intend to work it on up-to-date, independent business methods. No party politics will interfere, and great things are expected. Mr. Stephens has stated that he is laying deep plans for the establishment of a port at Montreal, on a broad and commensurate basis, for a rising country. His energy and forcefulness assure progression and aggression all along the line.

There was no dissenting voice at his appointment, and if he does his work there as well as he has done it elsewhere Canada will be prouder still of one of her most creditable and able sons.

Let men know that what you say you will do that your decision made is final—no wavering, that, once resolved, you are not to be allured and intimidated

Working-Men's Gardens in France

BY WILLIAM H. TOLMAN DE KENTVUE GARDENERS.

In recent years a form of welfare work among the laboring classes was inaugurated in France, based on the idea of having men work with the necessary soil and garden implements, to cultivate their own vegetables. Many of these men who grew their food in this manner were without their own land. This was the first step in the work of the Working Men's Gardens in France.

"THE great value of my little garden to me has been the fine vegetables it has yielded all Summer, and the good time the children have had in the open air, but the glasses of beer and absolute my husband hasn't taken," observed the mother of a French workman's rather numerous family, as an investigator last Autumn.

"Quite right, mother," echoed a man near-by; "you will never know the evil we men don't do while we are busy in our little gardens."

This conversation took place in France, one one of the workmen's gardens, a movement for self-help which is growing each year. A similar movement was started in Detroit in 1894, under the name of the Potato Patch Farm, later carried out successfully in New York and other cities in the Visant La Farm, while to-day Philadelphia is beginning her eighth year of successful effort.

Mrs. Hervey, a charitable woman in Sedan, tired of aiding the poor by gifts of money, attempted to rouse them to self-help by an offer of doubling any sum of money which they should deposit in the local savings bank. She rented a small tract of land, and sold to the poor people, "Now, go to work."

They did, and, as they worked, the taste for it grew; they kept steadily at it, especially as they knew that the fruits of their labor would belong to them, that the vegetables they raised could be taken to their homes or sold.

Such was the humble beginning, in 1890, of a little movement, but one simple and practical that it grew until, last October, in Paris, there was held a Congress of Workingmen's Gardens, attended by 700 delegates, under the presidency of M. Aynard of France. The organizer of the congress was M. l'Abbe Lemire, and the secretary, M.

Louis Riviere, a collaborator of the American Institute of Social Service.

In St. Etienne, at the College of St. Michel, there lived a Jesuit well known among the poor of the community, thirty-five years of age, simple-minded, generous, and kindly devoted to his post. Father Volpette, in the opinion of his colleagues, was the last man in the world to stray out of the beaten path, to attempt a new idea, calling for personal initiative. But Father Volpette realized that the 8000 a year which he could spend in charity among the poor in St. Etienne did not go very far toward alleviating the misery and poverty which were so insistent. He heard of the Workingmen's Gardens, the knowledge of which came to him like a ray of light in a dark place.

In 1894 he rented two lots, dividing them into little gardens; the owner of a stone quarry gave him a third, making in all about twelve acres, which he rented for \$70. He divided this among 98 families, comprising 608 persons. Fencing, tools, seeds, fertilizers, water, and incidentals brought the total cost up to \$700, representing money aid to each family about \$7. In spite of a very dry Summer, the yield of potatoes and vegetables amounted to \$1,200, or \$12 a family. In reality it was more, as the initial cost of the gardens was heavy for the first year and represented assets that could be carried forward each season.

In 1895 and 1896 three new tracts were added to their other holdings. The expenses were \$460, with sales from the crops amounting to \$2,085, while it was estimated that each family had consumed \$29 worth of vegetables. In 1896 and 1897 more fields were added, the harvest yielding \$3,000 for that season.

Filled with joy at the success of the gardens, Father Volpette rented an entire farm about fourteen acres, accepted gifts of others for the season, rented

more small tracts, thus aiding 375 families in all. He did not stop there, but made it possible for the occupants of the gardens to build dwellings. He started a brick yard and a rural bank. Last year he had 660 little gardens.

In the Autumn of 1903 there were 6,853 gardens in 264 groups, encompassing 665 acres. Based on the statistics, 46,144 persons had been reached by these selfhelp workshops.

A movement like this of the working-men's gardens, which is now organized in at least 138 cities of France and directed by the foremost men and women, is deserving of earnest consideration. First, it will be necessary to examine details of organization, the conditions under which the workmen may obtain a little garden, and its tenore.

I find that, among 134 groups, there are varying kinds of tenure, but those of St. Etienne have often been copied. They are very simple, the cultivator pledging himself to work faithfully, not to labor on Sunday or on the stated free days, not to sublet his plot without express permission, and to do nothing that will bring ill-repute on the movement.

It is not enough to say to the cultivator, "Here is the land; you do the rest," for they lack initiative. They accordingly have no knowledge of the use of tools, the proper preparation of the ground, or the times and seasons for planting. In several instances it was found that the free use of the gardens was unwise, so a small rental was charged, thus developing greater interest at once. At Rhodan the cultivator who pays his rental becomes a kind of shareholder.

In general, the cultivation of small vegetables in preference to potatoes and cabbage is encouraged, with an attempt to forestall the cultivation for a commercial object. At Fontaines, if more than one quarter of the plot is cultivated in potatoes, the farmer loses one point in the annual contest. In assigning the gardens, preference is given the fathers of large families. Where there are four children at least, an extra amount of land is given; at Amiens, a deduction in the rental is made where the children exceed seven, and at Rhodan a fam-

ily of thirteen children received the largest garden.

The conditions of rental are a varying quantity, depending on the amount of the tracts to the city and on other facts determining its value. The average rental for the workman is \$2.50 for a plot of 475 square yards. Many of the committees have rented the lots for from nine to twelve years, thus having time to secure the capital necessary for the purchase of the land, which is, in turn, can be sold to the little cultivators, who then can begin the construction of a little home on their own land.

To the rental of the land must be added expense of a water-supply, enclosing the tract with fences, and making the divisional lines between the plots. Frequently the city water-supply can be used; on committee sunk an artesian well. Other concessions are made in the shape of manure from stables and other fertilizers; seed is often given, and, in one instance, a carpenter gave his services in building a gateway for the gardens.

If any person organizes a series of gardens, the control is vested in him; in charitable societies a committee guides the work. The ideal control is direction by the farmers themselves. In the case of Father Volpette, at St. Etienne, the cultivators chose a council on the basis of one member to each group of five families; his special council decides on the expenses, fixes the rules and regulations for admission, and is the permanent committee. The work, as a whole, is regulated by the general council, composed of representatives. At Beauvais, the committee consists of the first four prize-winners and their wives; at Versailles, an outside committee designates one of its members to visit each week the gardens, and to confer with the cultivators on the spot, thus tending to the greatest contentment; while at Montfais, an instructor from the free school has a garden which serves as a working model for purposes of practical teaching. Experience shows that one man can superintend thirty gardens. The qualifications are common sense and tact, by means of which the sympathy of the workman must be won over; for it

is a mistake to suppose that the use of a little garden for the Summer implies the surrender of one's personality.

Every group has a visiting committee, which is largely made up of women, who can render a large social service to their less favored sisters; in fact, they thus recognize the opening up of a new career of usefulness.

The material results of the gardens vary according to the nature of the soil and the knowledge of the individual cultivator, the nearness of the city, and the season. Based on the returns from all the gardens, the average yield has been from \$6 to \$25 for a plot of 1-1/16th of an acre. In general, the value of the product is from four to ten times the expense of the gardens. Apart from the money return, the horticultural knowledge is a most valuable asset. The inspector of one group has laid out the work on the basis of a rotation of crops every three years; at Caressonville an horticultural expert visits each garden three times a month, giving individual hints and advice. On the basis of what he has found he prepares a summarized digest of the work, which is given to each cultivator.

The Horticultural Society at Rhodan has a model garden, as an object lesson, with pleasures changed each month, so that the cultivators may know just what to do; in addition, one of the teaching staff of the society visits the gardens on the last day of the month for personal explanation and tending. Many of the groups furnish courses of instruction; at Tours the planting of fruit trees and small fruits increases the revenue from the other crops, while the enclosures of the plots at Ussat-sur-Arroux have served as arbors for grapevines. Bee hives, chicken coops, rabbit hatches, and even pig pens, show the possibilities of the work.

"The finest flower is a beautiful vegetable," said one of the cultivators at Tours. But the women are not so material and prosaic, for we see that they set aside a little corner for the cultivation of the "inutilities," which, however, rejoice the eyes and delight the soul; but even here the practical asserts itself, for often these flowers belong to the simpler which occupy a cherished place

in the household pharmacopoeia. M. l'Abbe Lebeau always reserves a little place for the traditional flowers of Flanders, thus keeping alive a spirit of patriotism.

As the farm work goes on, better acquaintance results, until the germ of co-operation appears, for the produce of seeds, one group makes a levy of 15 cents on each person; at Tours the committee has proposed the wholesale purchase of potatoes, as well as of seed. The annual contests, with prizes, promote interest. In 1903, at Beauvais, 100 prizes were awarded; 114 in 1902; and 109 in 1901. The prizes are in money or garden tools, seed, etc., enough at Beauvais the prize takes the form of a pass-book in which is inscribed a credit in the National Funds for Savings.

These material results of selfhelp through an earnings capacity, of an awakened and stimulated agricultural knowledge and skill of the by-products of the farm, and of practical co-operation, fully justify the efforts of those who are in charge of the 139 groups. But to my mind the indirect results are what will continue to be an increasing ratio, strengthening the moral fibre of the parents, and thus the children, so that society at large becomes stronger and purer by means of the redemption of these individuals who have renewed their civic and domestic virtues through contact with the soil.

"The best way that I can show my appreciation for what the gardens have done for me," said a workman of Rhodan, "is to help any one else who is in need, according to the resources which I have at that time." Frequently the plots of those who were taken sick were cultivated by their neighbors. A blind man applied to the group at Puy, but they hesitated to give him a garden. "We will help him," said the neighbors. For three years the blind man had a garden, which was one of the best.

Working on the soil tends to a desire for a permanent settlement, for home-building. A gardener in Amiens, a mason by trade, bought a little piece of ground and the materials by means of those "little economies," so dear to the

French, and built a house. Three houses have been built at Belva on ground which is being paid for in instalments. Father Volpette, at St. Etienne, has helped forward the construction of forty-five houses. Costly houses, or, rather, social centres, are appearing. M. Vellez has built one at Grenoble, containing a room for storing the tools, a dining-room, and a lecture hall. Every two weeks one of the professors from the university gives a practical talk on the care of children, hygiene, alcoholism, and tuberculosis. "I am compelled," said the organizer of this group, "to make a kind of popular institute of this building, because, after helping the people to get their daily bread through work on the soil, I feel that I must also help them to get intellectual food."

A group of the salaried at Nîmes have built a temperance villa, equipped with a library, a lecture room, and a gymnasium.

As a saloon substitute, the workmen's gardens are in the front rank. "On my little plot," said a father of four children, "I have paid for my rent twice; once with the soup I have raised, and a second time with what I have saved in not going to the saloon."

The garden is a kind of safety-valve, where the man can work off his extra energy. If by chance he lives in one room, he can go to his little plot instead of seeking the distraction which he finds in the saloon. The rapid growth of tuberculosis, a city disease, is made easier by the unhealthy houses where so often the workmen must live; in the open air he can overcome that dread disease, if its ravages have not gone too far.

Under the skilful guidance of Father Volpette, a dispensary, a bureau of legal advice, and a labor bureau are in successful operation. Not content with these foundations, he has so extended the original plan that to-day forty-five houses, varying in price from \$40 to \$3,000, have been built by three to whom a little garden was given because they were so poor that they had lost all hope of doing anything alone. The committee in charge of the farms builds the house according to a plan drawn by its architect and accepted by the en-

tire; the Fund for Savings pays for the land and the building of the house. These expenses are paid off in from ten to twenty-five annual payments, which include interest and life insurance. The workman may prefer to build his own house, but he has no bricks or money. Foreseeing this contingency, Father Volpette has opened a brickyard with a capacity of 5,000 bricks a day, made by fifteen workmen who happen to be unemployed.

A rural savings-bank on the Raiffeisen-Danmont system advances two thirds of the cost. If the workman can put up the other third. Regular payments are made against this advance, which has been secured by a mortgage on the house. A rural savings fund and a cooperative society started in the gardens at Rheims now include the entire workmen's quarter of the city, but they are distinct from the gardens. At Orleans, a society for building low-priced dwellings has been added to the garden group. Seven homes have been built.

In these days of rapid communication, when the cities of the world are fairly allowing each other, a practical effort finds ready imitators, who may profit by the failures no less than by the successes.

The French industrialists are beginning to make special provision for little gardens in connection with the workmen's dwellings. Notably in this case with MM. Didot at Nemilly, Menier at Nisais, Bouillon at Levallois, and by the companies of Mulhouse, Guebwiller, Niederbrunn, the mines of Anzin, Lens, and Cresail. Concessions of gardens without houses have just been granted by MM. Malet and LeGrand at Fourmies, and by Pouillet at Rheims. At some of the factories, the company organizes visits to the gardens by the directors, who can then see for themselves what their men are doing, and then award prizes based on their own observations. At the mines of Lens it was found that the miners took great delight in working their gardens, using their free-time in this way. Their agricultural ignorance of the right time to plant and the best selections of crops have proved such a heavy handicap that

it is now proposed to start a series of practical talks and lectures on these matters.

In almost every country, a little vegetable patch appears alongside the stations, freight houses, and the trunk. These little gardens have been given to the agents, the trainmen, and other laborers. Within the last few years, the concession of these little gardens to the railway men has made rapid strides. For example, the Northern Railway (Nord) has gardens of from 335 to 598 square yards each for 3,060 of its men; the Eastern (l'Est) places gardens at the use of 2,800 of its trainmen and 820 station agents; on the Southern (Sud) some 2,600 shelters are built, each having attached a little plot of 598 square yards, while 450 station agents and clerks have allotments of from 717 to 827 square yards each. Altogether, this one line sets aside 958 acres. The Orleans Railway not only provides 6,072 of its staff with little gardens, but contributes to this movement at Tours, where 36 gardens are placed at the disposal of the families of the men employed in the stations.

The cross-house officials at Havre cultivate 50 gardens, which are given to them, based on length of service and merit. The same general facts are true of Dunkirk. In fact, Dr. Langtry has made a special study of what may be called "Gardens of the Administration." The administration in some parts of France bestows the use of the little gardens on the postmen and the keepers along the canals. It would seem unfair to omit the soldiers, so we find that in some of the garrisons agricultural conferences have been organized, so that the soldiers may know something of the art of sustaining life instead of standing all the time of art of taking it. Captain Hardy of the 129th Regiment organized a military garden at Peronne, which is considered a model of its kind. These gardens are very common in the garrisons of Algiers and Tunis. The 4th Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, in the latter city, have

added a pleasure garden to their kitchen garden. The standard of utilities is always rising, because each new commandant wishes to add something to what his predecessor has established.

Of course there are school gardens, where the little ones may learn the simple principles of agriculture and floriculture. Twenty-two little gardens for apprentices and forty for school children are set aside at Dorin. M. Grol has three series of gardens, one in connection with the school, and two others in the workmen's plots, where he works with his pupils for the sake of showing them by example as well as by precept. In addition to all this, he has a model farm on nearby land, in order that he may demonstrate to that neighborhood what it is possible to extract from land of little value, by means of chemical fertilizers. Here and there a church garden is appearing, thus establishing the priest to raise his own food-stuffs, while helping the peasants, the artisans, and other workmen of his parish to supplement their earnings, to say nothing of the greater hold he obtains over his parishioners, due to his practical interest in their welfare.

The workmen find the garden of great advantage in the case of unemployment. An example is cited of one industrialist who placed several acres at the disposal of his workmen during a period of depression. Alone the workers, the little gardens are being taken up by the fishermen, who frequently spend more than half the week on the land. If this new movement had become established in Brittany, the salt-fisheries would have been greatly alleviated. In any event, it will always be possible for the women to cultivate a little corner of ground, while their men folk are on their fishing trips.

The congress of those interested in the plan of the workmen's gardens, held in Paris toward the end of 1903, aroused so much enthusiasm that it was decided to hold an international conference at Paris in 1905.

The Perils of The Republic

BY GOLDWIN SMITH IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Mr Goldwin Smith sets forth some of the dangers confronting the American Republic. He shows what this country is doing to increase those dangers.

IN the American Republic high hopes for humanity, as we all know, are embarked. To its struggles and vicissitudes the eyes of all of us, but especially those of its neighbors and partners on this continent, are turned. It has just been the scene of a notable upsurge of the moral force against evil, especially commercial, but also municipal, and to some extent general. A survey of the situation and of the forces with which reform has to contend naturally suggests itself, and may be made in a spirit of hope.

The peril which presents itself most prominently is, perhaps, that of the deluge of alien immigration to which it seems hardly possible to set bounds. Very difficult it is to close the hospitable gate which has so long stood open to the distressed or the adventurous of all lands. The educational test probably avails little. It may fail to exclude the most alien and the most dangerous immigration of all. The original population of the States, it is true, was mixed. But there was nothing unassimilable in the Dutchman, the Frenchman or the Swede. Irish immigration frightened Americans into Know-nothingism. But about the worst that it did, after all, was to fill the ranks of Tammany. It has found its level and is a source of alarm no more. Not so the Italian with his Mafia, or the Russian and Polish exile. The spirit of European revolution and of European anarchism is invading American cities. Sympathy with political assassination is proclaimed at a great meeting at New York. Bombs, those deadly weapons of anarchism, against which civilization may have to defend itself by strong measures, are beginning to be thrown on this continent. Great American cities now are ceasing to be American. The public school has worked wonders in the way of assimilation. But the assimilation must for some time

be rather that of intellect than of character, political or moral. The common school of New England or Scotland was hardly the prototype of its successor at the present day. It was strongly religious and probably not unparental.

On the character of the American people, their good sense, their self-reliance, their love of personal independence, their respect for law and property, the Republic has rested more than on government or institutions. A couple of years spent in intercourse with the people of a country even have sufficed to breed a firm belief in the stability of that foundation. Any political or social question those people, with the facts fairly before them and sufficient time for consideration, would probably decide aright. But their vote seems in danger of being overwhelmed by that of the alien population of the cities.

Together with this dangerous tidal-wave of immigration, and partly as a consequence of it, comes industrial disturbance of a formidable character, and extending in its effects to the social and political spheres. Factories have everywhere multiplied the wage-earning class and gathered it into infamous masses in the great cities. It has learned to organize and struggle for its own class interests, apart from those of the rest of the community. It has largely lost its faith in the religion which taught that the social order was presidential and that for those who had the humbler and poorer lot in this world there would be compensation in the next. Education has stirred its aspirations and stimulated its envy by bringing it to a nearer view of its advantages of wealth. It has opened a ready ear to teachers who tell it that all wealth is its creation, rightfully belongs to it, has been taken away from it by a usurping caste and ought to be restored to it. This, not a philocephic dream of universal equality and felicity, is what Labor means by "socialism."

The result is militant socialism, with leaders whose vocations is industrial war, and incessant strikes ruinous to production, destructive of the value of labor and enemies of civil order, to which indeed they have more than once given birth, Chicago as the metropolis of alien labor being the natural field of collision.

Socialism proper is a vision of equality and felicity in a world of inequality and confusion. Never has it presented itself in a more fascinating or apparently practical form than in the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, who, however, so far as we know, took not a single step towards its realization. No attempt was ever made to realize Plato's "Republic." Sparta's military communism was based on herology. But the name of Socialism is assumed by a very practical movement for the use of political power in an attack on accumulated wealth and the transfer of it to the class which arrogates to itself the title of "Labor."

Wealth has to a vast and threatening extent accumulated in certain hands, though not in those of a caste, as Labor manifestoes imply; for of the millionaires on this continent at all events almost all have risen from humble beginnings, if not from the ranks of Labor. Millionaires would appear to be largely the natural offspring of an age of vast commercial enterprises, together with commercial concentration such as is produced by the elimination of the middleman with ultimate benefit to the consumer. Still, the power it gives is a political danger, though one on which the world is now pretty well on its guard. The millionaire's idle and dissipated heir, with his vulgar sensuality and display, is a serious danger to society. At him the finger of social revelation is pointed with fatal effect. In England, hereditary wealth, if it is in hand, has cut out for it a certain measure of territorial and municipal duties which, on the whole, have hitherto been not very badly performed, at least by the resident holders of single estates. It is moreover held under the censorship of a generally moral and polished society. The profligate heir of millionaires in America has no duty cut out for

him, and is free from social censorship of any kind.

Decay of religious belief and hopes has been noticed as an element of the production of industrial discontent. To whatever extent it may have gone, it cannot fail to be a serious charge of the national character, which has hitherto been generally and fundamentally religious. The grasping desire of growing suddenly rich may surely be traceable in some measure to the decline of spiritual interests and of hopes beyond this present world.

The moral record so manifest of late, and so hopeful, has shown itself partly in exposure of commercial fraud, partly in insurrection against the reign of corruption in great cities, which has, no doubt, been aggravated by the influx of aliens, instruments ready to the hand of municipal intrigues; as at San Francisco, where, it now appears, there was a faithful reign of corruption imposed by a French Jew. At Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Minneapolis, reform has triumphed. But without a radical change of municipal government the triumph will be short. The victory won and the effort spent, honest citizens will return to their business, and the regains will return to them. A great city cannot be run with a village organization. The business is too onerous and complicated. The citizens are too little known to each other to act generally in concert or exercise a collective choice. A democratic government, always going for reelection, can have no settled policy or foresight. What bank, what great commercial concern, could prosper under such administration? The adoption of a skilled, stable and really responsible administration, in place of the demagogic and ephemeral system, is the indispensable condition of a permanent reform. That effort sooner or later will have to be made. Washington has shown the way. Galveston is following and, we are assured, with the best results.

The statistics of homicide are ominous, and seem to imply a growing spirit of violence and contempt of law. The list is, of course, swelled by lynchings, and lynching in Southern. But it has shown a tendency to spread Northwards. Local character such as that for which

Kentucky is proverbial, may also go for a good deal. Still there must be a weakness of government and a failure of respect for law. It may be partly because the judiciary is elective, though the elections appear generally to be good, that the judges seem not to have sufficient control of their courts. Of judicial corruption, such as prevailed in the days of Barnard and Cardoso, no suspicion seems now to prevail. But wealth appears still to have too good a chance of escaping the penalties of crime by the lavish purchase of influence.

It is a change to be noted, as one which curbs habits and possibly perils, that the American Republic has of late been becoming a war power. A singular effect of this on national education is seen in the development of flag-worship, which would have filled the soul of Jefferson with dismay. For wrapping up some goods in the sacred hunting a peddler is prosecuted, while the policeman who arrested him receives a decoration. Circumstances have changed, and it is difficult to see how far the necessity of arming and enlisting the war spirit may go. That there would be war with Japan about the exclusion of Japanese children from California schools was not likely. But Japan is there, and with China in her train. Her ambition has evidently been awakened. She wants room for expansion. She has already a foot on the Pacific coast of this continent. The Panama Canal will not be open for American ships of war at all events in less than ten years. Did Lord Lansdowne, when, by his treaty with Japan, he practically encouraged her to fly at the throat of Russia, foresee the consequences of his diplomacy to this continent and to India? Was he not like Carlyle's canary-bird in the show, that, with a watch in its beak, fired a cannon?

An American citizen, when surprise was expressed at the absence on the part of his people of any expression of sympathy with the Boers' struggle for independence, replied: "The blood of the Filipinos choked us." Foreign conquest, followed by territorial aggrandizement and domination over a subject race, represented a startling depar-

ture from the principles of the Jeffersonian Republic. The purchase of Alaska was a natural application of that article of the Monroe Doctrine which bans European colonization. An alternative plan, proposed at the time in the case of Hawaii, was the neutralization of the islands under the guarantee of the Great Powers as an international port of call. Aggrandizement, in this case, won the day. In the case of San Domingo and St. Thomas, the tradition of moderation prevailed. A very eminent member of the Republican party, J. M. Forbes, of Massachusetts, is recorded as saying that the war with Spain was made to keep a party in power. No other cause, certainly, does a perusal of the diplomatic correspondence reveal. Spain surrenders everything but her honor; while, on the question of the "Malins," she tenders arbitration, which is tacitly refused. The war spirit was fired and, with it, the passion for aggrandizement. The people shouted for keeping all it had got. Journals held imperial language. President McKinley said that, in annexing the Philippines, "Duty was taking the hand of Destiny." The rest all know and the consequences of domination over weaker races to national character and sentiment are everywhere the same.

Discussion of the negro question has become wearisome and almost hopeless. In its present state, that question is the monument of the leading philanthropy, not maintained by party passion, of the public man into whose hands by the fatal murder of Lincoln, the work of reconstruction was thrown. Had the Government of the United States been national, as there was an opportunity for making it after the defeat of Secession, the negro might have been constituted a ward of the State, without political power, but protected by the union in his personal and political rights. The interposition of some white race free from the Southern antipathy to the negro, as a mediating and reconciling power, is a solution which seems to commend itself to Mr. Booker Washington, the wisest friend of the negro. But there would hardly be sufficient security against the union of imported race with the Southern whites

and the perpetuation of the antagonism perhaps in an aggravated form. At the commencement of the Civil War, some of us in England, ardent foes of slavery and friends of the Republic, hung back, not only from unwillingness to bear in the kindling of civil war, but because we could not help doubting whether it would be possible or wise to reconsecrate States radically differing from the North in their social structure and, consequently, in political character and aptitude. The result has too well justified our hesitation.

In a notice of Chief Justice Clark's pamphlet on "The Defects of the American Constitution" some time ago, attention was called to the changes for the the worse which "Time, the great innovator," had been making in the American Constitution, while "man had been doing nothing to change for the better"; the operation of constitutional amendment being very difficult in itself and rendered practically impossible by party. From the House of Representatives, which was intended, no doubt, by the framers of the Constitution to be the special organ of the people's will, power by a combination of influences which the framers of the Constitution could not foresee, has been transferred to the Senate. At the same time, the disposition of population between the States has become such that the Senate can no longer be deemed anything like a representation of the people. What now is the character of the assembly in which power is vested? Lowell long ago could speak of the Senate as "that secret and irresponsible club which governed the country for its own private benefit." Mr. Ostrogoraki, in his work on "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," the fair and painstaking character of which so far as relates to England I am at ease to say:

"The Senate of the United States no longer has any resemblance to that august assembly which provoked the admiration of the Tocquevilles. It would be no use looking for the foremost men of the nation there; neither statesmen nor orators are to be found in it. In wisdom, in balance, in dignity, the States' chamber is far inferior to the

popular branch of Congress. The Senate no longer acts as a conservative element, as a brake for checking popular impulses, for moderating heedless ardor; on the contrary, it is this assembly which often gives the signal for extravagant conduct either in financial matters or in the sphere of foreign politics. The Senate is, for the most part, filled with men of mediocre or no political intelligence, some of whom, extremely wealthy, multi-millionaires, look on the Senatorial dignity as a title for enabling their well or ill gotten riches; others, crack wire-pullers, State bosses, or representatives of large private industrial or financial concerns, find the Senate a convenient base of operations for their intrigues and their designs on the public interest; others, again, without convictions or without definite or well-matured ideas, but sensitive to every breath of public opinion and fond of vulgar popularity, act as they may members of every movement which flatters the susceptibilities of the crowd. They represent everything save enlightened opinion, to which they do not pay the slightest heed."

This is strong enough, yet it is not stronger than may be heard in private conversation, or than is really implied in the word "stand-pat" used to describe the policy of the Senate.

Attention was called in the same article to the effect of the system of Mensuralism adopted by the framers of the Constitution, which, by strictly separating the executive from the legislative, greatly interferes with the training of a school of statesmen. For a president you have to go to the platform; and he, when elected, has to go to the bar or the business world for his Cabinet. Any great question, such that that of the relations, present or future, between Canada and the United States has so one to take it up, nor can any sensitivity of aim be discerned in the policy of the Washington Government. The president, on the expiration of his term, goes out of public life. Fortunately, so far as administration, apart from general policy is concerned, the supply of statesmen is abundant.

One consequence of these defects in the Constitution, perhaps, is the ten-

agency alleged, though not very marked, to encroachment on the part of the president, which would be a bad mode of supplying the need.

Of all the perils, however, which beset American democracy, the greatest and the one which, unless it can be averted, will be fatal—is the division of the nation into two organized fractions, warring for power and place a perpetual war of intrigue, vituperation and corruption. In the case of the disputed election for the presidency between the parties of Tilden and Hayes, civil war itself seemed at hand, though so vital principle of government, but only the possession of power and patronage, was immediately at stake. Anything like a real division of principle—such as that which in England, the cradle of the party system, existed between the party of the Stuarts and that of the Hanoverians—cannot since the abolition of slavery be traced in the United States. Platforms are made up before presidential elections like a merchant's advertisements of goods to suit the taste of the hour. The country is kept constantly under the malign influence of houses perpetually active in their work of intrigue and corruption.

The expenditure as elections which involves the cost of monarchies, though it implies widespread corruption, is far from being the greatest part of the evil. To the independence of public men and their loyalty to the commonwealth, party bondage is fatal. A signal proof of this is the pension list, of which no one seems to doubt the character, but against who no one dares to say a word. The other day a vast addition was made to it in the shape of pensions for service only. In private you hear the truth about this measure; yet, not only was there no division in either House, but not a single voice was raised, neither party dares to run the risk of losing a sectional vote, which is thus enabled to work its will in a land of freedom. Seeing this, one feels almost inclined to exclaim that the handwriting is on the wall. It unquestionably is, unless the yoke of organized faction can be broken and the allegiance of the people can be rededicated to the commonwealth.

The Republic, in the coming time, seems likely to have many occasions for calling on the patriotism and wisdom of her citizens. Recent events have shown that she has a large reserve of both qualities to answer to her call.

There is not in human nature a more odious disposition than a propensity to contempt, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind, for in a good and hospitable temper there can be no room for this sensation.—Fielding

An Up-to-Date Fairy Tale

BY FRANKLIN MAXWELL IN COMMOFFLANT.

The curious story of some truly remarkable advances experienced by a man who, through no fault of his own, was reduced to a help of one's hands.

THE doctor meditatively wagged his shock of snowdrift hair and pulled a grave countenance. He was a rosy, round-chested of sixty-three, with a laugh that bubbled up straight from his heart. He exuded health, and to his patients he was the living symbol of optimism, the soul of good cheer. No one could remain ill very long under his skillful care; in thirty-one years of daily practice he had had less than half a score of patients whose ailments had reached beyond his power of healing. But now there was a solemn shade on his ruddy old mask and an anxious look in his eye. Evidently he believed me to be asleep, which, indeed, I should have been after the exhausting physical examination I had just endured at his hands.

From my vantage-point beneath the coverlet of the bed, I saw and heard everything which transpired about me—saw and heard too much for my peace of mind. I scented danger in the doctor's unnatural sobriety of manner. "A badly complicated case of appendicitis," I heard him tell my wife.

"The devil!" I muttered to myself. "Still, I suppose I should be thankful it isn't something worse."

"Is it so serious, then?" tremulously whispered my wife.

"Not so serious, little woman, but that we'll have him on his pins again in a week or two. But," and he lingered, "he will have to undergo an operation, and at once."

Immediately I lost interest in my own welfare. Nothing counted after that moment of doom. If they were going to pry me open like a can of beef and play hide-and-seek with the inner man of me while I lay foolishly weak and powerless, there surely was no further use for life. In my own mind I was already coffined. Always I had entertained a robust horror of the knife. I owned to a fixed theory that a certain large percentage of sick men and women

went down into premature graves, butchered on the surgeon's table.

My mental discomfiture was as poignant as my physical pain was intense when, after a night of fever and fantastic dreams, I awoke next morning to realize that all preparations for removing me to the hospital had been made. I was actually on my way to the block, there to be un-handled and cut up for the crime of having a wicked verminous appendix.

After a hideous nightmare of a ride to the hospital in a stuffy, jolting cab, and but a brief rest upon arriving there, I eventually found myself, like a trussed chicken on a platter, laid on upon a slatlike table bristling with thumb-screws and brass tilting devices; it was not unlike one of those torture-racks used in a reformatory day for victims less innocent, perhaps, than myself. The group of young doctors gathered about my prostrate form seemed to be a very peculiar indeed over my helplessness perhaps my approaching death. They had absolutely no sense of the importance of the moment as I felt it.

"It will be over in a jiffy," said one of my smiling assassins, a spectacled chap with a blond beard, as he adjusted a cone-shaped something over my face. I was inhaling ether, and there was no hacking out of it now. The ordeal was on. I felt myself sliding out of the world, slipping the harness of life, gliding with terrible swiftness down an interminable chute. Faster and faster I sped along the endless death-slide. Then I rebelled. I tried to clutch the sides of the chute, grabbed ineffectually at the polished unyielding surface under me, and vainly dug my heels into it. I realized that my struggles were useless—the far-away confusion of voices convinced me of that. Something seemed to tug at my vitals, and there was a dim consciousness of pain, but this I lightly laughed away, for I suddenly became aware that it was not

my pain, but belonged to some one else—to blonde assassin who called himself a surgeon, to the uniformed attendant at the door, to the colored porter when we had passed in the corridor, to the white-capped nurse with the violet eyes. The pain was there in my side—but, yes, there was no doubt of that, but some one else felt it. It was a huge joke, and I knew I was the only person in the whole great universe that could appreciate or even understand it.

Then the desire to rise from my uncomfortable position on the operating-table came upon me with compelling force. I knew I was required to lie perfectly quiet, but I seemed to be alone in the midst of an all-enveloping white vapor. You may imagine my astonishment when I found the tank of rising from the slab no more difficult than getting out of a chair.

After stretching myself to loosen up my joints I started across what I supposed was the floor of the operating chamber. It was a strange sensation to come suddenly to be end of the floor, and peering over the edge, to see a sheer drop of some fifty feet or more to the level of what seemed to be the story below. I could not quite bring my reason to focus true on the situation. I had only the consciousness of an enormous human sentence with a huge blond beard peering at me from out a vast impenetrable whiteness, a fog of infinity. I tried to shake off the foolish illusion, but it would not be shaken. Then I lost reason completely, turned discretion to the winds, and made a plunge into space over the edge of the floor, down, down, down!

Did you ever fall from a great height? Probably not; it is not a popular pastime. But if you have, you will recognize the sensation of passing swiftly through a tube of rapidly solidifying air—air that envelops you and shrivels in your ears as it folds you tighter and tighter in its embrace. You have only one thought while you are falling—you wonder how soon you will strike the bottom of the impalpable air-tube.

It came almost at the moment the question formed itself in my mind. I felt the heavy jar of my body when it came in violent contact with the ground,

and wondered how much of me was left unbroken. It is a strange fact, but a true one, that I escaped unharmed. I had struck upon a mound of something soft and yielding—something like a mountain of piled-up linen, if you can imagine such a thing. I struggled out of the folds of the yielding mass, and finally reached the floor.

I do not know how the realization was brought home to me, nor what inspired me to see the truth as it was, but all at once I knew I was not of normal proportions. I had shrunk into a man of incredible diminutiveness. I was standing beside the walking stick of one of the hospital inspectors, and I recognized the cane immediately from the peculiar wood of which it was made. It now towered above my head like an attenuated Eiffel Tower, but it enabled me to gaze my height, and I discovered that I stood from the ground but little higher than the forelock. I was one inch tall! I do not think I ever harbored any foolish notions about my own importance in the world. The entire human race is but a mere swarm of ants crawling about on the little terrestrial golf-ball we call the earth. But to find oneself suddenly reduced to the dimensions of a healthy grasshopper, without what creation's splendid mechanism for locomotion is, to feel small indeed. I brought all of my philosophy to bear on the situation, however, consoling myself with the thought that there were other living and useful creatures still smaller than myself, and set out to seek further adventures.

Everything now took on an interesting and unusual appearance; the most common objects of daily life assumed the appearance of gigantic curiosities. A medicine-case looked to me like a big house of eccentric architecture; a duck-heap in a corner of the great room swarmed with infinitesimal bits of animal life which I was sure, could not be discerned by the eye of a normal man.

One thing reconciled me to my strange predicament—I was free to go wherever I pleased, without let or hindrance. I stood for a moment in the shadow of a porcelain basin which rested on the floor, and watched with ast the passing of several pairs of

giant legs. It gave me a peculiar sensation to see first one huge foot and a trousered leg rise high in the air and swing over the floor with the force of a flying mountain, to be immediately followed by the other leg performing a like manœuvre. And when a human foot came down upon the floor, it was like a crash of thunder in my Lilliputian ear-drums. My curiosity in this novel exhibition of walking came near costing me my life. I had ventured out from the safe shelter of a chair-leg to pass under a distant table, when from another part of the room a man started hurriedly in my direction, walking with long strides. Run as I might, the monster feet came rushing toward me, nor could I find any convenient object near at hand under which to dodge. In an instant I saw the shadow of an enormous foot and felt a rush of air. Instinctively I dropped to the floor and flattened out upon it. The great mass of cracking leather passed completely over me. I escaped being crushed into pulp only because the heel and sole of the Broddingnagian boot had struck the floor directly in front and back of me and I sprawled in the hollow of the sole which arched far an instant above.

The passing of my recent danger had no farther effect, when I was fully recovered, than to embolden me to test my diminutive powers. Accordingly I essayed the climbing of a table leg which loomed in my path like the trunk of a California redwood. How I reached the top I sorely know, but reach it I did. The wood of the table was far rougher than it probably appeared in the eyes of ordinary mortals. I remember that for some space of time I hung perilously upon the ledge of a short mountain face. When I gained the top my curiosity led me to a big, black object which I finally made out to be a common derby hat turned brim up—most on the table. Up the curving side of the hat I climbed, digging toes and fingers into the yielding felt, and swung safely over the brim. Carefully I crawled to the edge of the inner rim and peered down into the abyss. It was like looking into the mouth of a cavern—a yawning chasm of darkness, to fall into which meant at least a broken neck. I

lost no time in getting back to the more solid footing of the table top.

Walking a few paces, I was presently confronted with a huge, round object covered with glistening yellow excrescences like polished knobs of limes. On the other side of the giant ball was a case little of the kitchen or tool-box variety, and thus seemed as large as a seed grinder. The giant sphere I recognized after close scrutiny as an orange.

Noticing a champagne glass standing like a Crystal Palace some distance away, I made for it and wondered if it was possible to scale its slippery sides. No sooner the thought than I threw aside my coat and made an attempt to reach the edge. After many discouraging efforts, I at last grasped the smooth, round brim at the top and sat astride of it, balancing in mid-air. For some purpose the glass had been filled with water; it had the appearance of a rather muddy lake as seen from my uncertain perch. How it happened I never precisely knew, but of a sudden I was floundering around in this sluggish pool, more wet than frightened. I think I was blown into the water by the onrush of air from a nearby deer that had been hung upon. I struck out for a side of the glass, swimming valiantly enough, but finding it more difficult with each attempt to get a firm hold on the slippery side. Suffice it to say that, like a drenched rat, I finally made my way from what threatened to be a watery tomb.

Since I seemed doomed to misfortune I escaped that day, I no longer shrunk from any object, no matter how unfamiliar or repulsive a trait it presented to my new line of vision. Naturally therefore, when I saw at a far corner of the table an ugly mass of dark stuff belching fire and smoke at one end, which end projected out into space, I directed my steps toward it. The extreme point opposite that which was aflame had evidently been saturated with water and then beaten and hanked until it was shuddered and soggy. The object, I found, when I had crawled up its crackling side and set on the top, was of cylindrical form and exuded a pungent odor. Near the burning end I gazed over into a crackling formation

of hot steam from which arose the most stifling fumes. The odor I recognized at once—it was a cigar and, I am frank to say—not a very good one. Indeed, I remembered it as one of my own cigars, which, in my former state, I had left upon the table-edge on my way into the surgeon's hands. The odor was so nauseous and the smoke so rank that I decided if I were permitted by kind Providence to grow up again and mingle with my fellows I would change the brand or quit smoking.

After a long rest I slid down from the table and, seeing an open door, crawled over the sill and traveled through a long hall into another room.

Near by was the elaborately carved pilaster of an upright piano. This I climbed quite easily. I recognized the huge white and black keys, though the latter had every aspect of covered screws uniformly anchored in a sea of frozen ivory. By jumping vigorously upon the keys I found that I could produce a fine rumble of sound away back somewhere in the cavernous black box.

While I was thus amusing myself I heard a swirl of feminine skirts and clomped off the keyboard behind the drop cover where I might safely view the plump woman-giant who came straight toward the piano. Seating herself, she struck a vibrant chord upon the keys, which nearly split my ears. It was like a clap of thunder intermingled with the varied shrieks of a dozen sirens. I knew the awful vibrations would kill me if I did not escape at once, and I made a headlong dash down the end of the keyboard. I fully expected to hear a woman's shriek of fear, but my fair pianist must have been too much engrossed in her music-making to see me.

After landing on the carpet, panting and disheveled, I scurried over the door-sill and out in the long hall. The pangs of hunger were then within me when I reached the restaurant door, and the smell of food, though overpowering, was good in my nostrils. The place was one of the cheapest and of meanly decorated. I saw a bulky German drayman at a table near the kitchen entrance, who was eating something soft with a spoon, half closing his eyes with each satisfying mouthful. Clambering up the leg of his table, I reached the edge of his plate and leaned forward to taste some of the mushy food with which he was gorging himself, when my foot slipped and into the slushy mess, heels over head, I plunged. At the very moment I tumbled the hungry Teuton thrust his spoon into his food under me, and I felt myself lifted swiftly into the air. Before I could realize my position, the man's wide-open mouth gaped before me. I felt his hot breath beating down upon me, saw his fang-like teeth, and shrieked aloud in a soul-grIPPING agony of terror when—

"He will be as sound as a dollar in a few days," said the blood-bearded surgeon. "A very easy and successful operation," he continued. "Put him to bed and keep them quiet. The ether may leave a slight headache, but otherwise he's as good as new."

I saw my wife's brightening face bending above me. "Oh, Bob! I'm so glad it's all over," she exclaimed, with a little whimper in her voice.

"So am I, girle," I replied freely. "I wouldn't go through another such experience for twenty troublesome vermiform appendices."

The Policy Plus The Manager

—BY GEORGE CARLING IN SYRACUSE

How modern business methods demand old-time practices and convert a defect into a dividend

"FULL operating control?" Irritation tinged the president's echo of the other's question. To be catchphrased by a prospective employee—just in time he remembered his urgent need of this man to handle the factory.

"To be sure—to be sure, Mr. Worthingley," he promised blandly. "It has always been my policy to give the general manager a free hand."

The passing show of temper was not lost on Worthingley. It confirmed his friend Chambers' warning that John Burleigh had had his own way so long in the conduct of the Duplex pump works that no man could work with him and retain individuality or freedom of opinion. As director, Chambers was in touch—and admitted frankly that Burleigh, the majority stockholder, dictated his decisions to the board.

"With certain restrictions, that is," the president amended aggressively; "we are not yet on a dividend basis and I must insist that you incur no extra expense and purchase no new equipment without my approval."

Worthingley reflected. An expert in pumps, he knew that the Duplex works had been selling its full output at good prices. Inspection had shown the plant well arranged and in fair physical condition. Lack of money for dividends, therefore, must be due to faulty management. Given time these conditions could probably be corrected.

Amidst the passion for achievement which puts work above pay, prompted him to take hold of this water-ridden business and put it on a paying basis. Even with a self-centered domineering owner like Burleigh, a written agreement would protect him from interference. Worthingley had that within him—self-knowledge, strength proved in previous battles—which told him he could hold the older man within bounds, perhaps turn his undoubted energy and drive to their common good.

"I'll take the management, Mr. Burleigh," he announced quietly. "I'll have to ask for a two-year contract. You offer five thousand dollars salary—I'll want the same amount as a bonus if I make the stock pay a six per cent dividend."

Part of the older man's old-guarded policy was never to accept a policy as it was made to him. He could not load his directors beyond the year for which they were elected, he declared. In the end, the two men put their names to an agreement which gave the new manager clearly defined authority for one year and promised a bonus of three thousand in the event of a dividend.

When he took over the management the following week, Worthingley's first point of attack was general expense—the spigot through which so many industries drain strength and profits. The factory records—under his direction summarized and analyzed for the first time—showed small chances of reducing this. The office departments were undermanned and figures on costs, the time toll and other vital subjects were collected and collated in the most rudimentary fashion. The Burleigh factory system, as the new executive sized it up, was to buy materials at the lowest prices obtainable, keep labor below a certain individual maximum and, perforce, expect a profit on the finished product.

Starting in office or factory bring out of the question, but one source remained open to him—production must be increased while expense was held nearly stationary. Worthingley sent at once for the superintendent.

"How can we increase our output Mr. Semper?" he asked.

"We might crowd up some of the departments, I guess, and put in more machines," Semper answered slowly. "But Mr. Burleigh wouldn't like it to that."

"How much over-time work have you been doing?"

"Very little, Mr. Burleigh doesn't like the idea of over-time. It gets the men used to more money every week," he thinks, and that leads to demands for higher wages."

Worthley's eyes widened. This was an official viewpoint on over-time, especially as the regular piece-work and day rates were not advanced for night-work. In the half-hour of question and answer which followed, the superintendent defended every awkward point in his factory system by quoting an order, an opinion or a prejudice of the president's. It was as Chambers had cautioned him—Burleigh dominated the business at every turn.

"Did you never take any orders from the manager, Mr. Semper?" Worthley inquired angrily.

"Of course, sir, of course," replied the superintendent hastily. "But you see, Mr. Burleigh would not always—er—well, you see, he didn't always approve of the orders."

Closing the interview, Worthley went for the paymaster.

"I want you," said he, "to give me a report of the total number of hours put in by all the workers, weekly, for the past six months."

Geraldson looked surprised.

"I can give you the day-workers, Mr. Worthley, I have no data of the piece-workers."

"What's that?" exclaimed the manager. "Do you mean that no record is kept of the piece-workers' time?"

"No, sir," the paymaster admitted, "we notify the superintendent if they come in late, but nothing more. Mr. Burleigh thinks it unnecessary expense to keep time of men who are paid only for what they do."

Worthley felt his burden a little heavier than he had expected. He directed Geraldson to begin taking the piece-workers' time as carefully as the day-workers' was taken.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Worthley," stammered the paymaster, "that I'll have to put on an extra clerk. We're working to the limit now."

"All right, Geraldson, get a bright young fellow. You don't need a book-keeper for that. See that it's done ac-

cureately, and let me have a detailed report from him every week."

The paymaster left the office, astonishment on his face. Engagement of an extra clerk had always taken weeks—nay, months—of strenuous pleading.

To an executive accustomed to accurate records for comparison, absence of such records leaves him in much the same plight as a mariner without a compass.

Worthley saw, at once, that he would have to go on doing nothing. He got among the departments without delay, but the foreman met his inquiries cautiously and, sometimes, it seemed to him, evasively.

"Why is that lathe standing idle?" he asked one.

"The man left two days ago," replied the foreman. "Haven't been able to pick up another yet."

"Why did he leave?"

"Said he wasn't satisfied with the pay," Mr. Worthley.

Such cases he found in every department. No concrete knowledge of the reasons behind the condition, however, came to him until he struck Dan Marble serene of the automatic screw machine room. A few minutes' talk with him showed the manager that he was an unusual man, and he led the way to the office for a consultation.

"We're not getting enough stock from your department, Dan," he said as they found chairs. "How are we going to bring it up?"

"That's just the question, that's troubling me, Mr. Worthley," replied the man. "I'm getting thin over the kinks about the work."

"All your machines busy, Dan?"

"Part of the time, yes, but they're standing idle too much to please me."

"What's the trouble? Can't you get men?"

"I get men, but I can't hold them," replied Marble.

"Why not?"

One moment Marble hesitated. Then with a frank smile, he said:

"Mr. Worthley, I've been with the company six years, but the chances are, when I've told you my story, you'll tell me to quit. I know Mr. Burleigh

wouldn't wait till I'd got through—he'd see that I've known right along the piece-work prices were too high."

"Piece-work prices too high?" Worthley was genuinely astonished by this novel explanation.

"And yet you can't hold your men! I don't understand what you mean by such a statement as that."

"That's precisely the reason, Mr. Worthley," replied Marble, with a grin. "And it's so all over the plant, I think."

"It's this way," he continued, as the manager waited. "It's been the policy of the works, right along, to cut down the piece-workers the moment they make over a certain sum. The management won't admit that there's a limit on any man. They're always said that they want every man to drive ahead and make all he can. All the same, if any of the men on my floor run over fifteen a week, there's a slash in the rates the next Monday morning."

"You can see how it works. Perhaps two-thirds of my men can't make over fifteen at present prices—some of them can't make that—a big bunch of 'em could run up to eighteen or twenty, if they dared. They're the good men, Mr. Worthley, who are all the time looking for other jobs, and getting them."

"When a man quits, his machine stands idle for two or three days—maybe a week. We foremen know that the men soldier to keep their wages down to the fifteen dollar limit. But if we say much about it, they quit and more machines are standing idle."

"How long since rates were cut in your department, Dan?"

"No cut in standard operations for two or three years. No excuse for it. The men are only working out fifteen dollars, at the most. If we made a cut now, they'd claim that fifteen dollars isn't a cent more than they should make—and it isn't. It's what other shops are paying."

"And yet, you know they are able to make more."

"I know that the best men are and I guess they feel sorer at having to keep to the same limit as the poor trash, than they really do over the pay. It'll

always be so, Mr. Worthley, until there's a sliding scale for piece-work—or else a guarantee that there'll be no change in prices for a year. Then they'd jump in and run the production up, all right. And at the end of a year you'd have some figures to base a cut on. Now you haven't any!"

Marble's manner was so earnest and sincere that the manager forgot he was receiving advice, instead of information.

"I'll look into what you have been telling me, Marble. If I had been manager, I'd feel that concealment of this condition was a very serious matter."

"Perhaps it wouldn't have been concealed," said Dan, with a grin, as he walked out.

Remarkable corroboration of Marble's views came nearly a week later. Geraldson, the paymaster, brought in a pay slip:

"I think I ought to call your attention to this, Mr. Worthley," he explained. "This is the piece-work account of a man who is getting through—thirty-one dollars and sixty cents for a week's work."

"Thirty-one sixty!" exclaimed the manager in surprise.

"Bennett explains," said the paymaster, "that a large portion of this is for work not turned in last week."

"How much pay did he draw last week?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Forty-six dollars and sixty cents for two weeks' work, eh? Does it check up all right?"

"Yes, sir, everything is straight."

"Pay him, of course. But let me have that account when you are through with it. By the way, is he in your office now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send him in here."

"Bennett," he said pleasantly, when the man entered. "We're not disputing this account of yours but I'd like to ask about it. You tell Mr. Geraldson part of the work was done last week."

"Yes, sir, I knew I was going to quit so I hustled for all I was worth for the two weeks."

"If you could make twenty-three dol-

lance a week, why didn't you do it right along?"

"The boys wouldn't let me, sir! If anyone runs over fifteen dollars, we're in trouble in a minute."

Worthley looked at him inquiringly and, after a moment's pause, the man continued:

"That's why I'm leaving, Mr. Worthley, I don't belong to any union, and this isn't a union shop, but it might as well be—we are allowed to do only so much, anyway."

"Go on!" said the manager, encouragingly. He saw that the man was full of the subject.

"Well, it's like this," Bennett went on. "You fix piece-work prices according to what the average man can do, and a good man—who's willing to dig in when the whistle blows and hustle till it blows again—has to keep down to the average man's output. If he doesn't the prices are cut at once, and he gets it hot from his shop-mates. Either he throws up the job, or settles down to their level. I'd rather quit!"

"I'm much obliged, Bennett. That's what I wanted to know," said Worthley. "Have you got another job?"

"No, sir, but I know where there is one."

"Come in and see me to-morrow, then. I think I can fix it so you'll not have to leave."

Before Bennett had quit the office, the manager had decided upon radical action.

Mr. Burleigh had gone to New York for a fortnight—that meant a fair trial for the plan he had in mind, with no opposition until the men were fairly settled into their new stride. Caution was one of Worthley's traits, however, but it was not till the next morning that he wrote and posted this bulletin on all the factory boards:

SHOP NOTE NO. 1.

In view of accumulating orders, it is necessary that production be increased as rapidly as possible. To encourage everyone to help as severe the needed output, the management has decided that the present piece-work rates will continue in force

without reduction for one year from this date.

FRANK WORTHLEY,

General Manager.

March 13, 1906.

It was Mr. Burleigh's boast that he made a "systematic inspection of the plant" every Monday—a measure of keeping in touch which would have been more effective had not foremen and workers alike known the exact hour of his coming. Bennett from New York, news of Worthley's announcement drove him to the factory without awaiting the usual inspection day. His sense of the dramatic kept him silent until, with the manager, he halted before the fresh bulletin board.

Crimson with anger and indignation he turned on Worthley. The general manager met his eyes coolly.

"Haven't we better talk this thing over in my office?" he suggested, his glance radiating the curious, expectant workman's all about.

By an effort the president restrained himself—even held to his ostensible purpose of inspection, though his questions and comments on the heading activity in the departments—obviously on edge to make the most of the new conditions—were more biting and arrogant as they proceeded.

"How did you dare, sir?" he demanded furiously when they were again in Worthley's office. This is my factory and my business, and my policy must be carried out in both. You're taken advantage of my absence to make foolish concessions to my men. But you've got to withdraw them: sir; you've got to withdraw them. I've always kept a firm hand on wages and I don't intend to let you come in and upset everything I've done. That absurd notice must come down, sir, and the men must understand that it was all a mistake."

The blood burned in Worthley's cheeks, but he kept his temper in hand. He crossed to his desk and slid the roll-top back.

Picking up a flat packet of papers he turned on his raging chief.

"Mr. Burleigh," he asked quietly, "do you know the number of work-hours this

plant represents, running at full capacity?"

The president choked, spluttered, exploded in exasperation.

"I do not, sir! Nor has it any bearing on piece-work prices, whatever. It is piece-work prices we are discussing, Mr. Worthley, and I desire you to keep to that point."

"I'm tight on it!" retorted the manager dryly. "The answer to my question is: thirty-six thousand hours per week. That amount of work should be done here, if every machine was running and every bench was occupied. I've not been able to get figures on actual time worked before I came here. There are no records to show that, the piece-workers' time has never been kept."

"What do you want it kept for?" demanded the president shrilly. "The men aren't paid that way."

The manager ignored the question. "I have the figures for the past two weeks—25,140 last week, about the same the week before—thirty per cent less than the record ought to show, Mr. Burleigh."

"Whose fault is that? Why don't you fill up?"

"The output of my first week here"—in the grip of the factory problem, Worthley was losing sight of the president's insolence—"was just up to the normal average of the past year. Since I posted that notice you read last, we've had one pay-day—one accounting of work done. Mr. Burleigh, our production has increased twenty-five per cent. I'm satisfied it will go to thirty—perhaps forty per cent."

"And the men's pay will increase thirty—perhaps forty," the president snickered savagely.

"What of it?" Worthley countered boldly. "The cost of production is not increased and your enormously expensive equipment here is not earning what it ought to earn."

"That's a point just as important to stockholders as getting earnings out of the men."

"Besides," the manager warned to his topic. "We need that increased output the worst way. Mr. Burleigh, our letter files are full of complaints from

customers due to delayed shipments, fall of orders from our salesmen that they are losing contracts because we can't make deliveries on time."

But the president was beyond reach of argument.

"That's a temporary condition," he stormed in answer. "This increase in wages is a blow at the permanent welfare of the business. It's ruinous policy young man, and I'll not consent to it. If you knew the men were loafing, you should have cut the piece-work rates and made 'em work for their pay. That's been my unfaltering policy—and I expect you to follow it out, sir."

"Mr. Burleigh," said Worthley, sternly, his patience sorely tried. "Your policy is one thing—systematic development of this business is quite another. I was engaged to pull you out of a hole. I intend to do it—and in my own way. Cutting rates will not do it—we've nothing to base a cut on, for the men have been earning only fifteen dollars a week—we'd simply lose all our best men and fall further behind."

"I'm well within my contract"—he checked the other's excited protest and continued—"I am not increasing cost of production or buying new machinery. I'm taking steps—policy or no policy—to earn a dividend for your stockholders, and incidentally, that three thousand dollar bonus for myself. That's my plan—and I propose to carry it out."

"Not increasing expense," the president retorted triumphantly. "What's that new clerk in the pay office and Trampoon's new man—a statistic clerk," he calls him—but increasing expense?"

"There's such a thing as percentage, Mr. Burleigh," the manager said quietly. "The increased output will take care of those two clerks. The moment the percentage of expense runs higher, I'll step down and out. As a matter of fact, I expect to lower it enough to pay that dividend."

"That's very probable," sneered the president. "As a matter of fact, I'll lay this matter before the directors and let the, say whether you are the boss or I am."

Worthley took a moment to consider. He knew that the directors were puppets in the president's hands.

"We may as well understand each other, Mr. Burling," he said finally. "If the board interferes with my operation of the plant, I'll go back to my antiquated methods and earn no dividend. But I shall see the company for the three thousand bonus which the interference has prevented my earning. And I'll win my case, Mr. Burling."

"All right, young man, go ahead and see where you land," the president snorted, slamming the door behind him by way of emphasizing his final ambiguous threat.

Worthley's jaw took on a more purposeful slant as he faced the task he faced him.

His reputation, he knew, was at stake. He had taken hold of this unprofitable business; if he failed to show a decided gain, his standing as an executive would be gone. Stockholders and directors look at results—not conditions. His claim of interference by the president would be dismissed as a lame excuse. There was nothing to do but bring this industrial deficit into port—against all opposition, all obstacles.

Steadfastly he drove ahead with his factory charges, waiting the next move of the president.

Nothing came. From Chambers, he learned that Burling had reported his "contumacy" to the board but made no recommendation. Lacking their usual orders, the directors took no action on the complaint.

"It's up to you to save us, Ned," Chambers laughed. "Burling left the thing to us, so that if you fail to make good he can put the responsibility on us for not backing him up. If you do make good he can hedge and claim the credit of hiring you."

Worthley made good. It was a year of unending haste and unpleasantness, but to his great surprise, the president contented himself with expressions of disapproval and made no effort actively

to interfere with the manager's program. But there was trouble among the clouds.

As the months passed Worthley saw production jump up twenty-five, thirty, forty per cent., the sales keeping pace with the output. There was a vim and snap about the works which had been sadly lacking before.

He had gained the confidence of his foremen and his men, and was getting the best there was in them. He saw the records and statistics taking such shape as made these things of value, instead of scores of disaster.

Mr. Burling continued his weekly "systematic incursion" of the works and the payroll. A spasm of pain would twitch his face as he noted, at frequent intervals, in the columns, a sum of eighteen, twenty, twenty-two dollars against some man's name—but beyond slamming the book viciously as he closed it, he seldom voiced his sentiments. In fact, he cut the manager completely, confining his observations to the treasurer and the chief accountant.

It was the treasurer's annual report, of course, which told the final story. It showed net earnings sufficient to pay six per cent. and leave a respectable surplus.

Worthley sent in a comprehensive report of his methods, and the factory conditions, and with it, his resignation.

He told Mr. Chambers, when that gentleman remonstrated with him (almost tearfully) that it was not right for officials to be working together—or rather against each other—in such a manner as they were here.

He had gained his points—had made a brilliant record—had earned his bonus—and had seen the stock advance over twenty points.

"I leave the work in good running order," he said, "I've made a dividend for the stockholders, and eight thousand dollars for myself. But I've lived with trouble for a year and there's no prospect of anything better. I'm through!"

Sir Percy Girouard

BY J. SAMPSON MILES

A character sketch of the new High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria

I WAS greatly interested to read that Sir Percy Girouard had been appointed high commissioner of Northern Nigeria, in succession to Sir Frederick Lugard. Of none of my friends in South Africa have I a tridier and more pleasant recollection than of this distinguished officer of engineers. I had gone once more to Johannesburg just after the conclusion of peace.

The journey had been perhaps a little more pleasant than during the war time, but still very far from luxurious. Sir Percy Girouard's invitation, therefore, to return to Capetown with him in his comfortable official saloon was extremely welcome. Sharing Sir Percy's hospitality were two other officers of the engineers, a Canadian and an Englishman, and elsewhere in the train there were two officers of the Cameron Highlanders, who had a standing invitation to meals in the saloon. As we were simply looked on at the back of the train without any communication with the rest of it, and as the train ran for long distances without stopping, it was somewhat difficult to arrange meetings with our Highland friends.

I have the most delightful remembrance of the long, warm afternoons through which we sat smoking cigars in uninterrupted succession, and looking out to the far horizons of veldt and karoo. My companions had been through the entire campaign, and endless and excellent were the stories they had to tell. I remember particularly hearing about the engine-driver whose train was attacked, I think, near Midburg. The stoker fell mortally wounded at his side, while the driver was shot through both arms and cheek. He stuck to his post, however, and chiefly by means of his teeth and head brought the engine for four or five miles safely into the station. This was only one of many such incidents of the heroism of engine-drivers during the war. Sir Percy Girouard tried to get the

Victoria Cross for this man, but a medal was the only reward he received. One of my traveling friends had been in command of an armored train, and had many interesting experiences to relate. I have often been very thankful for the presence and support of these evil-looking appliances, but it was apparently no joke to have to live in an armored train. Nothing could be less cozy. Major Nanton dwelt particularly on the sufferings from cold in the high veldt. He and his men, he said, had often been so dead and actually sick with the cold as if they had been in a heavy storm at sea. They were unable to find any cure for this singular effect of life in an armored train.

Colonel Girouard was himself the best of all companions. He looked, and I have no doubt still looks, very boyish for a man who has done so much work and won so much distinction. Breezy and boisterous, high-spirited and big-mouthed, with single eye-glasses and cigar as his inseparable attributes, every line of his face, every tone of his voice and every gesture tells of energy and decision of character. Colonel Girouard is a Canadian and a Roman Catholic, and he seems to harbor a permanent suspicion that somebody intends to deprive him of his nationality and his religion. The emphasis of his language was a source of endless amusement to me, especially as it was often blended with expressions of sincere religious feeling. To argue with Colonel Girouard is to be undone, not necessarily with force of argument, but with sheer over-bearing, yet always good-natured, strength of will and conviction, expressed with flashing eye, thundering fist, sweep of brow and the shout of the splendid resonant voice. Major Nanton, I remember, was anti-American in spirit, while Girouard was inclined to the wider Anglo-Saxon patriotism. The major alluded to the anti-British feeling in America. "Yes," replied Girouard,

"Among your Irish-Americans, but"—with rising voice—"what are your Irish-Americans? Bah!" he shouted. And a more argumentative reply was impossible. But in spite of this Anglo-Saxon sentiment, Sir Percy Grouard is intensely devoted to his French Canada. "Don't you interfere with us," he would say, "you English think that everybody who is not English is a nigger."

Long, long talks we had in those quiet African afternoons, as we slid down the single slender line to far-off Capetown and the sea. Grouard was at that time head of the Imperial military railways and he had made his personality felt over the whole system. I was especially struck by his attention to detail. Once he caught

sight of an old tarpaulin, inscribed with the betraying letters, "I. M. R.," which a kaffir had commandeered for the roof of his private residence. There was a little row, I remember, about that. But on the whole our journey was tranquil and uneventful. I have never seen Colonel Grouard since we parted at the station at Capetown. I have met a good many men in different walks of life, but never a more happy and healthy and heart-whole personality. Since these days he has married the daughter of Sir Richard Solomon, who has just resigned the position of attorney-general of the Transvaal, and he is now the happy father of a son and heir. Britons may be well assured that Northern Nigeria, at least, will be a well-governed province of the empire.

Homeless England

BY M. BANKIN CRANSTON IN THE CHAIRMAN

The significance of the Housing Problem in relation to the prosperity or decadence of a nation is illustrated in the following chart. Reference to the article results from over-crowding, as the cause of the disease in English cities. The upper column is a negative sign for better living conditions in these cities. The lower column is a positive sign for better living conditions in these cities.

EVERY social problem, whether it be intemperance, crime, the street child, marriage and divorce, public education, civic improvement, municipal government, even religion, all that makes for or tends to destroy public and private morality and right living, if followed to a logical conclusion, leads straight to the home. Hence a nation's ultimate preservation or destruction is intimately connected with the housing question, making it the social subject of paramount importance.

As a rule, the income of the average well-to-do family is sufficient for its needs and a respectable surplus. It is upon the wage-earners class, the class which forms the backbone of every country, that the evils of bad housing fall most heavily, for the masses must live near their work, which nowadays is in factories, or for large corporations and firms doing business in cities.

Home building has not kept pace with the growth of municipalities anywhere, and so to-day the large cities the world

over are confronted with a serious situation resulting from the lack of housing accommodations for the people. Nowhere is this distress more acute than in England, not only in the cities, but in small towns and villages, and even in the country. In all England there are not enough houses to accommodate the population either urban or rural.

England is a small country; much of the land is cultivated and can not be sold, while which may be bought is so valuable that few can afford to purchase even a tiny piece of it. The land owners, representing but a small proportion of the population, may be divided into two classes, the proprietors of large estates and the small owners. The enormous estates of the very wealthy make unnecessary any provision for their increase, consequently, instead of building houses for rent, some upon acres are laid out as private grounds, or kept as game preserves. The Duke of Westminster owns such vast estates that he has been prohibited by law from

buying more land in England. The Duke of Bedford is buying so much that, unless his purchasing power is curtailed, he will, before long, own the entire county of Middlesex, a large portion of which lies within its metropolitan city of London. In the country such men provide homes for their farm laborers only, feeling absolutely no responsibility for other families who live on or near their estates. In London, where land is too valuable to be idle even though owned by such a Grouard, entire blocks of barracks-like buildings are erected, and let at high rentals far beyond the wage-earner's purse. Moreover, tenants are required to keep up repairs, and the estates must be repaired every year, the interest every two years, all at the tenant's expense.

The small land owner is usually a country gentleman who lives up to the British characteristic of holding on, like grim death, to whatever is once acquired, as a rule, he has not the capital with which to build, and he is loath to sell off enough land to get the ready money which he needs to develop the balance of his property. There is, however, something to be said for the small owner. The wages of farm laborers who form the tenant class in the country are too low to attempt property owners to go to the expense of cottage building, since the small tenants would not enable owners to realize enough profit on the investment.

Therefore, in the country, new houses are rarely built, the people occupying old ones until they literally tumble about their heads. Then they either crowd in with neighbors, or go to the city in the hope of finding work and shelter which is not jumping from Scylla into Charybdis.

Whenever a new cottage is built there are numberless applicants for it. For example, recently built in a certain town, there were forty applications long before they were divided.

There are hundreds of cottages throughout England, condemned by the local authorities as unsafe and unfit for human habitation, whose tenants can not be compelled to move, for the very good reason that there is no other place for them to go. Dickens's story

of Little Jo is as true now as the day it was written: homeless England has no choice but to "move on." Resulting, too often, nights spent under the stars upon park benches, or in the fearful charity lodging houses.

Since 1860 housing has received its share of legislative attention and many acts have been passed by Parliament, their most important provisions being the power bestowed upon local authorities giving them the right to condemn, purchase, and destroy houses unfit for human habitation, and to rebuild upon the same site, making every reasonable effort to relieve the dispossessed as far as possible.

Houses may be condemned as unhealthy if the streets are too narrow, the buildings overcrowded or too close together. County councils may purchase such property outright, paying for it at the rate of its normal value, such as allowance for the higher rental value because of overcrowding, or the fact that the sale is compulsory. It is argued that a reputable landlord will not rent such premises; ownership of them transfers disregard for human life and decency and, therefore, the landlord is deserving of consideration; in other words, that the public weal is more important than the private interests of the individual. Legislation also regulates the height of buildings, thickness of walls, amount of air space, and requires the provision of proper sanitary conveniences.

Tenements are from two to three stories high, arranged in rows, each attached to house, with separate entrances, containing from four to six families who use halls and conveniences in common. These differ from block dwellings in height and construction of main walls, interior arrangement, and are intermediate between houses of this type and cottage flats.

Cottage flats are only two stories high and intended for still fewer families in each house. The cottages, usually built in the suburbs, have small garden plots and vary in size and plan. Single families are meant to occupy them at higher rates than houses of the other types.

Taking London first, because greater

congestion there has necessitated a program more drastic than in other cities, the County Council has, during the past few years done a tremendous work in housing reform, by confining its activities chiefly to slum districts, it has transformed most disreputable localities, formerly the abiding places of criminals and prostitutes, into respectable, attractive neighborhoods.

Whenever situated, the London municipal houses have plenty of light and air, wide paved courts for children to play in, and connected with some of them there are workshops adjoining for the convenience of tenants who wish to engage in small industries such as upholstery, tailoring and making picture frames, carpentry, shoemaking, etc.

Other improved areas correspond to the types mentioned, places and cost of construction varying according to local needs. Altogether the London County Council has undertaken thirty-four housing enterprises, twelve of them alone comprising three hundred and fifty acres, the houses costing seventeen million dollars, and accommodating seventy thousand five hundred and twenty-two persons.

Notwithstanding London's great achievements much yet remains to be done, for it is unfortunately true that the city has failed to accomplish what it set to do, so far as relieving the overcrowding is concerned. A very small percentage of human occupants live in the new houses; instead they are crowded by a better class. Few of the workshops are rented to tenants, some of these are vacant.

There are two reasons for the failure. In the first place, when old buildings are demolished, lack of housing room forces tenants to crowd in with dwellers in other unsanitary quarters that fringe the improved area; that is, all who can and a spot there. Of the remainder, some become tramps, some emigrate, some end the struggle for existence by jumping into the river; entire families have been known to apply for admission to the workhouse because no other shelter was open to them; nobody knows what does become of them all. From the housing standpoint, they are scattered beyond recall. The second reason is,

that the new houses rent for a trifle more, are eagerly taken by those who are able and glad to pay the difference for the modern improvements.

Even though the municipal houses have failed of their purpose in a measure, they are nevertheless a step forward since they do relieve congestion among the working class, and, to a certain extent, among the poor. If nothing more had been accomplished, it is unquestionably a good thing to let in the light in criminal infested, degraded areas.

Liverpool is doing more to solve the housing problem than any other English city, because greater regard is paid to rehousing the displaced. New buildings, sufficiently extensive to house those who must vacate condemned property, are made ready for occupancy before tenants are notified to move out. More than eight thousand houses have been destroyed and rebuilt by the city; in one group of one hundred and forty-five buildings, seventy-one per cent. of the old tenants are rehoused.

Wherever possible, the courts in the rear of the Liverpool houses are made into playgrounds for children. In narrow streets, one sidewalk is made double the usual width to give children a place to play; blind alleys are sometimes entirely paved for the same purpose, and the park department, by placing greenery along in large boxes along these streets, relieves the dreary monotony which seems inevitable in the surroundings of the poor.

The brightest ray of light in England's housing problem is the present tendency to induce people to go into the suburbs by building the most attractive houses beyond the area of greatest congestion and increasing rapid transit facilities. Already there are workmen's trains in the early morning and late afternoon, when the fare is reduced one-half, and the future will see greater developments in this direction.

Cities have come to stay, and there remains to be done only one of two things—either to build them from the start, or to remodel those already in existence with reference to future growth and according to sanitary, scientific plans, as the Garden City is now

being made (twenty-five miles from London, or to form Garden Suburbs according to the plan of Mrs. Barrett of Torbay Hall.

Agitation, past and present, has dispelled ignorance about housing conditions and English people are now fully aroused to the importance of better homes for the masses. Long ago social students saw the moral, intellectual, and physical deterioration undermining the working class because of the way they must live. Much was written, much was said about it in public meetings and

in the daily press, but the written and spoken words fell upon deaf ears in high places. The thing which made England wake up was the startling fact that, during the South African war, sixty per cent. of the men desiring to enlist in the army were rejected because physically unfit. It was then seen and acknowledged that overcrowded homes for the people are a distinct menace to national prosperity, and that, if England hopes to hold her high prestige, she must put an end to bad housing conditions.

The False Steps of Great Men

WINTERS WEEKLY

The folly of allowing our past mistakes to influence our future is emphasized in the following article. It points out the false steps of some of the greatest men in history who dared not allow their errors to cast their shadows.

FALSE steps are not pleasant things. Nobody wants to boast about them. None of us who've made them like to think of them. All the same, there is no reason why they should be magnified into tragedies. If a young fellow who is journeying toward the goal of success makes a false step the best thing for him to do is to recover the lost ground as soon as he can. There are very few false steps which cannot be atoned for and made good. And if one false step was a fatal bar to success, well, the world would most assuredly never have heard of many of its famous men.

It is much easier to count the great men who've made false steps than the great men who haven't. There was Oliver Cromwell, for instance. Contemporary records declare that while at Carborough he was a haughty, scornful sort of youth. But he turned over a new leaf and became one of the greatest rulers this country ever had. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most upright and wise judges who ever sat on the Bench, was a wild swamp in his early days.

It is a significant and undeniable fact that Canada was won for the British Empire by a man who at the outset of his career made such a big false step that most people sneered at him con-

temporarily. That man was James Wolfe. He was a boaster, who bragged so much about what he was going to do and gasconaded to such an extent that his brother officers were disgusted. On many occasions he was pained over by his superiors. They could not believe that such a braggart was fit to be trusted with any great task.

But the keen eyes of the "Great Commander," William Pitt, saw something more than a noisy braggart in the young officer. He chose Wolfe to go to Canada. The tremendous responsibility sobered, but did not daunt him. He became quiet, modest, thoughtful—and he had always been brave, though his boasting had made even his friends doubtful of him. Everyone knows how Wolfe scaled the heights of Abraham, took Quebec, and died gallantly in the hour of victory.

In 1850 there was living in Galena, an obscure township in Illinois, in America, a man who made such a mess of things that everybody who knew him thought that he was hopelessly "done for." He had served bravely in the United States army, and had received a captain's commission. But then strong drink had not held of him. He had become slow and neglectful. He had been practically blown out of the army.

Then he had tried to make a living by dealing in real estate. He had been a dismal failure at that. Ultimately he had drifted into being a clerk and general help in a hardware shop kept by his father-in-law. His salary was little more than \$2 a week. The shop-boys sneered and whispered that he wasn't worth it and wouldn't have got it if he hadn't been the husband of the "old man's" daughter.

Most of his acquaintances despised him more or less. He was aged thirty-eight—too old to make a new start, people said. And everybody who knew him would have laughed had it been hinted in their presence that he was destined to become one of the world's greatest men. But the American Civil War broke out—the war to free the slaves. The tipping, slovenly clerk in the hardware store suddenly stopped going to the drug-shop. He stiffened his back and remembered that he was a soldier. But his character was so poor that, when he volunteered his services, Uncle Sam was afraid to trust him with even the least important position of command.

He persisted, and was at last made colonel of a regiment of raw recruits, mainly because nobody else could be found to take command. He never let himself be daunted by the sneers and rebuffs he encountered. The great surge had worked a wonderful transformation in him. His heart, no longer flinching, worked with the swiftness of lightning. His nerves, once shaking, were like steel. He became the hero of the great war. Within four years from the time when his services had been almost contemptuously declined he was the Commander-in-Chief of all the Union Armies, with more than a million of men under his orders. In another four years this man, Ulysses Simpson Grant, was President of the United States.

An even greater soldier than Grant made false steps at the beginning of his career—and such a wonderful career it was to be! He discovered, indeed, that his superior officers, looked like a baby when he could not get his own way, and generally played the fool. No other words will describe the facts so exact-

ly. He narrowly escaped being shot. And he was cashiered—turned out of the army. The French authorities decided that they had no further use for the services of the "Citizen Beona Parte." That is how his name was spelled in the official notice of dismissal.

So he was turned adrift in disgrace. He appeared hopelessly ruined. A little, insignificant fellow of twenty-four, with a meagre yellow face and such a skinny little body that when she saw him in uniform a girl he proposed to laugh and called him "Puss-in-Boots." He had nothing to do, and was reduced to such straits that he wandered about the streets of Paris on the verge of starvation. He was forced to pawn his watch. One day he was in such despair that he would have drowned himself had not a friend come to his help and lent him some money.

For months he was practically an outcast in Paris. But if he had made a false step he was not a fool. Very far from that! Instead of going to the dogs or being guilty of more foolish actions, he waited for an opportunity to recover his lost ground. When the opportunity arrived he sprang on it with the swiftness of a hawk. The French Government found itself in need of a daring, resolute general. And Napoleon Bonaparte forced himself on their attention. Given a new chance, he served his masters so well that they rewarded him by making him the General of the Army of Italy. All the load of this army he began his career as the greatest commander of the world. Fourteen years after being an idle "idiot" in Paris, he was on the throne of France with half Europe at his feet.

A very different personage from the Corvise was Oliver Goldsmith. Yet he also, in his own way, was a great man who made false steps—so many of them that it is a wonder that they did not lead him leagues away from success. He led him leagues away from success. He could hardly open his mouth without saying something foolish. He was generally laughed at or pitied. But he wrote "She Stoops to Conquer," which is one of the best plays ever put on the stage, and "The Vicar of Wakefield," which is worth tens of modern novels.

Israel Unbound

BY JAMES GREENMAN IN FRANKLIN'S MAGAZINE

Mr. Greenman tells the past played by Jews in the discovery and development of America. A story capturing they have turned towards intellectual, commercial and social life.

IN 1654 a shipload of Jews flying from Brazil, which had fallen into the hands of Portugal, reached New York, then known as New Amsterdam, and the treaty Dutch governor, Peter Stuyvesant, wanted to send them away; but he was ordered by the West India Company, in the tolerant spirit of Holland, to permit the Jews to live and trade in the country "so long as they cared for their peace."

That was the first Jewish settlement in America. The fulfillment of the covenant to provide for their own peace is witnessed by the fact that no Jew has ever been banished in the "spatter's field" of New York and that the Jews provide against destitution more thoroughly than any other element in the American metropolis.

Since that first grudging admission of the Jews to New York what a change has come over the scene!

You may walk today, through a mile and a half of Broadway, the greatest commercial highway in the world, and three-quarters of the names you see on the signs are Jewish, all representing staple manufactures and commerce. This is probably the busiest and most substantial district of equal size to be found in any country today. Now is there any place in which business standards are higher or the spirit of enterprise is keener. And it is Americans to the heart's core.

Cross the Bovey and you will find almost a square mile packed with Jewish tenements, the streets thronged with immigrants from Russia, Rumania and other parts of eastern Europe, most of the signs written in Hebrew characters; nearly all of the newspapers printed in Yiddish, the air resounding with Oriental gutturals and the men wearing long beards, odd-skirted coats, and hats pulled down tightly over the ears; dwarfed, stooping figures, with sober, patient, pathetic faces. This is the famous

ghetto of New York, and it contains more than three hundred thousand Jews. It has no walls or fixed boundaries, like the old ghettos of Europe, yet it is a distinctly foreign city. There is another, but smaller, settlement of poor Jews in the upper part of the city, and still another settlement of about seventy-five thousand Jews in a part of Brooklyn known as Brownsville.

Out of this mass, born in the terrible and degrading conditions of the Old World, more than a hundred thousand Jews have emerged in New York within the brief space of ten years and are now living in comfortable, often luxurious, homes. This, after centuries of poverty and oppression.

And so powerful are the Jews of New York, did they but choose to vote together, that they might easily defeat either political party in the city which admitted them in such condescending terms two hundred and fifty-three years ago.

Three-quarters of the students in the College of the City of New York are Jews, and they are, as a rule, more studious and successful than their Christian associates. More than three-quarters of the students in the Normal College of New York are Jewesses. A respectable percentage of the students in Columbia University are Jews. The proportion of scholarship prizes won by Jews in these institutions is astonishing.

It is a fact, too, that several of the young men and women attending the Free College and the Normal College are the children of families applying for relief to the United Hebrew Charities. Their hunger for knowledge and ambition to rise conquer the fear of poverty; and the Jewish charities generously recognize the spirit of such fathers and mothers. A large proportion of the students are the sons and daughters

ers of poor problems and struggling ship-keepers.

The public schools of New York are crowded with Jewish children. In twenty-eight schools, having 64,605 attendants in 1904, 61,103 were Jews.

In thirty-nine Philadelphia schools, having 21,485 attendants, 11,083 were Jews.

In nine Chicago schools, having 11,430 attendants, 7,929 were Jews.

These, of course, were schools selected in each of the three cities because of the large proportion of Jewish attendants.

The truth is that no other foreign-born people in the country can show such a large percentage of children in American schools and colleges; nor can any other part of the population show such material sacrifices for the sake of education and moral improvement.

It is unfortunate for Israel that the great wealth of the Rothschilds should, by sheer badluck, have obscured the great achievements and marked abilities of the Jewish race in other than strictly financial fields. The fact that the Rothschilds were resented by kings and prime ministers, that sometimes war could not be begun or peace made without their help in the money markets, appealed to the imagination, and the prejudice kept alive by Eugene Sue and other portrayals of the mythical *Wandering Jew*, by Shakespeare's *Slylock* and by Dickens's *Fagin*, to say nothing of the thousand other slanders, of bigoted literature, was repeated in a new and more plausible key in successive articles and political speeches representing the Rothschilds as the normal and inevitable evolution of the Jews, money-eating beasts, feeding on the vitals of modern society.

But it does not need very keen eyes to see in New York to-day—and New York is a good place in which to consider the matter, because it contains the largest settlement of Jews in the world outside of Russia—that this much abused people rapidly divests itself of the money instinct in free conditions, and seeks an outlet for its genius through the school, colleges and professions.

Probably the richest Jew in America

is Jacob H. Schiff. But there is no man in Wall Street who has a more delicate sense of honor and propriety than this modest and sagacious banker. He is the recognized leader in all reformatory and benevolent movements among the Jews of America. He has given fortunes away in his effort to better the condition of his brethren and he gives not only his money, but his time, his strength, his brains. In spite of his great wealth and his high position, his ear attends the complaint of the humblest Jew in New York, and he is now organizing a movement to distribute Jewish immigrants into the Western and Southern states, away from the crowded ghettos, so that they may breathe in the free air of American life and be absorbed into the intelligent, patriotic citizenship of the country as swiftly as possible.

It is difficult to find a rich Jew in the United States who does not contribute liberally to charitable and educational institutions. It is this habit of giving that accounts for the small number of very great Jewish fortunes in this country. Is a lot of four thousand American millionaires it has been found that only one hundred and fifteen are Jews.

This habit of spending freely is one of the most notable characteristics of the Jews in New York. They crowd the theatres and opera houses. They are to be seen everywhere in the best restaurants at sight. They throng to the best hotels in the fashionable watering places. They may make money, but they do not keep it; as time goes on that characteristic becomes plainer.

There is something profoundly impressive in the number of Jewish asylums, hospitals and other similar institutions maintained in the United States. Israel has asked no help in taking care of her own. In New York alone the total assessed value of Jewish asylums, hospitals, educational institutions and churches amounts to more than \$10,000,000 that the value of the cemetery lands of New York Jews is about \$500,000.

The United Hebrew Charities deals with more than ten thousand applications for relief every year, but the abil-

ity of even the most ignorant Jewish immigrants to support themselves, after gaining a foothold in American and learning the language, is fully proven by the experience of this noble organization, and not more than two per cent. of these relieved are American-born Jews.

There are so many ramifications to the work of the Educational Alliance among men, women and children that it is difficult to explain the scope and variety of that progressive Jewish institution. It is said that at least two million persons visit the main building in a year.

The great Jewish fraternal and benevolent organizations, which have hundreds of thousands of members, gathered in several thousand lodges, play an important part in the work of building Jewish destination, which chiefly shows itself among widows and orphans.

Nathan Straus, the warm-hearted New York merchant, is not an orthodox Jew. His benevolence extends to the poor of all races and faiths. In the teeth of difficulties that might have discouraged a less devoted man he has made his efforts for pure and cheap milk felt in the death rate of more than one American community. Multitudes of Christian fathers and mothers have had cause to bless his name.

All the large synagogues in New York and some in other parts of the country, have sisterhoods who carry on educational, charitable and consociatory work among the Jewish poor. They have

kindergartens, sewing circles and committees for social improvement. There are thousands of cultivated Jewish women in these "sisterhoods of personal service." There is scarcely a wealthy Jewish family which has not some member of a sisterhood.

An inspiring sight in the crowded Jewish tenements is the large number of literary, social-economic and philosophical clubs. The Christian Settlement Workers have frequently expressed their astonishment at the intellectual activity which they discover among the Jewish workmen in these poor neighborhoods. The experience of the free libraries in the ghettos shows that the average Jewish reader avoids mere books of entertainment and reads works on history, philosophy and other solid subjects. The tendency of thought in such districts is unmistakably toward socialism.

The great New York ghetto was originally peopled by the Irish. They in turn were succeeded by the Germans. Then came the Jews.

The advent of Israel on the lower East Side of the metropolis resulted in the closing of hundreds of bar-rooms. The Jews brought sobriety with them. Coffee and cake saloons, little tea rooms, restaurants, took the place of liquor saloons as gathering places of young men in the evenings. That is only one of the many virtues which the Jews of Russia carried to the heart of New York.

"In idleness alone is there perpetual danger," declared Carlyle, who knew well what depression and melancholy were, but met them by hard work. The more intensely we throw ourselves into each day's labors, the more we escape from discouragement and temptation.

World's Greatest Gambling House — Lloyd's

NEW YORK TIMES

Lloyd's of London is the one place in the world where every variety of fate may be dominated or made. The brokers who gather at Lloyd's great room on the Royal Exchange will make enormous wagers upon every conceivable chance, including a set of French or Russian roulette, or even a game of chance upon the results of a football match or a horse race. The game is played upon the results of a football match or a horse race.

A WEEK ago the news was rumbled from London that Lloyd's had written a policy against Harry K. Thaw's conviction for the murder of Stanford White, agreeing to pay a total loss, if the prisoner is executed, for the consideration of 30 guineas per cent.

This means that the brokers who gather five days in the week from 3.30 to 4 p.m., in the upper floor of the Royal Exchange, London, have deemed the fate of the slayer of Stanford White of sufficient doubtfulness to gamble in. Just as their predecessors in Lloyd's Coffee House in Cheapside, nearly a century ago, gambled on the fate of Napoleon, in 1813, on the fate of his nephew, Napoleon "The Little," and five years ago as to whether Edward VII. would live long enough to be crowned King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India.

From a philosophical point of view, all insurance is gambling. On the risk hand is the underwriter betting that a certain thing will happen, on the other hand is the premium payer betting that it will not happen, or vice versa. As the difference between the amount of insurance and the premium widens the moral aspect naturally changes and the element of "protection" subdues all ethical misgivings, and the fact that in the case of a fire, a shipwreck, the loss of a limb, or life, a comparatively large amount of money is received for a comparatively small outlay, has come to be recognized as a modern social necessity.

The placing of insurance against the outcome of famous trials has been a common practice at Lloyd's since the days when the underwriters first met in Lloyd's Coffee House in Tower Street, London.

That those risks are taken at the behest of gamblers always, the Lloyd's men deny, though as early as 1708 an

article appeared in the London Chronicle condemning the coffee house as a "meeting-place for all manner of illicit gaming," and complaining that bets were made there "under the guise of insurance" on all the happenings of the day, from the outcome of elections to the trials of peers. It is said in defense of such risks as that placed on the Thaw case that thereby is furnished an insurance on the reputation of the lawyers engaged. The legal talent conducting a defense may by this means provide against the damage to prestige involved in an adverse verdict.

An example of the activity of the London underwriters in New York by the insurance taken out last Summer by the managers of the Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island. It is not revealed what the amount of the policy was or the premium paid, but the risk was against suits for damages arising out of accidents. It can scarcely be contended that Lloyd's centuries of experience gave the underwriters any data of value on the relative danger of the Vanderbilt course, and it may be supposed that the premium was high. It will be recalled that it was during this race that the first fatality among the spectators occurred, when Elliott F. Shepard's ear struck a man who had stepped out on the course, killing him instantly.

The business of the Lloyd's agency as a corporation is marine insurance purely, but since the seventeenth century days, when the nucleus of the present organization was formed among the frequenters of the coffee house of Edward Lloyd in old Tower Street, the individual members of the group have been willing to take up any risk for a proper consideration. Thus the safe return of a ship to port was a gamble at best, and insurance was little more than a gambler's business, but in these latter days the members of

Lloyd's, who have reduced marine risks to a science as exact as life insurance, resent the likening of their trade to the better, and make claim with some reason that with the experience of more than two centuries it is possible to discount fate in every branch of human affairs with something like the scientific accuracy of the mortality table.

Of the thousands of odd insurance placed at Lloyd's, one of the longest standing is that held by a tradesman on the Strand, whose shop stands in the shadow of the Nelson monument. He has carried a policy for a generation against the possible damage to his premises should the monument fall. A certain group of underwriters make a specialty of insuring against the calamity of twins or triplets. This risk, it is claimed, has been reduced to a truly scientific basis, and the premium is arrived at only after a careful consideration of the family history of the insured and other data on which long experience has proved dependance can be placed.

Another of the legitimate sources of Lloyd's profits is established through the agency's information of the inside of European politics. During the South African war it was the general belief in the grain trade that the Czar would issue a ukase against the shipment of Russian wheat from the ports of the Black Sea. After a quiet investigation of the situation, Lloyd's established a premium rate against the contingency on which thousands of pounds' worth of insurance was taken out by grain merchants who looked for large trade in Russian breadstuffs with the army in the Transvaal. Lloyd's information that the ports would remain open proved correct, and the premiums were clear profit.

In recent years one of the largest losses sustained by the agency was through the postponement of the coronation ceremonies at the time of King Edward's illness. Thousands of stands had been erected along the route of the coronation procession, on which Lloyd's had sold insurance. The policies were against the prospective profits, and a

rate of from 10 to 25 per cent. had been made on the stands, according to positions, the idea of the underwriters being that only heavy rain would prevent their being filled to the utmost and the gross receipts reaching full expectations. The postponement of the ceremonies fell heavily on the Lloyd's underwriters, not only because of the losses on the stands, but out of the large number of policies sold to tradesmen on goods laid in against the expected holiday demand.

One line on which the loss mounted into thousands of pounds was the risk on their profits taken out by the dealers in the purple cloth, who had counted on selling millions of yards for decorations. The aniline dye needed so quickly that the cheap cloths were worthless by the time the coronation finally took place. At the same time Lloyd's did a thriving business in the sale of policies on the King's life. A means taken by tradesmen to insure themselves against the heavy cartage of profits which would have resulted from a period of general mourning in London.

Another wholesale source of gain to the underwriters in recent years was during the warlike scene in London in 1902. Policies were issued not only against individual infection, but against the losses to shopkeepers in case of quarantine. The panic was widespread and the policies were in great demand at high premiums, against which the losses were inconsiderable.

War and the lives of crowned heads have always been the greatest sources of the Lloyd's policies outside of the agency's legitimate business of marine insurance. It was during the period of almost continual disturbance in Europe between 1775 and 1815 that the Lloyd's brokers took their place as the leading underwriters of Europe. Never a cargo went to sea that was not insured against capture, and the success of the British navy in taking care of its own made profits great. In later times, though premiums have gone down with the diminished risk, a war does not always mean money in the pockets of the underwriters. During the Japan

sea-land conflict the shipowners, on the one hand, and the underwriters, on the other, were inevitably insured at Lloyd's.

Lloyd's part in marine affairs is as old as the seas. The rooms in the Royal Exchange are the news centre of the fleets of the world. There are kept the records of every ship's master in the service of commerce, and the character of every hull fit to sail the seas. The beginnings of the intelligence service which has given the agency its fame and has reduced marine insurance to a science were in the gatherings of men of affairs in the coffee house of Edward Lloyd in Tower Street. The first mention of the little public house appears in an advertisement printed in the London Gazette in 1685, wherein Edward Lloyd offers a reward for the apprehension of a certain tall, dark, portmarked individual who had lifted a watch or two. The proprietor himself, whose name is now known to the ears of the earth, wherever ships touch, was not concerned in the gambling business, which was then all that marine insurance could be called. His patron gradually made the place a general exchange for news of the outside world, and in 1698, when the coffee house moved to Lombard Street, the proprietor undertook to gather the intelligence that came to his tables in the form of a printed gazette in Lloyd's News, which he started about that time, was printed not only shipping news, but general information, and it was his dabbling with outside affairs that brought down the Government censorship on his little sheet and stopped its issue after a brief existence.

Lloyd's List, which is the name still retained by the official organ of the agency, was founded in 1725, confining itself wholly to marine intelligence, and the paper continues to this day the oldest newspaper in England except the London Gazette. During the first century of its existence Lloyd's was conducted without any organization, but in 1774, after a succession of financial scandals inseparable from the eighteenth century fever for bubble speculation and insurance gambling, an association of insurance underwriters

and brokers, calling itself the "New Lloyd's," took up its headquarters in the Royal Exchange, the predecessor of the present building, which is as much of a show place in financial London as the Bank of England or the Stock Exchange. The form of policy adopted by these associates continues unchanged to the present day but for the substitution of the more probable formula of "Be It Known That" for the pious opening phrase of the original form, "In the name of God, Amen."

The Lloyd's, after a long period of prosperous underwriting of war risks during the troubled years between 1773 and 1810, was investigated by Parliament and in 1811 was again reorganized. In 1871 the associates were incorporated for the threshold purpose of "carrying out marine insurance," "protecting the interests of its members," and "the collection and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping." At about the same time the "Intelligence and Information" branch of Lloyd's was separated from the insurance business in the formation of "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping," whose rating is now the standard of all classification among the ships of the world's commerce.

Marine risks are the one class of insurance officially recognized at Lloyd's. The underwriting members of the body, who number about six hundred out of the total of 2,500 members, each deposit with trustees upon admission security to the value of \$25,000. This fund, amounting in all to about \$15,000,000, is the security corresponding to the capital and surplus of an insurance company. It applies, however, only to marine risks, and all of the strange policies issued by the underwriters are backed only by the credit and good faith of the men who underwrite them. Every coast that commerce touches is watched by an agent of Lloyd's, and all the marine insurance companies of the world depend upon the intelligence flashed to London from these outposts and on the information as to vessel and master supplied by the Lloyd's Register. It is from Lloyd's rating symbol

for the best in hull and equipment that the familiar "A-1" is derived.

Besides the underwriting members, who are the bankers of the association, Lloyd's has two other classes of members, the brokers who get the business and the subscribers who want information only. At the door of the underwriters' room is the great register of shipping, in which the history of every registered hull almost is set down. Not only the dry facts of its condition and worth of hull, but its casualty history, for the lack of a vessel, as well as its material worth, enters into the calculations of the underwriters. Another book contains the story of every shipper in the commercial service, his birth and antecedents, his commands, and what has befallen them. The inexorable register hangs over the head of every master mariner, and he knows that the eye of Lloyd's is ever watching and that every mishap to his command will be surely recorded against his name in the book in London.

Carefully guarded from the public is the "Confidential Index," whose contents, too, are a large factor in the estimation of risks. Here the ship-owners are tagged and belleted, their financial standing is duly rated, and their past dealings with the underwriters are kept track of. It is in this index, too, that the records of disgraced captains are kept, carefully removed from the knowledge of all but the members of the agency.

When a broker has a policy to write he takes his memorandum to the underwriters' room, where they scrutinize it individually and decide how much, if any, they will take of the risk. It is an individual bargain between the underwriter and the broker. Each underwriter is the representative of a group of the underwriting members, who, as has been said, are the bankers of Lloyd's. These men, after looking over the policy individually, will put down their initials for whatever amount they choose. The broker goes from one desk

to another until the entire amount of the risk has been indicated on the slip. When the policy is made out the signatures of the underwriters are filled in, with the amounts taken, and the members of each banking group also attach their signatures to back up their underwriters. In this way the liability is taken personally by all concerned, and the profits also are divided individually. The security fund of the agency is used only to make good the failures of members, should such occur.

Among the underwriters—those who make specialties of other forms of insurance are well known, and it is these men who take the odd risks, for which the agency is the world's market. The security for the payment of such policies is entirely a matter of good faith and credit, and Lloyd's as a body assumes no responsibility.

One of the famous attributes of Lloyd's is the ship's bell which hangs above the crew's restraint. The news of every disaster at sea or the safe arrival in port of a ship long overdue is announced from this pulpit by the tall, red-cloaked crier of the Exchange. As he mounts the platform the bell is struck for silence, and when this bell, from the old ship-of-war Lutetia, is tolled as the crier announces the sinking of a ship or the decision of the board that a vessel long overdue must be lost, under English law all aboard become officially dead. The name of the ship and all that is known of the casualty is then put on record in a room which has been given the name of the "Chamber of Horrors." Hope is not abandoned, however, without taking into account all the contingencies which experience has taught the directors to look for. Unless there have been eyewitnesses to the sinking of the ship, Lloyd's waits until the owners as well as the committee agree that no hope is left, even then the rule requires that a bulletin praying information of the missing ship be posted for a week before the Lutetia's bell is tolled in signal that losses will be settled.

I speak of this as only one of many examples. In shipping, loading and unloading the 27 Arabs of Davenport's impetation not a single horse acted badly in any way, or showed any fear or ill-temper while being swung aboard and outboard in our shipping boxes and in slings. In contrast to the docility and good sense of our Arabs, we witnessed the loading and unloading of a number of Italian cavalry horses, upon our steamer. When they were put aboard at Messina, not a single horse came aboard without trouble. One animal, a fine mare, put her neck so badly upon her box that she nearly died to death, and two other horses cast themselves in their boxes and bruised themselves badly. And great precautions were taken with these Italian horses than we had thought necessary in shipping our own Arabs at Iskanderoun, where facilities were infinitely more disadvantageous than at Messina. At Naples, where all the horses were disembarked, the difference in intelligence and courage was again manifest. Our horses were swung on the hauges in their boxes without being tied at all, and they were perfectly quiet. The Italian horses had to be blindfolded and securely tied down before they could be moved at all.

Mr. Davenport, in the article I understand he is writing for a magazine, gives an account of the ride I made on a desert mare of the Aghyan Sherak family. She is barely 14 hands 2 inches in height, and a lightly built animal. I rode with \$3,000 in gold, a rifle and revolver with ammunition and saddle bags full of odds and ends, thirty-five miles in four hours and twenty-five minutes, over a rocky plain, under a sun that raised the mercury to 130 degrees, and at the end of the ride the mare was not at all distressed. I rested in an Arab tent two hours, because of the effect of the heat upon me, and when I had thoroughly rested rode on six hours more to our own camp. This performance was done on a horse that was being used hard every day and had no rest subsequent to this severe test. Such a performance was not considered remarkable by the Arabs, and I am convinced that any one of our older horses could have duplicated it any time they were called upon.

The Arabs, who have for centuries required a light cavalry horse for constant warfare have only developed this special type to meet such necessity. And the Arab horse has met it.

Nothing can hinder or defeat the positive determined, unshaking purpose. If that is worthy and noble, all the invisible influences of the universe are in co-operation with it and will help you to its accomplishment.

Steady-Floating Marine Structures

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

An invention by a Scottish engineer that promises to revolutionize the construction of boats, water, piers, bridges and floating forts.

WHAT bids fair to prove one of the most momentous inventions in the history of naval development has had its origin in Los Angeles. It is an invention that will revolutionize the construction of breakwaters, piers, railroad terminal harbors, light-houses and lighthouses, floating forts, and practically every other kind of stationary marine structure for deep waters.

The desirability of some form of structure that would float steadily despite the action of the waves has been fully appreciated for many generations. Within modern times numerous attempts have been made to secure stability of flotation, but these have heretofore failed because they have attempted to defy the laws of nature instead of making these laws subservient man's purpose. Men have failed to realize that, on the surface, the power of the ocean is practically unlimited, below the surface the calm is unbroken and the element stable. It has remained for a Scottish engineer, Mr. W. E. Murray, to discover how nature herself may be made to help in providing steady-floating platforms of all kinds for use in wave disturbed waters, and when his simple yet ingenious solution of the problem is supplied the wonder only grows why it was not applied long ago. In this connection, however, it has to be remembered that recent progress in the use of steel for all manner of construction work today renders possible to the engineer schemes which twenty years ago would have been impossible.

The principle on which the Murray system of steady-floating foundations for marine structures is based, lies in the practical application of two well-known scientific laws: firstly, that the wave disturbed stratum of the ocean is comparatively shallow, extending to a depth of only a few feet even in rough weather, and at a maximum to fifteen feet even in the most tempestuous conditions of the ocean; secondly, that with

increasing depth there is increasing pressure of the super-imposed water on any submerged body. Whereas all previous experimenters who have tackled the problem of steady-flotation have committed the cardinal error of leaving their structures on the wave disturbed stratum, that is to say, on the top of the ocean. Mr. Murray goes boldly down into the dense and motionless waters that lie below, and there he places the great mass of weight and the vast proportion of surface area of his floating structures. A floating body thus submerged, and kept submerged by a properly regulated and properly distributed load, is then embedded in a resisting medium. It is rigid and immovable, and any superstructure relied upon it, such as the tower for a lighthouse or the gun platform for a fortress, and so designed that the minimum surface is exposed to wave action, remains in stable equilibrium. There is virtually no oscillation of the entire structure even amongst heavy billows, as the momentary blow of each wave is negated by the steady, strong resistance of the ponderous portion of the floating structure immersed in the still lower waters.

While the structures may be any shape or size, a broad projecting flange at the base is a feature of all of them. This form a very important part of the invention, for it obviates the necessity of going to inconvenient depths to attain the required rigidity. If the great heavily-weighted flange at the base is to be distributed from its horizontal position, on the one side the immense column of water resting on it has to be lifted bodily, while on the other side a wall resisting water has to be pushed aside and the flange itself thrust down into a resisting cushion of water. No wave blow, which is a momentary impact and not a continuous force like the push of a locomotive engine, can effect this, simple mathematical calculations showing that the static resistance is such that, with a two-thousand-pound blow to

the square foot above, there will be only the oscillation of a fraction of a degree of an angle in the entire structure. In other words, the majority controls the minority, and what is virtually perfect steadiness of flotation is secured.

Nature affords a prototype of the Murray steel-floating steel structure in the great icebergs encountered in sub-arctic waters. These detached fragments of glaciers have the immense proportion of their mass submerged in the deep, dense and undisturbed lower waters, and therefore sit rigid and motionless amidst the billows. The Murray breakwater or the Murray lighthouse impresses upon the iceberg, for the heavy structure of steel enables the maximum load to be kept low down, while the wide projecting flange seems stability at a depth of only fifty or fifty feet below the surface of the ocean.

The commercial applications of this invention are of bewildering variety. Lighthouses can be constructed as a fraction of the cost of stone structures, for they can be built where materials and labor are cheapest, and then towed to the point where they are required and there anchored. They can be located at any suitable distance from the actual point of danger, thus giving vessels the security of a wider offing. Our coast-liners may be so lighted that a ship, keeping well out to sea, can navigate from season to season. With a

modified form of lighthouse, we get lightships and light buoys that will at night time show the course into a harbor just as clearly as a city street is now illuminated.

Where breakwaters are now impossible owing to the depth of water, the steady-floating structure can supply the want, and with great economy. For in the case of existing breakwaters it is only the top portion that is required to do the work, all of the structure below the fifteen-foot stratum of wave-disturbed water is simply the foundation—and a very costly foundation—for the effective superstructure. By the new system we have simply the minimum foundation; by applying the laws of flotation, the sea below is used as a support on which the breakwater rests. On this principle terminal railroad barriers can be constructed at any point of the coast. Piers and jetties can be sent out from the shore line quite regardless of the depth of water. Railway bridges across straits of the sea or of great lakes can be built—ideal bridges, for they are not suspended in mid-air, but are supported and cushioned by the waters in which they are immersed.

Other applications are coaling stations at sea, relay stations for wireless telegraphy, steel-floating platforms for raising sunken vessels, floating hospitals, quarantine stations, hotels, bath-houses, and so on.

The Road to Success

A young man who really and earnestly desires to succeed should never waste any time in dissipation, not even in so-called harmless dissipation.

He should, of course, allow himself the necessary amount of recreation and rest, and he should try to live a healthy, regular life.

He should try to acquire regular habits; that is, sleep and eat at the same hours every day and night, so as to keep in perfect physical health.

Then he should make it a rule every week to put by a certain amount of his earnings and acquire the habit of saving.

There are very few men who are not able to make a shilling, but the making of the shilling is not the most important thing; it is far more important to know how to save it.

Heroes of Everyday Life

BY EDGAR FREEMAN IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

In everyday life acts of heroism are performed which dwarf the highest commendations, but which scarcely pass unobserved. In the following article Mr. Freeman makes note of some worthy of being mentioned as heroic.

ON April 29, 1866, Jacob Flyter was directing the work of four Italian laborers at the roof of a tunnel 51 feet below the surface of the Milwaukee River, at Milwaukee. The five men were working in a compressed air chamber, beyond a steel bulkhead, driving the tunnel through the hardpan beneath the river bottom.

The only light in the chamber shone dimly from a few incandescent lamps swung from the dripping walls. The air was cold, and ahead the treacherous wall of mud lowered before them, held in sudden restraint only by the force of the compressed air around them. A slight drop in the pressure of the air would bring down upon them a rush of water, from which they might escape by instant flight, but in which more likely—the chances were 100 to 1—they would be overwhelmed in a sliny death by suffocation.

As the men worked, suddenly such a death seemed to threaten them. A spurt of water from the mud ahead splashed and swirled around them, rising quickly to their knees. Panic seized the laborers, and they ran for their lives. Hurling themselves at the door of the chamber, they dashed it open and rushed for the shaft beyond that led to safety.

All but the foreman, Flyter. Before he realized the situation, his men were gone and had slammed the door behind them. The waters kept on rising, and the wall of black mud began to lurch forward toward him.

He tugged at the door. It was too late. The pressure of the air, that had been designed to protect him, now held the door securely locked. He looked back, and stood face to face with death. From the face of the wall of hardpan spouted fine jets of water that ran to his feet and swirled about his ankles, climbed to his knees, passed his thighs and waist.

He beat at the door, and strained to open it. It was useless. He was imprisoned, alone and facing one hideous certainty—that these waters around him would continue to rise, inch by inch, to his chest, his neck, his lips, his nostrils. He sensed in the agony of terror at the horror of it.

When the laborers came scrambling out of the shaft without their foreman, the engineers in charge guessed instantly what had happened. They ran the elevator shaft and verified the conditions they had imagined. They came back declaring that the foreman was as good as dead. No human power could force the door against the water pressure back of it. It was only a question of hours until the foreman should be drowned. The tunnel was filling rapidly with water, and even if rescuers should achieve the impossible, they would be overwhelmed with the rush of water that would follow the opening of the door that held him.

Then Harris G. Giddings, Lawrence A. Hanlon, and Peter Lancaster appeared. They were firemen, old, dry, and each had a family. They insisted on being allowed to go down and try to save Flyter. The engineers explained the hopelessness of the effort and the folly of risking their lives. But they persisted, and taking a heavy beam, went down the shaft. At the bottom they found the water already knee deep. Wading back through the dripping tunnel, stooping to avoid the live electric wires overhead that supplied their little light, they heard the screams of the imprisoned foreman and the ineffectual beating of his fists against the door. Reaching the bulkhead, they peered through the bulge-eye in the door and saw his face contorted with terror. They made signs that they were trying to help him, and backed away with their beam swung as a battering ram. Time and again they rushed it against the bulkhead. Each

time it struck without causing more than a tremor of the steel plate. Momentarily the water rose inch by inch above their knees. In a pause for breath they noticed that the crisis within had ceased. They looked through the bull-eyes and saw that the water had risen so that foreman's lips were covered. He was holding his head back and breathing through his nostrils in a last effort to preserve himself from drowning. The men worked desperately. A stream of water five inches thick roared past them, fifteen feet long, and the waters around them rose to their breasts. Gradually the stream subsided as the water inside the chamber sank to the level of the hull-eye.

The men paused for a moment to pass teeth chattered with a chill caught from Flyter a flask of whiskey. Though his standing in the cold water, he steadfastly refused to touch it. The men then returned to their swinging beams. It was futile work. The only response was the thud of the blows and the moaning of the men behind the steel plate.

The fever of their work brought an inspiration to one of the men. They would get a jack-screw, and, with it held against their heads, they could exert a slow pressure of tons against the door. There might still be time to do it. The rising flood around them warned them to make haste.

But before they started back for the screw they would try the door once more. With a shout they hurled against it. It quivered, groaning, and at last it yielded. As it swung back the waters rushed past contained much that belongs to such them with a threatening roar. They plunged into the chamber, caught up the body of the fainting foreman, and ran with it to the foot of the shaft. The elevator was waiting. They were safe.

At the hospital, the foreman proved himself to be of the same stuff as his rescuers. He was shaking from chills and nervous exhaustion. The doctors offered him whiskey. He refused it as he had done in the tunnel. They told him it was a matter of life and death that he drink it. Still refusing it, he lapsed into unconsciousness. Days later, when he was on the road to recovery,

the nurses asked him why he had chosen what he had believed was death rather than drink it. He replied simply that he had promised his mother, just before she died, to leave it alone, and he wouldn't go back on his word.

This is but one story of the many recent examples, which, in the aggregate, make a pleasing record for the encouragement of our faith that the heroic impulse still greatly moves the hearts of men to courageous acts of self-sacrifice.

The animals of the sea have recently contained much that belongs to such a record. There the reader will discover an appreciation, by ship captains of all nations, of the Samurai spirit of Japan, in obedience to which these faithful servants of the public do all in their power to save their passengers and crews in times of disaster, and then expiate all trace of dishonor by dying with their ships.

Such an expiation was wrought last December by Captain Brunwig of the Princess Victoria Luisa. Through two mistakes—failure to take on a pilot and misjudgment in reading the signal lights on shore—he ran his vessel on the rocks near Port Royal. Captain Brunwig took every precaution for the safety of his passengers and then, locked himself in his cabin and blew out his brains. His act was more than an effort to escape the consequences of bad management. It was a heroic faith with an inexorable heroic tradition of the sea, that a captain's life is part of the ship, to die with it.

In the Winter of 1905-6, Chief Officer Patterson of the British King obeyed the same law. In a storm storm on the banks the ship's bow was beaten in by the waves. Captain O'Hagan was mortally injured in an effort to shift cargo so that the ship would right herself. Patterson assumed command. From the bridge he directed the lanching of the life-boats, and signaled for help to two passing vessels. The captain and crew were rescued, but the rising storm made another journey of the boats impossible. Patterson never left the bridge. As the last tremendous surge swept down the British King, his mate's

whistle shrieked a farewell above the roaring of the storm.

Or read these bald statistics of the United States Life Saving Service. During the year ending June 30, 1906, 365 vessels flew the signal of distress within sight of our coasts. That is one disaster for every day of the year. Of 4,680 persons whose lives were thus jeopardized, by shipwreck and fire, in summer gales and winter blizzards, all but 27 were saved by the Service. Furthermore, 439 smaller craft were aided, containing 855 persons, only 19 of whom were lost.

Or consider the work of the Fire Department of New York City. I asked an official in the office of the Chief of the department for "the number of firemen killed and injured during the last twelve months while rescuing the inmates of burning buildings."

He replied instantly: "There are no such figures. But I can give you the number of killed or injured in the performance of duty."

In this form the figures serve as well: 9 killed and 150 injured. Only they do not convey a hint of the great risks that were taken without a thought by those who had need for neither the price nor the surgeon. And these firemen are so modest that they fear at hero worship and so proud that they lately refused to permit a public fund to be collected for the purpose of supplying a coffee-wagon service to attend them at midwinter fires.

"But," some one may say, "all these—ship captains, life-savers, firemen—are paid to take these chances." Let us look, then, at some of the isolated cases in private life where no sense of duty impelled the heroic act.

Consider the case of Harry B. Moore, of Alliance, O. He is a conductor on the main line of the Lake Erie, Alliance, and Wheeling Railroad. On June 17, 1905, he went out on his run as conductor of a freight train of empty cars. He and a brakeman rode on the pilot of the engine. Rounding a curve at fifteen miles an hour, the train crew saw an unconscious man lying between the rails seventy-five feet ahead. The engineer reversed the engine and threw on the brakes, reducing the train's speed to

eight miles an hour. But Moore saw that the momentum was too great to be overcome before the man would be run over. Forty feet from the body he jumped from the pilot and sprinted down the track ahead of the engine in the hope that he might be able to drag the man out of danger. But the train was too quick for him, and he was overtaken and knocked over. It was pure accident that he was not instantly killed, as the unconscious man was a moment later. The conductor's penalty for his courage was the loss of three fingers.

Or read the records of the Carnegie Hero Fund. From its first operation, April 15, 1894, to December 31, 1905, its agents have investigated 1,424 cases that were reported to it. Eliminating 642 cases in which the act was performed as a duty, 290 cases in which the act was performed before the fund became operative, and 450 cases that either were not within the scope of the fund or are still under investigation, the agents have passed upon 63 cases of undoubted brilliant heroism. In every one of these 63 cases, the agents got the testimony of eyewitnesses and sifted their evidence by means of the most rigorous tests.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina, and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; 20 in Ontario; and one each in Quebec and Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescuer was from drowning. These cases include the act of Mrs. Sadie Lewis Crabbe, a white woman of Avalon, Va., who lost her life in an effort to rescue a Negro boy from a hole in the ice; and the feat of Miss Ernestine F. Atwood, a 17-year-old girl, who dived under a floating dock in Boston Harbor and rescued Harry M. Bristol, a grown man, who had sunk for the last time. They also include the case of Wade H. Plummer, of Lamar, S.C., a 16-year-old boy who, after a swimming race in the icy water, made repeated efforts to rescue an older boy and at last saved him after he had been

inspired by his own father to cease risking his life. They also include the work of Mark Case, the skipper whose exploit off the Jersey Coast was the news feature of every paper in the country for days last Winter.

Of the remaining 17 cases, two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One-eyed" Mike O'Brien, of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a rattle-snake bite, six from suffocation, two from burns, and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue, and in several cases the rescuer lost his life in the effort.

The Carnegie Fund undertakes to provide some fitting public testimonial of such acts of heroism. In every case it has provided for a medal—gold, silver, or bronze—commemorating the act. Besides this, it provides in some cases a grant of money. To date it has disbursed \$41,750 in these ways: \$8,000 to death benefits to the dependents of rescuers who lost their lives; \$7,000 in death-benefit benefits; \$14,600 for the education of widows who have performed an act of heroism or whose parents have lost their lives heroically; and \$18,650 in special awards, such as lifting mortgages on the property of heroes.

And now one more case: In the little town of Midway, Ky., two men lived at enmity, personal and political, so long that their feud was one of the town's traditions. Only the intervention of

friends had more than once prevented them from doing each other bodily violence. Then, one day last April, one of the men, Richard Godson, was discovered at dusk, lying senseless in his private gas-well, dying of suffocation. No one of the crowd that gathered at the mouth of the well dared to risk his life in an effort to save him.

Then his enemy, Rufus K. Combs, came breathless to the spot. By the light of a lamp he looked down and saw the body face down in the mud at the bottom of the well. Without hesitating, he slipped into the narrow manhole, hung by his hands, and dropped into the darkness and suffocating fumes of the pit. He lifted the body of his enemy and by dogged effort raised himself to a foothold on a small gasoline tank inside the well, and lifted the body above his head to the manhole. The crowd caught Godson's hands, pulled for a moment, and lost their hold. The body fell back into the mud. The rescuer's own breath was failing. He raised his head out of the manhole long enough to fill his lungs again with air, and dropped again. Again he raised it to the opening overhead. The crowd drew the body out.

Choking with the gases, Combs clung desperately to the rim of the manhole until the crowd drew him into the open air.

Two hours later, when he recovered consciousness, someone asked Mr. Combs why he had risked his life to save his enemy. "I hated to see such a good fighter choke to death," he replied.

Cobalt, the Goblin of the North

BY W. A. FRASER IN SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mr. Fraser gives an interesting account of how the different stages in the world famous Cobalt were built—of the 1000 accounts in a great mine of waste to production recovery.

Cobalt is from the German Kobold, a goblin of the mines, an evil spirit who he readily spread his malign influence by the insidious agency of the arsenical dust which crept into the lungs of the mine-workers, who broke the ores which were impregnated with arsenic.

The physical plan of Cobalt town is a cross between a switchback railway and a loop-the-loop, only that in winter the whole thing is ice, which makes it work more smoothly. You start, say, for the Prospect Hotel with easy nonchalance and a suitcase, and in fifteen minutes you find yourself back again at the station, with, perhaps, a French half-bred and two train-boys in your lap, or, maybe, you have joined a party of tourists who have been gathered in by a sleigh that, starting sideways at the top of the hill, swept the street bare until it burst into a freight car that was purposely left to keep these neared things off the track.

Cobalt is the dirtiest thing I ever saw. One night I was dining in the Mint Restaurant. Now the road slopes away from the very door-entrance of the Mint right down to the station at an angle of about forty-five. Presently the door opened and a debauched youth in liquor and a college sweater called over his shoulder to some one behind: "Come in—the water's fine!" Then the slippery angle got its work in. He started down the declivity. It was the hour for population on the street, and soon the single atom of humanity gathered other atoms and became an avalanche. Through the door we watched with breathless hilarity the thing grow into a great human ball with writhing legs and arms. When the freight car checked the wayward ones a riot followed, but there was no fun in that, so we closed the door and went back to our steaks. I saw the young man the next day at the hotel with a cablike vein running diagonally across

his cheek and some high-grade Cobalt bloom under his eye.

But where had he got the alcohol?—that was the great question. In all Cobalt is not one liquor house—and I hope it will keep that way. Dynamite and whisky do not mix well. The hotel-keeper assured me that he was to get a license, but, when I asked Premier Whitney about this, he answered, "I guess he's got to get our views first." So I fancy Cobalt will continue ethically clean, if not so from a sanitary or hygienic point of view.

If typhoid does not hit the place in the solar plexus next summer it won't be Cobalt's fault. It's just training hard for the typhus and diphtheria stakes—it should be a winner. Even now our boys drinking water at twenty-five cents a bottle in the hotel. Here's a sign I read in the town which gives the keynote of the place where men are too busy over silver to bother about sanitation. It read:

JOHN DOE

Livery Stable. Horses to Hire, Milk and Beef For Sale.

And on a manner heap, between the stable and the house, were the cows eating the soiled bedding which had been thrown out from the horses' stalls.

There are no open gambling houses. There is, I fancy, a policeman, though I never saw him. His office is a saloon. If the whisky takes a legal stand in the town, then he'll have to get busy, for there are Fims and Poles and Italians, and all the other hard-boiled men of the hardy knife in the mines at Cobalt.

But set on the sides of all the many antichambers that constitute the topography of Cobalt are pasted town lots that are worth thirty-six hundred dollars each in addition to surface value; for they are all merged in a mining company, twenty-four hundred shares issued per lot, worth a dollar and a half each in the market.

He alone is happy who has learned to extract happiness, not from ideal conditions, but from the actual ones about him.

In the summer of 1963 a new Government railway, shouldered along by the men of construction, pushed its way in a northeast direction diagonally across the fifth and sixth concessions of Coleman Township, on the shores of Lake Temagami, in New Ontario.

At that time Coleman was this kind of a township: A friend of the writer's held veteran's scrip for 180 acres of land and out of some half-forgotten voice there remained an echo telling him to locate in that township, along the new railway, so he went and looked at the rock-scattered hills that held seedless pools called lakes, and cursed himself softly for a misguided goat and went thitherward into another land.

But the railway, plodding along, cut across one forty-acre plot of land that is now the La Rose Mine, with standing walls of silver. Crossing that forty acres, the railway actually cut from its path the end of a rock-elf, laying bare a vein from which, during the past few months, the Night-of-Way Mining Company has taken nearly \$200,000 in ore.

But the men of construction took no notice of the curiously heavy pieces of rock they threw from their path. Silver as a watch case or a souvenir spoon they would have recognized, but the guarded, blackened, oxidized nuggets were only good for ballast.

Just at the lower end of Cobalt Lake two lumbermen were at work that same time—ties for the railway, I think. They found a vein of metal, and in the recorder's office had forty acres registered in their joint names, MacKinley and Darragh. This was the origin of the MacKinley-Darragh Mine and was actually the first discovery.

About this time a French blacksmith named La Rose, working for the MacMartin brothers, contractors on the railway, out of Gallie restlessness wandered about in the woods at the other end of Cobalt Lake. He found some of this oxidized stuff that seemed so heavy and so unlike anything reasonable, and, naturally enough, consulted his hand-tools about it. He put it on the anvil and spanked it with his hammer till it practically confessed its name and nature.

He was a curious little old Frenchman, and did not know about affairs of registration as well as McKinley and Darragh; but still he was not by any means a fool, for one day when a teamster asked him blandly where he had found the metal, that was most certainly a piece of worthless lead, the blacksmith pointed to the North; and the teamster, selecting two claims of forty acres each to the north, registered them. Then presently La Rose made entry for forty acres where he had actually found the silver.

Then the versatile teamster, feeling that Frenchy had wronged him in not being truthfully communicative, said that his first entry was wrong, and that he had meant to select eighty acres running, not east and west, but north and south, and taking in the claim La Rose had made entry for.

But two Scots of the fighting Glenagarry blood named MacMartin had bought a half-interest from La Rose, and the teamster was somewhat up against an argument. The court frowned upon the teamster's changeableness of mind, gave La Rose his claim, and, somewhat inexplicably, gave the other man pretty much anything he wanted that was lying around loose—told him to go out and help himself to some of the back lots. Without any show of diffidence, he complied, and his takings comprise the O'Brien Mine properties. These two properties, the La Rose and the O'Brien, are perhaps the richest in the whole Cobalt region.

Though the teamster had probably never made any discovery of mineral on these properties, another man had. He was associated with the MacMartin faction, which now turned round and sought to separate the O'Brien outfit from the large holding they had acquired. There was much litigation, and one morning MacMartin opened his eyes wide in astonishment when he read in the paper that the Government had settled the dispute between him and O'Brien by taking twenty-five per cent. of the silver that would come out of the mine and giving O'Brien the rest.

At the time La Rose was turning horseshoes, and finding silver mines,

another Frenchman, named Thomas Hebert, was working on the railway in Coleman. One day he found to the north of the MacKinley-Darragh property one of those stores of metal, undisputed, and earned it to La Rose's anvil, for assay. The hammer demonstrated its quality; and as La Rose was now an authority on such matters, Hebert asked the blacksmith to help him locate the lode from which the fragment had come.

Now, silver mines are all very well in their way, but a blacksmith's time is valuable, so Duncan MacMartin, the employer, compromised on a half day off for the smith, on the understanding that the find was to be divided between the three.

La Rose and Hebert found a silver vein in a thirty-foot cliff, and that find was the first discovery of the Nipissing Company.

They had no axe to cut a stake, and, like French children, put this matter off for a day, and Hebert went off to Haliburton while La Rose awaited his return. There was some delay about his coming down to do the staking act, so next day MacMartin and La Rose trailed down to the discovered vein and drove a stake. Then Hebert and a companion slipped over the horizon line from another direction and also drove a stake.

However, Hebert, short on English as he was, was well schooled in the art of making fast, and he made a home run for the recorder's office. He won in a walk. His affidavit of discovery to the Nipissing property will probably be sold at a rare autographed intuitive it is signed thus:

His
Thomas X Hebert
mark

on behalf of W. C. Chambers
Oct. 23rd, 1903.

They offered a surveyor a fifth interest to run the lines on these properties. But he wasn't working for anybody for nothing—not much, he wanted the coin; so they were forced to give up two hundred dollars of good money instead of a fifth of the Nipissing property. Even a lawyer refused to make the legal

wheels go round for a big shoe of Nipissing land. They couldn't "gold brick" him either.

Then one day the gods blew their way a swan for the plucking! A man in New York had condescended to consider their offer of the property for two hundred thousand dollars.

The five men lay awake nights wondering if it was really good enough to be true. They sat in corners and discussed the probabilities of somebody pinching their victim till he woke up.

One day the cheque came for the near two hundred thousand dollars, and they sent a man on horseback on the keen gallop to the bank for fear it would be stopped by wire. The world "knows pretty well the retail price of the Nipissing commodity since the day the wholesale dealer bought it in bulk.

Professor Miller, the provincial geologist, finding so many amateurs taking interest in the physical structure of Coleman Township, went out there himself with his microscope and little hammer. He saw La Rose digging a hole in the ground and throwing out of his way solid slabs of silver, argentite, smallite, arsenite, pyrrhotite—in fact, nearly all the "ites" that occur in mineralogy were lying around loose up there like the broken bolts and horse-shoes and nuts of a blacksmith's scrap heap.

The Professor loaded up with silver nuggets in various forms of disfigure, and brought these down to Toronto. Then he wrote about what he had seen, and added what he thought of it all; and, when the papers published these things, the children who had had their fingers scorched in the British Columbia mining fane, pined up their lips and whistled.

One day a man named Trethewey walked into Professor Miller's office in Toronto, and tried to lift a huge nugget of smallite that Hebert, the French strong man, had carried down a steep hill for Professor Miller at Cobalt. A few weeks later Trethewey had found a mine. That was the evolution of both the Trethewey and the Coniague mines, the discoverer dropping out with a

couple of million when he had put things in order.

Three students from Toronto University peacelined through the School of Mines, and then went out on survey work in Coleman. By grace of chance, this pilgrimage of the babes into the world occurred at the time of the silver harvest; so, while bearing the chain at one dollar and a half per, they relieved the monotony of servitude by locating a calcite vein on the edge of Lake Giron, which they named the University Mine.

That was one year after La Rose had staked his claim. If they had been possessed of less of the little knowledge which is a dangerous thing they would have been really better off.

They surveyed fifty-six acres, so that much of it was aquatic—extending out into Lake Giron, to make sure of the vein. Had they allowed this claim to rest peacefully and dry-shod higher up on the little hill, they would have taken in what is now the Foster Silver Mine. But they didn't do badly for boys, for one day John MacMartin gave them a million dollars to turn the mine over to his firm of overmen.

It was a droll throw of the dice that caused the Temiscamiquette Railway to cut through the very pearl of this silver cyster, but it did. The "steel" pencils its way across foundations of silver.

A group of men secured the privilege of mining the railway right-of-way, but there was a discussion over this, as there was some Government official in connection with the holders.

The property was withdrawn and advertised for sale.

Some Ottawa people paid fifty thousand dollars bonus and a royalty on the output, and secured it. They named this enterprise the Right-of-Way Mining Company.

Had the promoters been possessed of a grain of humer they would have called it the Giraffe's Neck, for the property consists of a ribbon of land ninety-nine feet wide and some miles long. However, the company started practically to quarry out silver that ran fully sixty thousand dollars to the car-load.

The La Rose property crosses the rail-

way, so does the big silver vein on this claim. The vein comes right to the surface and is as fat as Wiltshire bacon; so the Right-of-Way manager, starting in on this vein, pored it close to the La Rose line.

There is a law, written or unwritten, that a lode shall not be worked closer on the surface to another claim than six feet, leaving the intervening wall for mutual destruction. So, when the Right-of-Way man was supposed to be starting a shaft right up against the line, the La Rose manager got busy on his side of the wire fence. A smooth, little hole was coaxed down into the rock, a slim finger of dynamite put away in this nest for a little amusee, and when the dynamite woke up and stretched its arms, great fragments of rock rolled over and nestled in the cute little open cut from which the Right-of-Way man had taken a fortune in silver.

He rushed away for an injunction, and the hand-dill on the La Rose side of the fence again chuckled merrily at the rock. It was a hot finish between the advent of the second eruption and the arrival of the injunction; each claimed he had won, and the courts were asked to decide the dispute.

It seemed such a trifling thing to quarrel about—a few tons of silver, when there was so much of it lying all about.

Between the rich Jacobs Mine and the University is a forty-acre claim that ranks second only to the Nipissing in point of melodramatic interest. It has become a show-place, for Cobalt has stretched its serpent body across the land so close to the surface that one may step from the road, scrape away the snow, and see a gleaming vein of silver twelve inches wide, polished as smooth as a stone step of the British Museum. But a surface vein is not a mine by any means—it is but a prospect, and this somewhat showy vein may yield a couple of hundred thousand and then pinch out. The Lawson claim is now deep in litigation because of this, its discovery, which was as follows:

An Englishman named Lawson, prospecting, came upon this big silver vein.

Filled with delight—perhaps short of wind—he reached the recorder's office only to receive a jar. This forty-acre had been located by one Thomas Crawford. Now Crawford's discovery had been made on the other end of the claim, and was of fabulous value. Lawson must have lain awake all night planning the fool thing he executed in the way of a bargain. Of course, the fundamental idea was to buy the claim from Crawford without putting his head up in the air. So Lawson paid Crawford two hundred dollars, and a quarter interest in whatever he might find, for the right to prospect this claim.

They say that Crawford chuckled over having landed a sucker Englishman.

Then Lawson, naturally enough, re-discovered the big vein. About that time three other men, who had been partners of Thomas Crawford in the claim, rose up and asked where they were at. They had actually discovered the claim, though registered in Crawford's name. As optimists were ready to proclaim the vein worth millions, there was, most essentially, herein the proper plot for a litigation play. It is still on.

Concomitantly the luckless ones stand arrayed mindless, the antithesis of this hapless finding of riches. The professional mining men, the real prospectors, are nearly all working under salaries on the mines that fell into the hands of amateurs. The manager of the MacKindy-Burrough Mine, an experienced miner, told me that he had prospected the district for months and found nothing. One of the most persistent and earliest sounders of the clarion note of the presence of big silver was a newspaper man named MacLean. He chuckled as vociferously as a hen with a newly-deposited egg. He wrote columns to prove that the silver was really there. He begged people to come in and get it, while it was still to be had. I met him the other day, and he confessed that he hadn't got a thing worth a nickel.

Of course, President Miller's position as Government geologist precluded his laying hands upon silver acres. At least he looked upon it in that way.

Perhaps a less conscientious man might have prospected himself into wealth.

Perhaps the point of greatest interest to many readers of these notes is the one of values.

There is not a mine in the whole region that is not fully capitalized, and the public should stand on their rights and refuse to buy above par. That would go a long way toward curing the wildcatting of mines that are really not wildcats. Nearly all of this wildcatting, this boozing of honest, respectable mines, has been done in New York, by men who knew nothing of, and cared less about, the minerals in the mines.

The public should remember this most important fact, that a mine pays its dividend out of its capital. When a man buys a share, he buys so much of the mineral, and when the mineral is gone the capital is gone. It belongs to another man—the man who bought the ore. Therefore, an investor should be absolutely certain that he is going to get his investment back in the shape of dividends, because when the dividends cease the thing is gone.

I made a close personal inspection of most of the leading mines in the Cobalt region, traversed the drifts and cross-cuts, and all impartially, owning not one single share of mining stock, having no feeling in the matter, one way or the other. However, stringing along the line of values for the present these are some of the thoughts and convictions I came by through climbing up and down dead ladders into darkened caverns, silver-walled, or being dropped into the black maw of Kolbold's cave, standing on the rounding edge of an iron bucket. Perhaps it is the only way to come by a little knowledge.

One of the highest officials in the Government here said to me one day: "It's all right, if these mines don't play out in a couple of years."

And doubtless many investors have been perturbed by the same thought, remembering the tail-end of the Comstock lode.

Now, curiously enough, the hundred million value and the two-years' lease

of life make each other impossible, or rather, because one is a fact the other isn't. If all the veins on the richest property were in one huge lode and could be dug out in two years, those that property could pay dividends on fifty or a hundred millions. But in a little room on the top floor of an office at the most famous mine is a huge chart, showing fifty-six veins, ramifying over the eight hundred and forty-six acres. Some of them are small, some of them are high in cobalt—not too rich in silver—some of them show evidences of pinching out at the fifty or seventy foot level. Just now one that had dwindled considerably at the fifty-foot level has come in rich again. Some of the veins are simply open-cut workings; some have been discovered by trenching—not worked at all. And again, there are, in all probability,

scores of veins as yet undiscovered, for we must remember that this eight hundred and forty-six acres is the very heart and stomach of this richly mineralized belt, that, so far, extends but three or four miles by two.

I went down into a huge open cut that was like the barrow of some monstrous animal; indeed, the compressor drills biting at the rock sounded like the gnashing of his teeth. All the mineralized veins in Cobalt differ from each other in structure and wealth; and one might say, with an excess in parenthesis, that this vein differed from all the others put together. Just as we turned along the drift my condenser pointed out where the great three-thousand-pound magnet—that some one had proposed using for a silver door-step for his New York office—had come from.

Don't Be a Pessimist

At the dawn of each day you begin a new life, you are born again, and the individual who says "I can't help it" is either mentally weak or stupidly lazy.

If you live in the belief that you can't overcome yourself—your thoughts, if they are weakening ones—then the chances are they will always remain so.

It is easy to fall into the habits of mind, becoming over-critical and egotistical. We must be on our guard by keeping our minds active.

There is no originality of thought in a pessimistic mind. Originality and strength are only born where there is depth and breadth and warmth.

Begin and broaden your mentality, and take a deeper view of life and your fellow-creatures. Try it for awhile, and see what a wonderful change it will make in your whole atmosphere.

An optimistic view of things will develop the higher elements of your nature—a pessimistic view the lower. Make servants of your thoughts and emotions and govern them with reference to your physical and mental welfare.

It has been said truly: "No man can see over his own height." You cannot see in another man any more than you have in yourself, and your own intelligence strictly determines the extent to which he comes within its grasp.

The Flower Doctor

BY E. LEONARD EASTIN IN HOMES AND GARDENS

No great has been the developments in the floral enterprise during recent years than the position of flower doctor has been created. His work is to make good any defects appearing in the flower. What may be accomplished in this respect is shown in the following article.

THE discovery of the commercial value of flowers is one of the most remarkable developments of our times. Even the advanced gardeners of a century ago had not the faintest idea that one day huge industries would spring into being, having for their sole object the culture and marketing of blossoms. As one would expect, the appearance of this floral enterprise has led to the creation of many positions for those who specialize, which otherwise would never have seen the light of day. Quite the most remarkable of these novel vocations is that of the flower doctor—a man, or not infrequently a woman, who gives his or her whole time to the handling of blossoms with a view to making good any imperfections which they may possess.

Nature is quite perfect in her ways as a general rule, the flower doctor readily admits but even she will sometimes make mistakes, and quite often will be all the better for a few touches from his skillful hand. Of course the very first principle of this various art is concealment; the work must be done so well that no one can discover that it has been done at all. Flower doctoring is very much more widely practiced than might be supposed, and it speaks well for the skill of the operator that so few people are even aware of the existence of his strange profession. In the present article it will be the endeavor of the writer to give the reader a little peep behind the scenes as a modern flower growing establishment.

To begin with, the flower doctor, no less than his namesake in the medical profession, must have his case of instruments. These are much like a portion of a surgeon's stock in trade; delicate pairs of dissecting scissors, forceps of all shapes and grades, cutting pliers in addition to a host of branches in all sizes. There are also a number of necessities the use of which will become

apparent when the flower doctor is seen at his work. The whole paraphernalia, which makes quite a formidable array, includes spray producers, and bottles containing gums and scent essences.

The most ordinary duties of the flower doctor consist in simply correcting imperfections in the flowers which are placed in his hands. A great box full of freshly gathered rose buds is brought in to him. Many of these are not quite as they should be. A withered, or perhaps a badly developed petal spoils what would otherwise be a perfect flower. With a pair of forceps in his left hand the doctor rapidly goes over each bloom. This petal which is out of its place is put into right position; that ill-shaped one is torn away altogether. In the end the flower is placed aside without the least blemish to detract from its market value. If the roses are wanted for some purpose where it is important that the buds should not open, such as for use in a bouquet for instance, each bud must be separately treated. As near to the base of the bloom as is possible, thin wires are cunningly inserted right through the centre of the bud, so that all the petals are held in such a way that they can never fall apart. All other kinds of flowers are examined in the same manner as has been described above, faulty petals removed and displaced ones put into the correct position. It is not at all an unusual thing in the case of chrysanthemums, to go over the flower with an instrument much resembling a pair of corking tongs, and with delicate twists bring the petals over in an elegant curling fashion.

Some of the most desirable flowers, from the florist's point of view at any rate, have been provided with only very weak stems, and sometimes with scarcely any stem at all. The beautiful Marechal Niel rose can scarcely hold up its head, while the fragrant white tuberose blooms by the time they have been

gathered from the central stalks have not more than a fraction of an inch of stem. Such flowers could never take their place in decorative schemes in the condition in which Nature has given them to us. But your flower doctor can easily get over such trifling difficulties as these. With a metal thread the weak stems are strengthened, often in such a way that it is impossible to detect the supports, and the blossoms without stems are provided with ones made of steel wire. All this is done so cleverly that by the time the flower takes its place on the dinner table, or in the bridal bouquet, no one can say that the bloom has received any attention from the hands of man at all.

It has been held that to attempt to give scent to the rose is an undertaking which is altogether ridiculous. Nevertheless the flower doctor does not view the matter at all in this light. It is a sad fact that many of our modern strains of one time fragrant flowers are more and more woefully lacking in sweetness. Some of the most lovely varieties of roses, the finest kinds of violets, are almost scentless. This will never do for the florist; buyers expect their roses and violets to smell pleasantly, and if Nature does not provide the wherewithal well, the deficiency must be made up somehow. And it is just here, where the spray-producer comes in so usefully, hiving out its sweet vapor in response to the bell pressure over the fresh blossoms. It is only fair to say that the doctor is very careful to use only the finest scent, which, of course, has had its origin in flowers, and is a natural product. He is also most particular in selecting the right kind of fragrance for each bloom, so that the fair lady who suries her nose in this bunch of violets has not the least conception that the purple blossoms have been tampered with in any way. Of course good scent is so permanent that its odor will remain quite as long as the flowers last, and often much longer, making folk wonder at the delightful fragrance of the modern blooms even when they are dead.

One phase of the flower doctor's work is not so easy, for a person who loves blossoms as Nature made them, to write

of without protest. This will be seen to be nothing less than sheer mutilation for which there is really little excuse. There are certain purposes for which it is considered very desirable that the flowers need should be entirely white. Popular favor has declared that as a general rule the blossoms used for church decoration, and the composition of wedding and christening bouquets, wreaths, etc., must be of spotless purity. To this end your flower doctor performs a cruel operation on the lovely white Easter lilies. As is well known the blossoms of these lilies produce anthers to their stamens, which are large and most plentifully supplied with golden pollen. This golden dust as it reaches maturity is apt to fall off and sully the white petals, and in order to prevent this the expert just as each bud opens, carefully removes each anther with his forceps, with the result that the lily is shorn of a good deal of its natural beauty. Perhaps even a worse instance of this mutilation is seen in the case of the poet's daffodil. The charming emerald eye in the centre of this flower stands out in fine relief against the sunny ring of petals, but in such a state the florist will have none of the flower, if the purpose demands a white blossom. A dreadful deed again must be accomplished by the doctor. With a delicate pair of scissors the brilliant bordering of scarlet is trimmed away from the cup, and one of the loveliest of the narcissi is divested of its most attractive feature. This is flower surgery at its very worst, and it is not easy to justify such practices; indeed, it is much to be hoped that ere long these methods will be held to be outside the legitimate work of the specialist. There is all the difference in the world between providing a flower with an artificial stem and cutting away its petals, and by so doing destroying most of its natural beauty.

It seems a strange thing to talk about sticking flowers with gum, and yet this is a very common practice in the florist's workshop. All the lovely anemones in pots which delight our eyes during the spring months have been decorated with a vengeance. Anemone blossoms drop very quickly, some time before the petals of

the flower really begin to fade, and were it not possible to fix the blossoms in some style or other the plants could hardly be marketed at all. In order to prevent the flowers from falling too quickly, at the joint of each stalk with the stem, a wee drop of gum is placed by means of a brush which when dry holds the flower firmly in position. As may be imagined the sticking on of anemone blossoms is a process which is tedious in the extreme. Many fine plants will bear hundreds of flowers, and as each of these will require attention individually, it will be seen that the matter is no small one. In the case of other flowers where it is known the petals are apt to be shed somewhat hastily, a touch of pure gum here and there will often very much lengthen the life of the blossom. If this has been done with proper skill so no one need ever detect that the flower has been attended to in any way.

In most big flower stores a person with some knowledge of flower doctor-

ing is usually retained. These flowers which look so fresh were really not picked to-day at all, nor is it necessary that they should have been; but they have been stimulated to hold up their heads a while longer by clever treatment. Although methods vary slightly they mostly consist in placing the stems of the flowers in very hot water for five minutes, and then putting them in a cool, dark cupboard for an hour or so. Just before the blossoms are placed on the display counter it is not an unusual practice to spray them over with clear spring water. This produces a delightful effect of glistening dew drops on petal and leaf, which is bound to make the show pleasant and attractive in the eyes of would be buyers. After all, it must be admitted that the flower doctor does very much to assist in the meeting of the great demand for blossoms, which it is safe to say, is one of the best desires which the public has evidenced for a long time.

Be Stickative

The fault with most young men to-day is that they do not stick close enough to business.

The man who always tries to get off as easy as possible, and when working for others does as little as possible for the wages that he receives, will never get ahead and never amount to anything in life.

Every young man should through all his business career constantly keep in mind the parable of the faithful servant and the reward given to him: "Because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities."

How many young men nowadays pay any heed to this?

They all want to be great, to be successful, but they will not take pains with little things and work their way gradually to the top. They want to jump to the top rung of the ladder right away.

A young man ambitious to succeed in life should from the very start make it clear for himself that he must work hard and plod along, every day accomplishing the duties belonging to that day, and if he does this and leaves no duty undone, he will be sure to find his reward, first in a clear conscience, and ultimately in success, but he must not expect success or wealth to drop down into his lap without any effort on his part.

When Shall We Fly?

BY ISRAEL LUDLOW IN COLLEEN WEEKLY

The author of this article, a lawyer in New York City, has built a number of aeroplanes and is now his leisure for years to the study of mechanical flight.

WE can lift ourselves off the earth without the aid of a balloon, we can sail like a bird from hilltop to valley, we can propel ourselves through the air with a motor-driven aeroplane at the rate, for a short distance at least, of an express train. We can do almost everything but flap our wings like a bird.

It would be too much to say that the problem of air-navigation has been solved—even though many who have given their best thought and work to it believe that flying machines will soon be as common as automobiles. The difficulties of maintaining equilibrium must yet be perfected away. We must have aeroplanes which will stay put, not turn somersaults or dive or swoop about in a circle; machines whose equilibrium reside in themselves and not in the intuitive skill of a clever operator. All this is yet to be. The important thing is this—that the problem of supporting a man and a machine without the aid of a gas-bag, and of propelling and guiding them, is longer a problem. We do not need to invent new material lighter than any we now have. Steel frames will be quite well enough. All the essentials of aerial navigation we now have—in a crude state. It merely remains to perfect them.

Mechanical flight, then, not drifting in a balloon, is the goal of aerial navigation. The balloon arrived very nearly at its present perfection a hundred years ago. Of late years it has been elongated sometimes almost to the length of a modern ocean steamship, and a motor propeller added to push or pull, but without some revolutionary discovery the limitations of the dirigible balloon seem to have been very clearly reached. Tremendously impressive and picturesque these great floating bags are—such a one as Count Zeppelin's, for instance, hovering over the Lake of Constance,

420 feet long, driven by two 38 horsepower motors. They make one think of Kipling's "With the Night Mail"—that wonderfully vivid story of a trip by ship from England to Quebec in the year 2025. Postal packet 103, as you may recall, was 40 feet long, though "the harem of her day were nine hundred by ninety-four." She was equipped with "Magnific's radder, by raising which three-rights of an inch No. 102 would yaw five miles to port or starboard before she came under control again." She also had "Henry's Paradox of the Bulkhead Vacuum"—the vacuum "where Phry's Ray danced in violet-green bands and whirled tourbillons of flame." It was "the very heart of the machine," Mr. Kipling assured us, "a mystery to that day. Even Phry, who kept it, could not explain how the restless little imp slithering in the U-tube could, in the fractional fraction of a second, strike down the furious mass of gas into a still, gray-green liquid that drained (you could hear it trickle) from the far end of the vacuum through the education pipes and the mains back to the bilges. Here it returned to its gaseous, one had almost written sagacious, state to work again." But we have no magical Phry's gas to-day to lift a machine built strong enough to shoot through the air, like No. 103, at eighty miles an hour. These great bags are very costly, the enormous air pressure against their surface makes them impracticable as a general type of navigable machine, and the frail fabric of the envelope, sensitive to snow and temperature changes, will probably not endure the strains of a greater speed than twenty-five to thirty miles an hour.

An aeroplane must move through the air as fast as twenty-five miles an hour to fly at all, and the extent of its possible increase in velocity is unknown. Outracing the migratory birds in their flight

of one hundred miles an hour will not be an incredible performance, air being to all intents and purposes frictionless, and such a feat is no more wonderful than the fact that, by mechanical aid, man has outdistanced every animal on land.

"But," smiles the skeptic, "suppose something happens to your aeroplanes, when you are shooting like that through the air?" That is something we see not worrying about; it will be provided for in due time by inventors of the future. We must first learn how to fly. There have, indeed, been plenty of tragedies along the line of march of improvement. Men have risked their lives, and lost them, too, in the working out of this as well as others of the world's great mechanical problems. There was Lilienthal, the German professor, the first—so far as we authentically know—to fly with a machine heavier than air. Lilienthal used a pair of huge wings with which he sailed from a height toward the ground. The wings were not flapped—it was merely a single-plane aeroplane, constructed as near as possible like the out-stretched wings of a soaring bird. He brought to the art scientific research and mathematical formulae; he made many successful descents from heights and a brilliant future lay before him; but one day a treacherous gust of wind tipped the wings upward. Lilienthal, suspended midway, in much the position of a bird's body, managed to throw his weight forward enough to bring the wings back again, but he brought them too far, and, dipping suddenly downward, they shot to the ground. Lilienthal was killed. Pileater, a young Englishman, a member of a firm of wealthy manufacturers, with everything to live for, met death in a similar way in a similar machine. In short, long experiment has pretty definitely proved that the single-plane wing type of aeroplane is not safe enough to be practicable.

Henry C. Rodemeyer, a conscientious workman, known for his ingenious and exact imitations of bird flight by means of kites and aeroplanes, though compelled to be at his business at seven o'clock in the morning, invariably rose before daylight and went to some

swamps beyond Jersey City to observe birds in their natural haunts. He was killed recently while on one of these expeditions, by a train at a railroad crossing.

Spoke foolishly calling the bug-kill of those who have made material sacrifices or who have even been careless of life itself in their enthusiasm for the cause of aerial navigation. There is one, however, whose tragic death causes more than usual regret, and whose valuable services in his lifetime exile him to the grave and home that should be given to these projects in this season. I refer to H. P. Froude of France, to whose inventive fancy credit is to be given for two popular toys; the flying winged butterfly made of tissue paper, and the small propeller wheel, which, set whirling by the revolving of a string, sails skyward. Froude left many papers. His arguments are clear and forcible; his principles he set forth as definite and easily understood; and his grasp of the subject was so large that much which has been done since seems but repetition. At times his writing seemed inspired, yet people laughed at his ideas, and in a quarrel, unprovoked by his models, he died, before he was thirty, of starvation and a broken heart.

After all these experiments, we can "point with pride," as the politician says, to the fact that the most successful attempts to fly have been made by two young Americans, Wilbur and Orville Wright of Dayton, Ohio. These young inventors run a bicycle machine shop on the outskirts of the town. Newspaper reporters, special correspondents, and Sherlock Holmes' photographers hover about this place more or less continually, but the Wrights go on securely and, thus far, have kept descriptions of their machine and pictures of it from the public prints. They have taken out no patents, and, except for some dealings with war departments, have shown no desire to get it on the market. It is generally believed, however, that they have constructed an aeroplane which has flown, on several occasions, at the rate of forty miles an hour for a period of nearly an hour. Nothing equal to this has been done either here or abroad. Santos-Dumont, who recent-

ly described his *flown* for motor-driven aeroplanes, has flown in a straight line a distance of about eight hundred feet, but he was unable to keep his machine from turning in a circle, owing to the gyroscopic effect of a single propeller.

The Wright brothers began their experiments in 1901. One of them, confined to his room by a long illness, amused himself by reading all that he could find on the subject of aerial navigation. When he was well, he and his brother went to work. They found from their experiments in the field that many of the accepted theories did not work out, and gradually they worked out laws for themselves.

There have been many surmises as to the cause of their secrecy, but there appears to be no doubt that they have done what they have claimed to do. The inventors are said to have stated that if individuals with a technical knowledge of aeronautics saw their invention they could duplicate it, and the reward which should rightly be theirs would go to others. There are a large number of patents on aeroplanes and kites, and it is unlikely that if the details of the Wright brothers' invention were known they would rightly, or wrongly, be wrapped with infringement lawsuits and other legal complications. Or it may be possible that no patent could be obtained, the form of their apparatus, perhaps, being another instance of Solomon's saying, "There is nothing new under the sun." This should in no wise dim their credit for being the first individuals actually to have flown with a motor-driven aeroplane, for, even if their aeroplane had been previously built by others in a model form, there is a very wide difference between building a small-sized model which will fly and constructing a full-sized aeroplane which will repeat the performance carrying a passenger.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has been greatly interested in late years in aerial navigation, and has made many experiments with his tetradial kites. This is undoubtedly the lightest form of aeroplane known, when the ratio of weight supported by a given extent of surface is considered. A large kite of

his construction, called the Frost King, weighing only sixty-one pounds, carried a man holding on to the kite string about thirty feet into the air, which, of course, was not the limit of height he might have reached had he desired to go higher.

To the late Professor Langley, who was secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, we are indebted for the first compilation of reliable tables showing air pressure on an aeroplane at different speeds and at various angles of inclination to the surface of a moving plane and other basic facts. Owing to his enthusiasm and earnestness, Congress was impressed sufficiently to pass an appropriation a number of years ago of fifty thousand dollars to promote aerial navigation. With this money at his disposal, Professor Langley conducted a series of experiments, and statistics as to the amount of supporting surface and necessary speed of travel of an aeroplane are at the disposal of any experimenter on application to the Smithsonian Institution. Experimenters will find that these tabular facts do not always jibe with their work in the field, but they are, nevertheless, extremely useful.

Professor Langley constructed several model motor aeroplanes; one flew a distance of three-quarters of a mile. He then constructed a full-sized aeroplane, and twice launched it, with C. M. Manly, a mechanical engineer, as aviator. The launching apparatus, whose object was to give initial speed to the aeroplane, resembled somewhat in principle an ancient cross-bow. On both occasions the aeroplane was caught and partially wrecked by some part of the launching apparatus. Mr. Manly states that the launching apparatus for the model aeroplanes worked successfully thirty or forty times, and that the larger launching apparatus was its exact duplicate on an increased scale, and was the point where failure was least expected. The Government funds were exhausted. Professor Langley had none of his own to use for that purpose, and the experiments were discontinued. Shortly afterward he died, firmly believing that he had constructed a practical man-carrying aeroplane.

The equilibrium of the Langley aeroplane was good, but this type, in which two planes are merely set one back of the other, is not as strong as the double-decker, superimposed-planes type. Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, built an aeroplane weighing eight thousand pounds, capable of carrying three passengers, with a steam engine of 283 horse-power. A trial flight was attempted which was unsuccessful. The machine rose in the air, fell sideways, and was wrecked.

Many expedients have been adopted to raise aeroplanes from the ground, that their equilibrium in flight might be tested. Professor Montgomery of California carried his aeroplane one of two thousand feet up in the air by a hot-air balloon and then cut loose. Captain of Chicago jumped from the top of the steel mills and others, like Dr. Bell, flew their inventions as kites.

My own aeroplane, flown as a kite over the Hudson River with a tag to tow it, carried Charles K. Hamilton, a professional ballplayer, on one of its trials to a height of six hundred feet. This aeroplane, though it differed considerably from a bird-like form, had many of the principles of bird and fish movements in it. It consisted of two sets of superposed planes, set one behind the other. By the use of trans-bracing with steel wires it was possible to obtain 680 square feet of supporting surface in an aeroplane weighing 150 pounds.

Mr. Hamilton was engaged to fly the aeroplane in Florida last summer on the beach near Jacksonville, but as the result of a plotter's two members of the automobile club and myself decided to try a flight together. At the last moment I insisted on trying the machine alone first. The aeroplane, attached by a long rope to two automobiles, rose when they started like a kite. The line of movement was the arc of a circle, and when the apex was reached the aeroplane came to an even keel and rode steadily, with a slight rolling motion, as if it were riding feathered rollers, as it were riding rather alarming, but in a few moments the feeling of exhilaration dominated, and I seemed to be floating easily and securely, upon the

air. I was just becoming used to the rush of wind past the planes and through the braces and beginning to look down at the automobiles and get my bearings generally, when there came a crash just to my left in the rear of the forward set of planes. A wire brace had snapped. One wire after another gave way, the forward planes bent upward, and the machine, losing its buoyancy, began to fall. I had no sensation of falling. In the few moments that elapsed between the breaking of the wires and striking the beach, a little over a hundred feet beneath, I watched the wires snap the lumber frame break, heard the confused shouting of the spectators, and then came the sensation of tremendous blow.

One cause of break was that I had been compelled to use iron instead of steel wire in construction, another was the swift air current, which in Florida, a short distance above the ground blows at a greatly accelerated speed. It was into this swift air current the aeroplane sailed, and if it had not been tied fast to the automobiles, it might have risen higher without collapsing. Here was a defect that, obviously, could be remedied by building of stronger material. I believe that when a motor and propellers are added to this aeroplane it will be a successful diable flying machine.

Interesting as all flying machine experiments must be to those who make them, from the point of view either of science or sport, the greatest good to the greatest number requires that real advances in the art should become public property as soon as possible. It was with this end in view that the Aero Club of America recently began to raise by subscription a large fund from which it will offer a prize and expend money for experimental purposes. Among other prizes which are now awaiting successful "fliers" are the following: "London Daily Mail," \$50,000 for a flight from London to Manchester in twenty-four hours; "The Car," \$2,625 for the longest distance in Great Britain during the year 1907; Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, \$12,500 for a flight of three miles; Barron & Bailey, "\$10,000 and an engagement"; Adams Manchester

ing Company, manufacturers of the Antoinette engine, \$19,000; Rolland Pere & Fils, \$2,500 for a flight across the English Channel; Paris "Matin," \$50,000 to the winners of an aerial race in France in 1906; the "Deutsch-Archdenzen," \$10,000 to the first aviator who flies a kilometer in a closed circuit.

When the goal of aerial locomotion

has been gained a change in civilization and business customs will take place greater than that brought about by the locomotive and the steamboat. A new world, the sky, will be opened; a new point of view will be given to the painter and the poet, and there will be an awakening to a broader and closer international fellowship.

Last Days of the Fur-Seal

BY F. T. McGRATH IS THE TRIBUNAL WORLD

The fur-seal has been the subject of many international disputes. In 1920 three decisions were finally arrived at, in London, at Paris. The great law, which the slaughter during seasons previous to 1920, these decisions of the seal hunting, international law and a seal in order for the revision of the regulations of the Paris Convention.

THIS long fight over the famous Behring Sea seal fishery is again about to be re-opened diplomatically, and this fact once more directs popular attention to an industry which has been the subject of more literary productions—in prose and poetry, fact and fiction—than any other marine pursuit known to man in modern times. Kipling has immortalized it in his "Rhyme of the Three Sealers," Jack London in the "Sea Wolf," and a host of lesser penmen have made it the theme of their writings; and an international arbitration at Paris in 1902 provided such a number of publications on its more technical features as would form a library in themselves.

These fur-seals of the north Pacific differ in many essentials from the hair-seals of the north Atlantic. The pelts of the former make the valuable seal-skin robes of the women of fashion, while those of the latter are converted into her dainty gloves, footwear and pocketbooks. The fur-seal hunts on rocky Alaskan islets and brings forth its young on these flinty forebears, then swims for thousands of miles through the surrounding ocean, pursuing its favorite food. The hair-seal hunts on the naked ice-floes off Labrador, drops its offspring into a snowy bed there, and when the south-springing

seals are melted by the Gulf stream, takes to the water and vanishes, its movements for ten months of the year being unknown. The fur-seal's skin is to-day worth \$125, requiring four to make a lady's coat, and the annual kill is about 40,000. The hair-seal's hide fetches but \$25, is turned to a variety of purposes, and the annual catch is about 200,000.

It is estimated that the number of seals taken in the Pribilof Islands between 1870 and 1900 was about 2,200,000, and by pelagic hunting in Behring Sea during the same period about 700,000 more. Since 1890 the catch has been much reduced through the seal herds being depleted by killing them with guns, spears and other weapons. The total value of the seals taken from these Alaskan waters in thirty years by the Alaskan company and independent operators must have exceeded \$30,000,000, and as the United States paid only \$7,000,000 for Alaska itself in 1867, it is easy to see what a good bargain that transaction was for the fur companies. At the annual sale of seal skins in London in December, 1905, some 15,000 skins were sold at an average price of \$100 a skin. The prices show a high water mark, and none but a millionaire can afford to buy these garments in the future. The supply has reached its

lowest level, there being only 40,000 fur seal skins throughout the world.

The slaughter of the fur-seal is a cruel and ghastly business. Two methods are generally employed—the surrounding or "driving" them on land and clubbing them on the head, or spearing them in the water, the latter being the "pelagic" fishing frequently referred to in the press and diplomatic dispatches relating to this industry. The killings on the land are only possible where sealeries exist, and therefore can only be legitimately practiced by the licensees, who hold specimens; even the islands where the seals breed. The Canadians, as their country possesses no sealery, have to prosecute the pelagic sealing exclusively, and this they can do legally unless they invade the closed area fixed by the Paris Arbitration of 1902, around the Pribilof Islands.

By the hired employees of the sealing company the creatures are killed by first driving them—young seals, preferably—from the rookery to the "killing grounds" island, where they can be slaughtered conveniently to the salt houses where the skins are pickled, and so that the rest of the head will not be disturbed by the bloodshed and excitement. This driving is a terrible business. The seal has no feet fit for walking, being able only to creep, wobble and lurch itself painfully along by means of its flippers, for it is really a marine mammal. Its natural habitat is the ocean, and it only comes to land to produce its young. Often the seals die from sheer exhaustion during the "drive," and are skinned as they lie, but the chief killing is done as stated, the men stunning their victims by means of blows on the head and then removing the skins by means of a sharp knife. There is no doubt the seals are often skinned alive. Many hunters claim it is easier to remove the pelt in that way, as in the poignant agony the creature suffers it draws its muscles away from the sharp steel, which tears away the

flesh from the hide, so that the seal assists in parting with its own coat.

Scarcely less horrible is the pelagic sealing, in which open sea pursuit of them, the most vicious, indiscriminate killing of old and young, male and female, goes on. It is not until after the "pups" are about a week old that the mother ventures out to sea in search of food. After feeding she usually lies on the surface of the water asleep, and while thus exposing the hunter spears her. On the father will go out with her, and their adoring company them as these grow bigger, and then whole families will be wiped out at a time. Frequently almost the entire catch of a schooner will consist of females and pups, and as hundreds of thousands are slaughtered in this manner, to say nothing of the wounded which escape, but die a slow death in the water after, and are lost with their skins, the fear that the industry is destined to speedy extinction is by no means an unreasonable one. This is the cause that inspires the frequent demands for a revision of the sealing regulations of the Paris award and the advocacy in some quarters of the internationalizing of the seal herds and the killing of a prescribed number annually.

The sealeries are stout, staunch, wooden crafts, many of them built in Maine or Nova Scotia and sailed round Cape Horn to Vancouver to be employed in this industry. They are crewed largely by Newfoundlanders and Cape Bretoners, who cross the continent to engage in the pursuit, being attracted by the pecuniary advantages offered, undiminished by the perils of the sea or the hazards of such a venture. The little schooners carry a white crew to work them and profit to hunt, and a number of Indians to hunt exclusively, the latter bringing along their native canoes which they work with paddle and a sail, two men in each canoe, with sometimes a native woman as "steersman." The value of the skins, and the comparative-

ly small capital with which the industry can be prosecuted—for only sailing crafts are used—make it a favorite pursuit for the illicit sealers also, who frequently outfit the cruises of the interested powers, invade the rookeries and slaughter great numbers, or harry the swimming herds and secure very substantial plunder, indeed, thereby.

The most famous of these poachers was Hensen, "the flying Dutchman," and hero of many daring exploits. In 1884, when chased by the U. S. cutter Carver, he sailed his schooner, the *Adèle*, over a shoal, while the cutter, seeing after him, grounded there and he escaped. Another time he and his men landed at St. Paul Island, unharmed the alert guard with rifles, and carried off nearly a thousand skins from the salt houses in which they lay stored. Later still he and his crew raided the rookery on St. George's Island one dark and stormy night, and, though a cutter was at anchor in the offing, succeeded in getting away with over two hundred pelts. On yet another occasion he made out a harbor near the Russian colonies, on the Siberian coast, apparently as if damaged and desiring to refit, and under cover of night looted a near-by sealery and made off with a like stock of pelts, being far beyond the horizon when the outrage was discovered the next morning. The recital of his achievements, outwitting the cruisers and guards who patrol the seal islands, would fill a volume, but in the end he met a sailor's death, being sunk with all hands by a tramp in mid-Pacific.

Keasney, the hero of Kipling's "Two Perils," actually figured in the incident upon which the poem is based. In his schooner he sailed from Yokohama for the rookeries and raided a small Russian island off Kamchatka, where a garrison had formerly been maintained, but had then been withdrawn. His men clubbed some seals, stole some Russian uniforms left behind and went on their way rejoicing.

Intending to raid an ampler section, where, through the mist, they saw another poacher at work. So Kearney rigged his men in the Muscovite uniforms, improvised a funnel out of a wind-sail, converted a stove pipe into a dummy "long ton," and moved slowly by, like a cruiser coming to her anchorage. The poachers at work ashore demurred, leaving their plunder behind them, and the bogus cruiser helped herself to the loot which lay ready at hand, only requiring to be gathered in. Kearney was the principal figure in many thrilling dramas of the industry, exhibiting the recklessness of the full-blooded mariner, but now he has retired and runs a sailors' boarding-house in Yokohama.

McLean, said to be the original of Jack London's "Sea Wolf," is a third interesting personage in the enterprise, and one about whom are woven countless stories of danger and adventure. According to report he commanded an American sailing "poacher" twenty years ago and fired upon an obsolete American warship when ordered to heave-to, while the rookeries several times, jugged with custom houses in entering and clearing; occasionally ran a party of Chinese on a consignment of opium through the Golden Gate, and eventually transferred his operations to British Columbia, where he had charge of a pelagic sealer, until recently. In 1904 some Americans backed him in buying a schooner, she securing a Mexican register. He enlisted a reckless crew and started to raid the Copper Valley rookeries, only to be met with a volley from the guard which fatally wounded one man and caused the others to retire, when she made for Victoria with two hundred and fifty pelts aboard and was seized and fired for infractions of the Canadian marine laws.

Thus lawlessness frequently met its punishment in the killing or maiming of the poachers—for the guards shoot on sight at invading gangs—or else in

their arrest and imprisonment and the confiscation of such seals as they have on board, if they are captured by cruisers. International law marks with most drastic penalties its disapproval of seal poaching, and dangle doom yarn for those who engage in it, yet such are its fascinations and rewards that the practice cannot be stamped out.

Storm and sea have also worked their wrath upon the sealing crafts, legal or poaching, as the elements respect no human distinctions, and every year sees whole crews fail to return, their vessels dolefully sent down into the ocean's caves by the ruthless tempest, or their frail crafts dashed to pieces against the rocky inlets, their crews enduring the most trying hardships as they reach home, sometimes traversing hundreds of miles of storm-swept ocean in open boats and at others having to spend weary months on desolate rocks until a rescuing sail beavas in sight.

The history of the fur-seal affords a good illustration of what man can do to the denizens of the deep when his interests lead him to pursue them with avidity. Before its skin became a fashionable article of attire in Europe the fur-seal frequented at least thirty island groups in the southern hemisphere during the breeding season, as the Falklands, South Shetlands, Galespago, etc.,

while in the northern regions it visited only the Pribyloff Islands in the Behring Sea, the Commodore Islands, and the little islands of Sakhalin. To these places the fur-seals resorted in millions. So long as the supply of sea-otter skins continued little attention was given to the fur seal. It is a curious fact that the first business in fur-sealskins was with China, and that they were then used there, not as clothing, but for covering packages. The demand in China led to the development of the fishery, seals being indiscriminately slaughtered in thousands, with the result that they were soon cleared out from many of the islands to which they used to resort, and they are now found south of the equator at three places only, namely, at Cape Horn, on the little island of Leboe at the mouth of the Plate, and on three small islands near Angra Pequena. It is computed that between 16,000,000 and 17,500,000 of fur-seals were killed on the southern sealing grounds, between 1790 and 1830.

The Behring Sea fur-seals, as already shown, are now nearing extermination also, and hence the call for a revision of the regulations of the Paris Tribunal. It is not a fanciful or a pessimistic prediction that unless some prompt measures are taken to secure the perpetuation of this species the fur-seal will become extinct in the not distant future.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

More Red Tape

BY T. C. BRIDGES IN GRAND MAGAZINE

All the world over, it has been said, as disappointed from private enterprises probably not as the latter which have the approval of the law, and even more to the contrary to achieve results, but more and more to the contrary. Here are a few striking instances.

I WROTE the other day to a Government Department in Whitehall, asking where certain information might be obtained. Three days later came a printed notice acknowledging the receipt of my letter, and informing me that it would "receive consideration." Another three days, and a second imposing communication, written on about four times as much paper as was necessary, enclosed the address which I had asked for.

In itself this is, of course, a trifling matter. But it is an illustration of a system inherently wrong. Any junior clerk could have given me the information which I wanted. There was no need for two letters, two sheets of paper, two envelopes, two postages, a week's delay. We may be a rich country, but we cannot waste time or money. No private person or public body can afford to do that. If all business houses made a point of sending two replies to every query received, it is very certain that they would have to double their staff of correspondence clerks, and double their stationery and postage bills.

The worst of that half-bred officialism which we have come to call red tape is the ridiculous waste of time and money which it entails. A case recently reported from Dover illustrates this. In May last a requisition was received at the Dover military headquarters from Newhaven for some safety matches. Headquarters wasted a stamp in writing back asking if they could not be obtained locally. "No," was the reply, at the cost of a third stamp. (You mustn't use post cards when corresponding with a Government Department.) Dover thereupon rose to the occasion. Two-pence half-penny was expended on a package of a dozen boxes of matches, and this was despatched by passenger train, labelled "explosives," the consequent cost of carriage being half-a-crown.

Municipal "red tape" is every atom as binding as the brand familiar in Government offices. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the War Office itself could match some of the doings of the local Government Board. Last autumn the parishioners of a Lincolnshire village applied to the Herefordshire Board of Guardians for leave to pull down a ruinous old cottage and sell the materials. Herefordshire gave its consent readily, but when sanction was requested from the Local Government Board, the latter directed that a further parish meeting should be held to give its consent to the sale. This necessitated taking a poll of the whole parish. The poll cost three pounds, which was just about three times what the materials of the old cottage realized.

It was at an Urban Council audit, at another Lincolnshire town, that the Local Government Board auditor and five clerks spent a whole hour in discussing how a half-penny should be dealt with. The banks refusing to take half-pennies, the auditor thereupon contended that they should accordingly be brought forward. The clerks told him that the custom of the previous auditor had been to mark out a half-penny balance. The new auditor, however, would not agree, and the result was that after an hour's hot argument no decision was arrived at, and the audit had to be adjourned for a week. This delay, of course, necessitated double railway fares and other expenses, to say nothing of the waste of time.

The Median rule that all municipal accounts must be audited sometimes leads to ludicrous results. The only expense of the Parish Council of Queen Camel, a Somersetshire village, for a recent year was 2s. 2d. for a cheque book. Yet the account had to be taken to Wincanton, eight miles away, to be audited, thus necessitating a five-shilling stamp, seven-and-sixpence for hire

of a conveyance, and a man's time for more than half a day.

It was in another South Country village that a half-penny thimble was required for a child in the elementary school. It took eighteen separate communications between the schoolmaster, the school correspondent, the County Office, and the tradesman before the thimble was officially procured, and paid for by a banker's order. The expenditure in stamps alone was eighteen-pence, so even if no account be taken of stationery and time, that thimble cost the ratepayers thirty-seven times its actual value.

Almost all government departments seem to be imbued with a purely Oriental disregard of the flying hours. The son of a friend of the writer wrote for a nomination which would give him the privilege of entering for a certain civil service examination. He received the usual official letter to the effect that his communication had been received and would be attended to and after that—silence. Judging that his request could not be complied with, the young fellow turned attention to other work. Imagine his astonishment when, nearly four years later, there arrived the nomination for which he had asked, but which by this time he had entirely forgotten.

Here is another similar case. The Bury St. Edmunds Vestry applied to the Local Government Board to sanction the hire of a boardroom. There was no reply, and as months grew to years the Vestry began to believe that they never would get one. At last, after three and a half years, the chairman announced that the long-looked-for reply had arrived. And expressed excitement he opened the letter, and read that the Board requested—further information!

When dealing with a Government department never omit to comply with all the forms. An official is not permitted to exercise any imagination. A gentleman sent to Somerset House a form declaring that his dead brother had left no kin his mother, a widow. After a few days the form came back. He must swear to the words, "Lawful and natural mother." He complied, but this was not the end of it. Back came the

form once more with an intimation that it was not enough that he should declare his mother to be a widow. Oath must be made that her husband was dead!

Here is another similar case. Army officers can only draw their pay by filling up a certain form which is intended to show how they are actually alive at the date at which it is presented. Some little time ago a certain officer applied for pay due for the past three months—namely, January, February, and March. But he was nervous enough to send in only the form of proof that he was alive in March. As a result he received pay for that one month. Fortunately, from an official point of view, he was dead during January and February.

Every Government office has official forms ready for any and every emergency. During the South African war a lady residing in India, who had heard from a private source that her husband had been killed, wrote to the War Office for confirmation of the report. Back came a printed form, in which there and about twenty other questions were asked:

- (1) Who was your husband?
- (2) What regiment did he belong to?
- (3) Where is he mentioned in?
- (4) Where was he last heard of?
- (5) If dead, where did he die?
- (6) What is your object in enquiring about him?

At the end of the document was a note to the effect that, unless these questions were answered fully, the applicant need expect no reply. To do the War Office justice, it must be mentioned, however, that the sending of this communication, under the circumstances a positively brutal one, was evidently the work of some understrapper. By the same mail the lady received official notification of the death of her husband.

Speaking of the love of the official for printed forms brings to mind a delicious little story of the late South African war. The commander of a volunteer force sent up to the War Office the name of a well-known Welsh clergyman as chaplain. Back came a form half a yard long with a string of printed questions. The age, place of birth, experience, character, etc., of the

candidate were all subjects of stringent scrutiny. Among the questions was the following: "Has the applicant ever been in prison? If so, for what offence?" Naturally, the commander, unable so much as to connect the idea of prison with the grave and revered gentleman, left the question unanswered. But this did not satisfy the authors of the document. A clerk wrote back by return of post: "We note that you give no answer to Question No.— We hope that this does not imply that the person you nominate has ever been convicted? We shall be glad of a definite answer on this point." Evidently the War Office opinion of persons is not a high one.

"Red tape," however, is no monopoly of the British Government. A Hanover civil servant was recently transferred to another post, and when his accounts had been audited, a process which took three weeks, he was informed that a half-penny was still due to him, and that he must present himself at his former post to receive it. As the bare fare was twelve shillings, he respectfully begged to be excused. He was then notified that the money would be sent by postal order at his expense. But, since the order cost three farthings, the creditor declined to receive it. The money was, therefore, returned to the office of despatch, and by last accounts the correspondence on the subject had already cost between three and four shillings in stamps alone.

They say that honesty is the best policy. Not always. In order to be on the safe side of the law a certain British manufacturer of pickles for export to Canada made his pint bottles hold a little more than a pint. But when a large consignment arrived at Montreal the customs officials found that there was a law which provides that any package holding more than a pint must pay duty as a quart. Canadians who eat British pickles now eat their money's worth—neither more nor less.

In France, also, it does not pay to be too generous. Every bill posted on a French boarding has to bear a revenue stamp, the value of which varies according to the size of the poster. A country advertiser was foolish or ignorant enough to affix a stamp of fifteen cen-

times value to a bill which called for six centimes only. The result was a summons and a fine of 125 francs!

No consideration will even turn a French official from his duty. Four years ago there was a smallpox scare in the Department of the Meuse, and the order went forth that all prisoners should be vaccinated. In the condemned cell at Bar-le-Duc lay the murderer Leclerc awaiting execution. To him entered the prison doctor, with his implements. "What is the good?" asked Leclerc. "I shall be vaccinated completely in a few days." But the doctor insisted that he had directions to vaccinate all prisoners, and Leclerc mournfully held out his arm.

An absurd story comes from Marseilles. M. Caret, president of the Marseilles Tribunal, required permission from the chairman of the municipal council for some trifling formality. Now, it so happened that M. Caret had himself been recently elected to this latter office. However, the exigencies of "red tape" demanded that letters should be exchanged. So M. Caret wrote to himself, politely asking his own permission, and then duly replied to himself amably granting the permission requested.

If Frenchmen hold the record as sticklers for official formalities Germans run them close. One day a Bologna sausage arrived by post at Aix-la-Chapelle addressed to a worthy gentleman named Meier, who resided in the town. Herr Meier was ordered to attend at the custom house, and informed that as the law prohibited the importation of foreign minced meat, he must either convey the sausage back over the border or destroy it on the spot. Herr Meier promised to take the sausage to Biele, on the Dutch frontier, where he intended to ask a gying club to a sausage breakfast. Unfortunately, pressure of business caused him to forget his agreement until a week later, he received an official document apprising him that he was now liable to punishment.

Poor Herr Meier returned to the custom house and declared that he would destroy the wretched sausage on the spot. "Nothing of the sort," retorted

the officials. "You promised to take it to Biele. You cannot now destroy it."

The upshot was that Herr Meier, accompanied by two solemn-faced soldiers armed with loaded rifles, proceeded with his sausage to Biele, where he lustily collected two or three friends and between them they consumed the cause of his trouble.

The "red tape" in which the British post office is swathed is trying enough. But it is not to be mentioned in the same day with the German article. In Dackner (Westphalia) the house of an artisan was burnt down, and he had another built nearby. The site lay on de-

bitable ground between the districts of Warndt and Cattenberg, and the postal authorities of these places fell out as to which was to receive the new house. As they could not agree, neither would deliver the unfortunate man's letters. In fact, he ceased to exist so far as the post office was concerned, and that although the postman passed his door daily. The rival offices would not even allow him to fetch his letters, as this might prejudice the claim of one office or the other. For more than five months the poor man had to wait, letterless, until his case was decided by a higher court.

City Rubbish Turned to Light

BY M. C. FURBER IN TECHNICAL WORLD

The scheme adopted by New York City to utilize the street refuse as fuel has proved of successful economic value in addition to its hygienic end.

A GREAT corps of street cleaners is hard at work in New York City, gathering up every bit of rubbish and making the streets as spotless and clean as a ship's deck. These workers are a municipal staff, and they are employed by the city not only for hygienic purposes but chiefly for economic reasons. They save the city many thousands of dollars a year by supplying fuel for a large electric lighting plant.

Hundreds of carts, each carrying 1,000 pounds of all sorts of odds and ends, drive up to the plant daily. There, commences a thorough sorting and distribution of the refuse. Picturesque sons of Italy swarm the sorting rooms, where they gather around the long slides down which the rubbish passes to the great furnaces, eagerly snatching out buttons, rags, and other odds and ends which they deem valuable. For these prizes they pay the city so much a pound as "rags," and many queer things are stowed away in their liner woolsey bags. Occasionally an old coat or vest or a disreputable purse slips along the trough, and is quickly snatched out by an alert watcher who has visions of riches trod away in pockets or in the compartments of the

garage. These dreams are sometimes realized, for both money and jewels at rare intervals are swept into the city's huge bags of rubbish and filthy garbage. All day long a stream of wagons and of wasters passes in and out of the yards of this incinerator, and all day long the workers are rapidly separating the combustible from the non-combustible, feeding the huge furnaces with the former and disposing of the latter in various ways.

Precious to the construction of the present plant and a smaller incinerator at Forty-seventh street, this material was disposed of by dumping it into the sea or placing it as filler on low land. It is estimated that the disposal in this manner has cost 30 cents per cubic yard and that this incinerator, treated simply as a means of destroying the rubbish, will effect a saving of \$10,000 per year.

Features of particular interest in connection with this novel plant are the construction and operation of the furnaces, and the means employed in handling the unusual fuel. The fuel conveyor serves to elevate the rubbish from the dumping place of the street cleaner to the stokeholes of the furnaces. The

conveyor consists of an engine-driven, linked iron belt, which allows the rags, paper, and wood in all forms to be passed slowly in front of the gang of pickers who remove all rags and similar refuse. The remaining refuse, largely of combustible nature, then passes to a small sorting space, where the non-combustible matter, such as cans, bottles, wire springs, etc., is removed. The final sorting place is immediately adjacent to the furnace doors, through which the combustible material is passed at a regular rate independent of the demands for steam by the electric light plant.

There are two furnaces, each of which is equipped with a top, side, and end doors. One of the furnaces is constructed with a single combustible chamber and ash-pit; while the other is of the two-story type, being supplied with two sets of grates, one above the other, and a lower ash-pit. The side doors have been provided for the purpose of removing any non-combustible material that might pass unnoticed into the furnace through the top doors. Bulky rubbish, such as furniture, etc., is fed through the end doors.

Each furnace is operated entirely distinct from the other, although the gases from the two pass finally to the same chimney, which carries the smoke to a height (200 feet) sufficient to eliminate any objectionable odor.

It may be of interest to note the results of tests made upon a lot of rubbish. In a certain run of ten hours during which a total weight of 102,331 pounds of rubbish was used, the average horse-power developed was 232.7. One pound of rubbish furnishes sufficient heat to evaporate 1.6 pounds of water, or 21.6

pounds rubbish furnish one horse-power. An analysis of the rubbish used, showed that 43.8 per cent. was combustible material, and 7.4 per cent. ash, while 98.8 per cent. was taken by pickers or discarded as non-combustible. Even the ashes are made use of, the American Tobacco Company taking them for fertilizer.

Under each boiler, entirely distant from the main incinerator furnace, is placed an auxiliary furnace, in which bulky matter may be burned, or coal may be used in emergency. Thus, when the proper dampers are closed, boilers may be fired in the usual way. The room in which the incinerator and boiler plant are placed is entirely separated from the dynamo room. In the dynamo room are placed all the apparatus for using the steam, also the steam accumulators, and this room is in charge of the Department of Bridges.

Strong batteries are being arranged for, in which to store the electricity generated in the daytime to help out during the night. The object of this is to be able to run the big furnaces 24 hours a day and use most of the electricity at night.

The plant cost \$34,000 for the incinerator, and \$47,400 for boilers and electric generator. It won't take many months to cover the expense of equipping this valuable plant, for, besides saving that \$10,000 a year previously expended in disposing of the city's rubbish, there will be the doing away with the enormous coal bill contracted every year for the lighting of the Williamsburg bridge and vicinity. It is a profitable venture and one which other cities would do well to follow.

Nearest the North Pole

BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N., EX HAUPES NORTHLY

Commander Peary's own account of his unique voyage, which established a new record in Arctic exploration.

ON the 16th of July, 1905, the steamer *Roosevelt*, owned by the Peary Arctic Club, left New York harbor for her northern voyage. This ship, built by the club (the contract signed and guaranteed by Mr. Jessup, president of the club, a year previously, before the subscriptions to the club were sufficient to pay for her), is the first American ship built for Arctic exploration. Constructed of American timber, in an American shipyard, upon plans which were the result of American experience, fitted with American machinery, and in command of an American, who hoped to attain the pole by what is known as the American route, the *Roosevelt* went north as a typical American entry in the great "International Race."

Her course from the anchorage in the North River to Sandy Hook was only with the friendly greetings on every shore and passing whistle, but at the *Roosevelt's* masthead only a single flag, the Stars and Stripes, battered in the wind, embodying not only the American idea, but my own deep sense of responsibility, and the feeling that while it seemed as if such a ship, combined with years of experience and most fixed determination, must achieve success, yet those same long years of experience had taught the possibility of so many hostile contingencies, that now was no time for a holiday display of hunting. And here it may be said that, uniting the sail plan, sheer, and above-water model of our best Maine coasting schooners with the under-water model which my own years of experience in Arctic navigation, combined with the long years of constructive experience of her builder, Captain Charles B. Dea, (who put his whole heart and soul into the work), this was and is the strongest ship for Arctic work afloat to-day, and one that can force a passage through heavy ice which, I believe, no

other ship could negotiate. In addition to this the *Roosevelt* possesses weatherly qualities in the open sea equal to the handiest of sailing vessels.

From New York we proceeded to Bar Harbor to take leave of Mr. Jessup, president of the club, and if anything were needed to strengthen my determination, it was Mr. Jessup's firm hand-grip (the last as we got under way) and his final words—"Peary, I believe in you and the ship." From Bar Harbor to Sydney, Cape Breton, where every available space on board was filled with coal, thence southward through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Straits of Bellefleur, then lying to for half an hour off Desnois Bay, on the Labrador coast, to send letters home, then up the North Atlantic, through Davis Strait and Baffin Bay to Cape York, twelve days from Sydney, the *Roosevelt* pushed her way. Here in the first time since the day that Mr. Peary, smashing a block of ice against her iron-clad stern, had christened her the *Roosevelt*, the ship felt the shock of Arctic ice, and in the preliminary round showed that she would be equal to her work.

From my Eskimo friends at Cape York I obtained the present distribution of the entire tribe, and began immediately the round of the Eskimo settlements to pick up the tried and trusty men whom I had in mind to form my Eskimo contingent. Numbers of these were located in Melville Bay, and we drove eastward into the depths of this terror of the whaling captains as far as Metecote Island, from which, eight years before, I had borne away the great Akshipheto Star Stone, the largest of all known siderites. Four Eskimo families were gathered in here, then we turned northward, visiting all Eskimo settlements, even to the depths of Ingfield Gulf (in some cases depopulating entire villages), and finally descending at Etah, the most northern

Someone asked Thomas A. Edison, "Don't you believe that genius is inspiration?" "No," he replied. "Genius is perspiration."

Eskimo settlement, with the auxiliary ship Erie. Here our coal supply was replenished from the Erie, our machinery thoroughly overhauled, and all preparations made for our battle royal with the ice, which could be seen lying in wait for us a few miles off the harbor.

In the earliest hours of August 17, the Roosevelt swung out from the harbor of Etah and severed all communication with the civilized world. Below decks the ship was filled with coal until her plank-sheer was nearly to the water; on deck were over two hundred Eskimo dogs, and on the topgallant-forecastle and the tops of both forward and after-deck-houses were over half a hundred Eskimos—men, women and children, and their belongings. The heavy pack-ice stranding down Smith Sound gave me an opportunity to see what good work the ship could do, even with boiler-power reduced one-half, as it was by the failure of the water-tube boilers on the western side of the sound from Cape Sabine southward the ice was packed so densely as to be entirely impenetrable to any human effort. This made it impossible for me to establish a depot at Payer Harbor (my winter quarters in 1901 to 1902) which had been selected as the site of my sub-base, lying as it does at the head of certain summer navigation in Smith Sound and at the entrance to the prolific game region of Bushman Bay.

Barred out of Payer Harbor, we forced our way to Victoria Head, the northeastern headland of Bache Peninsula, another desirable site for a sub-base. Here a large cache of provisions, boats, coal, sails and spars for the construction of a house, etc., etc., was landed, the work consuming some ten hours. While this was in progress I went ashore with two or three Eskimos to a neighboring valley where I had hunted seven years previously, and secured three muskoxen. The arrival of this supply of fresh meat on board created a very agreeable impression upon every one, and especially upon the "tender-foot" members of the expedition and crew.

From Victoria Head nearly to Cape Framers almost continuous open water

was encountered, then we were driven to cover in Maury Bay to escape the large fields of very heavy ice which were moving rapidly southward before a fresh northerly wind, crashing with savage fury against the iron bastion of Cape John Barrow, under which we lay. With the cessation of this wind we squirmed and hammered our way up to Scoresby Bay, and thence to Richardson Bay, working the shore lead and seizing every opportunity afforded by the changing tides. From here northward the aspect of the ice was so extremely unfavorable that I determined to test my belief, gained in my last four years of work in this region, that the Greenland side of Kennedy and Robeson channels offers, as a rule, more favorable opportunities for navigation than the Grinnell Land side.

Firm in my confidence in the capabilities of the Roosevelt, and against all the so-called canons of Arctic navigation in this region, the ship was headed eastward and driven into the thick of the channel-jack. The ice encountered was very large and heavy, and its southward drift inevitably swept us down. Still, we made fair progress eastward, and after a severe and protracted struggle, during which Bartlett and the mate remained continuously in the fore-rigging and I in the main-rigging, we broke out into loose ice off Cape Cabtown and swung directly northward. From here to Newman Bay our course lay close along the Greenland coast, and we encountered much open water, with only temporary barriers (noticeably at Franklin and Joe islands), which in each instance a few hours of hard and skillful battering were sufficient to overcome.

From Joe Island to Cape Lupton we steamed through completely ice-free water, the teeth of a stiff northerly gale, across a swell which caused the Roosevelt to pitch perceptibly. West along the Grinnell Land coast the ice lay densely packed and without a break. Just beyond Cape Lupton, while crashing through a narrow tongue of ice, a sudden swirl of the current—which at times runs like a mill-race in this deep channel—swept the ice together in a

way that I can only liken to the sudden scurry of fallen leaves before an autumn breeze, pinched the ship between the big cakes, and smashing her against the ice-foot, ground her along its vertical face with a motion and noise like that of a railway car which has left the rails and is bumping along over the ties. Fortunately for us, she scraped into a shallow niche in the ice wall and was hastily secured with every available line.

The entire flurry lasted less than five minutes, but at that time the steering gear was almost disabled. The back of the rudder was twisted on the stock, the heavy iron head-bands and fittings broken, and the steel tiller-rods snapped. Temporary repairs were effected, and as soon as the ice pressure relaxed, we steamed on round Cape Sumner and tied up to fast ice in Newman Bay, to await the opening of a lead across Robinson Channel to Cape Union as visibility. During six days we remained in Newman Bay waiting for an opportunity to get across to the Grinnell Land shore, the northern ice gradually filling the bay and the channel, until no open water was to be seen from the top of Cape Sumner. At the end of this time, impatient of the delay, and encouraged by our success in crossing the channel at Cape Culhorn, fires were cleaned, machinery thoroughly inspected, and the Roosevelt driven out for another contest with the channel jack, in which, at the time, no pool of late of water was visible.

Just off the point of Sumner a bristling nip between two big blue floes, which the swift current was swinging past the ice, set the ship vibrating like a violin string for a minute or so before she rose to the pressure. This was the beginning of a thirty-five hour struggle through ice almost continuously up to the Roosevelt's rail, and frequently of such height that the boats hanging at the deck-house davits had to be swung inbound to clear the masts. The battle was won by sheer brute indifference, for rarely was there slack enough between the floes to enable the Roosevelt to butt with any effectiveness. On the few occasions when this could be

done, the steel-clad bow rose on the ice at which we shaped like a steplike-chase clearing a fence. At the end of the thirty-five hours, we forged out into a small pool of water under the shelter of the northern cape of Wrangel Bay fifteen miles from Sumner. During our passage we had been swept up and down the channel by the changing tides.

In Wrangel Bay the heavy ice damaged the rudder again, but did not keep us from forcing our way to Lincoln Bay. Here we were delayed and three times forced ashore by the rapid and vicious movements of the ice. Finally, escaping and gaining shelter in a shallow indentation just south of Cape Union, the last rash was made, and after several anxious episodes between the heavy floes which were crowding into the mouth of Robeson Channel on the flood-tide, we rounded Cape Rawson, and steaming at full speed, fairly hurled the Roosevelt into a shallow neck, in the face of the ice-foot under the point of Cape Sheridan, just as the polar pack closed in completely against the shore.

It was now 7 a.m. of September 5, and as I jumped over the rail upon the ice-foot, on my way to the summit of the nearest hill to reconnoitre the ice northward towards Cape Joseph Henry, few can realize my feelings of release from the ever-present fears and anxieties which had been my companions during the upward voyage. I felt now that the risks and chances of the northern voyage were past. My ship might be lost by being forced ashore, as our present position was an extremely exposed one, and the shore northward from here offered absolutely no shelter, but we were not likely to lose provisions and equipment, and, possessing these, the remainder of my programme could be carried out even should the ship get no further north or never return south. Twenty-four hours later two hunting parties of three Eskimos each with supplies for ten days, were sent out, one to scour the country to the southeast, the other to the southwest; and a day or two later another party was sent to reconnoitre Porter Bay under Cape Joseph Henry, some

twenty-seven miles to the north, which I held in view for our winter quarters, having been impressed by the advantages of the bay during my sledge journey of 1902.

In the following days no opportunities offered to get farther north, and on the evening of September 16, with the turn of the flood-tide, a large floe pivoted around Cape Sheridan, crushing everything before it, until at last it held the ship immovably between its own bow side and the unyielding face of the ice-lock. Its slow, resistless motion was frightful, yet fascinating, thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it the Roosevelt had easily and gracefully turned under her sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plant-shed, and a few yards back from its edge was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge deck.

For an instant, which seemed as age, the pressure was terrific, the Roosevelt's ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of masonry. The main deck amidships bulged up several inches, the main-timber lung shrank, and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale; then with a mighty thump and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship jumped upward. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-lock forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and leaving it inshore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe, which crumbled away with a dull roar as other floes smashed against it and tore off great pieces in their onward rush—leaving us stranded but safe. This incident, of course, put an end to all thoughts of farther advance, and to provide against the contingency of a still more serious pressure rendering the ship untenable, all supplies and equipment, together with a considerably quantity of coal, were landed, officers and crew and Eskimos, including the women and children, working almost without interruption for the next thirty-six hours.

After this the principal supplies of

the party were devoted to the hunt, which my previous acquaintance with this region rendered satisfactory beyond my expectations. A very considerable number of Arctic hare were obtained along the coast from Cape Rawson to the western side of Black Cliffs Bay, but after a time these were nearly cleaned out by my Eskimos. Musk-oxen were to be our chief mainstay, and while my confidence that we should find numbers of these animals within a comparatively short distance of the ship was justified by events, I still recognized that our main source of supply must be the drainage basin of Lake Hazen, the northern portion of which, covering the southern slopes of the United States Range, had not been drawn upon by me while at Fort Conger between 1899 and 1902. This region was tapped with great success by parties traveling directly overland to Lake Hazen, and by the first of November some 250 musk-oxen had been secured. The unexpected discovery in this region of considerable numbers of the new species of the Arctic reindeer, five skins of which I had brought home in 1902 from Bathurst Bay region, lent special interest to our hunting expeditions. The few specimens of this magnificent snow-white animal were from a few herd of eleven surprised in a valley close by Cape Joseph Henry. Seven of the herd were obtained, including the wide-antlered buck leader. These beautiful animals, in their winter dress almost as white as the snow which they traverse, were found scattered over the entire region from Cape Hecla to Lake Hazen, and later westward along the North Grant Land coast, over 50 specimens in all being secured.

On October 12, from the summit of Black Cape, I saw the sun set for the last time, down the misty ice-filled bay of Robeson Channel. Soon after this, with almost the suddenness of lightning from a clear sky, I faced the possibility of the complete crippling of the expedition by the extermination of my large pack of dogs. Some eighty of these indispensable animals died before

the cause was traceable to poisoning from the whale-meat which I had taken for dog-food. This meat, to the amount of several tons, was thrown away, and I found myself confronted, at the beginning of the long Arctic night, with the proposition of subsisting my dogs and most of my Eskimos upon the country. Without my previous familiarity with the region, this would have been an impossibility; even as it was, it possessed elements of uncertainty; but with the satisfactory start already made in obtaining musk-oxen in September and October, and knowing that these animals could be killed by those who knew how, even in the depths of the great Arctic night, I believed there was something more than a fighting chance for success; and in three days one hundred and ten dogs, together with twenty adult Eskimos, men and women and six children, went into the field in addition to those already out, leaving the ship almost deserted. From this time until the 14th of February, the dogs and the greater portion of the Eskimos remained in the Lake Hazen region, a portion of the men coming to the ship during the full moon of each month with sledge-loads of meat, and returning with tea, sugar, oil, and biscuit.

The winter was the direct antithesis of that experienced by the Alert in this region. Temperatures were comparatively high, and every few days we had violent winds from the south—sometimes in the shape of squalls of a few hours' duration, sometimes continuing as furious gales for two or three days. At these times leads from a hundred yards to two or three miles in width invariably formed, extending from Cape Rawson to Cape Joseph Henry, and doubtless farther, in both directions. The ice was in more or less active motion practically all the time.

On Christmas night the ice suddenly broke completely away from the shore, from Cape Rawson to beyond Cape Sheridan, and disappeared in the ink

darkness, leaving the starboard side of the Roosevelt exposed and unprotected. Simultaneously a violent southerly gale began, which threatened to tear the ship from her moorings, though the port anchor and cable and every steel and manila cable on board were made fast to the ice-foot. The swell leaving around Cape Rawson from the mild sea in Robeson Channel rocked the Roosevelt precariously.

The next three weeks was a period of constant anxiety, the ice-pack surging back and forth along the shore on each tide, and liable to catch us as at any time. Every one slept in his clothes, all lanterns and portable lights were kept filled and trimmed, ready for immediate use, and provisions were made for the instant extinguishment of all fires. On February 7, Marvin came in with the last of the field parties, and on rounding up my dogs I found that I had one hundred and twenty left, just enough for twenty teams of six dogs each. A few days later Captain Bartlett, with Dr. Wolf, fisman Clark, and assistant-steward Perry, with twenty Eskimos and sledges, went to Hecla with advance loads of supplies and to reconnoitre the ice to the northward. Bartlett's report, although disagreeable, was not unexpected. From the summit of Hecla, 5,080 feet above the sea-level, he observed leads (or open lanes) of water extending as far north as could be seen with a powerful telescope, while leads and pools were numerous to the northeast. From February 19 to the 23rd the entire northern party left for Cape Hecla in four successive divisions. Captain Bartlett going with the first division, and I with the last.

When I left the Roosevelt there was a lead of open water extending from Cape Joseph Henry past Cape Sheridan and Rawson. The southern part of Robeson Channel was open. There was open water along the Greenland coast as far as the Black Horn Cliffs, and apparently to Cape Bryant, with numerous

poles and leads in the sweep from Cape Henry to Cape Bryant. Two days were spent at Cape Hecla resting the dogs, overhauling the harnesses, traces, sledges, clothing, and all other equipment, readjusting teams and leads where necessary.

Then on the 28th of February the first party drew out for the northern journey, following a route via Point Moss, about twenty miles west of Hecla, which I had selected for our departure from the land, as likely to carry us clear of the leads extending north from Hecla. From Hecla, as from the ship, the party drew out in divisions on successive days, in order to prevent the confusion incident to large parties, and to economize the time and labor of building snow houses, one now ignise at each camp sufficing for the entire party, each division occupying it one night.

My plan of campaign contemplated dividing the route, for a distance of 250 to 300 miles north of the land, into sections of about fifty miles, each section to be in charge of a member of the party, with two or three Eskimos and their teams and sledges, who, after reaching their section should continue to traverse it back and forth, continually advancing supplies, and in this way forming, as it were, a post-road, which I hoped would give me a final base or point of departure for the last stage of the journey in a latitude as high or higher than Abram's "farthest." The frequent traversing of each section under this arrangement would result in keeping the trail intact, even in spite of considerable movement of the ice. The order of march contemplated a pioneer party, with spiked dogs and very lightly loaded sledges, to select the best routes through the rough ice, and break a trail which the heavily loaded sledges of the main party could follow.

When the northern end of the first section was reached, the sledges assigned to this section would transfer their loads to the other sledges, depositing

any surplus in a cache, then return to Point Moss, reload, and go out again to the end of the section, and continue to repeat this operation. At the end of the second section the sledges of this section would return to the northern end of the first section, and taking over there the loads brought out by the sledges of the first section, again turn northward. This arrangement, with myself in the rear, where I could be in touch with everything going on ahead of me and meet any contingencies arising, presented, I felt positive, the most effective arrangement possible, and one susceptible of pronounced and speedy modification in the event of unexpected conditions. Such organization of parties is the ideal one wherever there is a fixed surface upon which to travel, and would, had not the delay at the big lead and the closely following six days' gale occurred at just the most unfortunate psychological moment, have been susceptible of such adjustment as would have enabled me, in spite of the abnormally open season last year, to reach the pole.

On my second march from the land the movement of the ice was so pronounced that I was compelled to hurriedly assemble my sledges upon an old ice and wait until the connection ceased. Further on the doctor's party was delayed by open water and obliged to camp. Beyond this the captain's party was delayed for a day by an open lead, and other leads necessitated detours before they could be crossed. This and the extreme roughness of the ice, a very considerable portion of the trail having to be cut out with pickaxes, made our progress slow.

Our first glimpse of the sea was obtained March 6.

Some eighty miles from land the character of the going greatly improved, and I began to hope that we were through the shattered ice near the land and on the less rugged surface of the

central polar area. Leads, however, were more frequent and wider.

At 84 deg. 38 min. north latitude I came upon Captain Bartlett, Henson, and Clark, with their parties, stalled by a lead extending east and west as far as could be seen. A careful reconnaissance showed no immediate prospect of crossing, and I sent Captain Bartlett and Clark, with their sledges, back to bring up more supplies, remaining with my own party and Henson's to get across the lead at the first opportunity. At this time the parties of Marvin, Dr. Wolf and Ryan were bound outward from the land on their second trip.

The lead slowly widened, keeping an impassable strip of water constantly open. After a delay of six days the lead (now about two miles wide) was crossed on young ice, which bent beneath our weight and necessitated half-loads on the sledges. Henson's party proceeded north immediately, while I remained a day longer to establish a cache on the north side of the lead, and leave instructions for the supporting parties, which I hoped would arrive in two or three days. When I started north from the lead the weather was so thick it was almost impossible to follow Henson's trail, and a westerly wind was blowing, which set the ice groaning.

At the end of three marches I overtook Henson at 85 deg. 12 min. north latitude, camped in a dense fog. My own igloo was hardly completed before it began to blow heavily. The ice quickly responded to the wind pressure. Henson's igloo, built too near the edge of the floe, was destroyed. The gale, accompanied by snow, increased in violence, and continued without interruption for six days. At its close my observations showed that we had been driven some seventy miles to the eastward.

Henson's party was immediately started northward, and two Eskimos with empty sledges were sent back on the

trail to meet any supporting parties that might possibly have crossed the lead before the storm, or, if none had done so, to bring up the cache at the lead. These men returned inside of 24 hours, saying they had been able to get less than half the distance back to the cache, when they had encountered open water and completely shattered ice extending as far as they could see from the highest pinnacles. It was evident that I could no longer count on the slightest degree upon my supporting parties, and that whatever was done must be done by a dash.

At Storm Camp we abandoned everything not absolutely necessary, and I bent every energy to setting a record pace.

The first march of ten hours, myself in the lead with the compass, sometimes on a dog-trail, the sledges following in Indian file with drivers running beside or behind, placed us thirty miles to the good—my Eskimos said forty. Four hours out on the second march I overtook Henson in his third camp, beside a lead which was closed. When I arrived, he hitated up and followed behind my hurrying party. I had with me now seven men and six teams, with less than half a lead for each.

As we advanced, the character of the ice improved, the floes becoming much larger and promise sleds infrequent, but the cracks and narrow leads increased, and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern shore was moving more rapidly eastward than that on the southern.

As dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20 we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these leads, a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till noon of the 21st.

My observation then gave 87 in. b min. So far as history records, this is the nearest approach to the north pole ever made by human beings.

I thanked God with as good a grace as possible for what I had been able to accomplish, though it was but an empty handle compared with the splendid jewel for which I was straining my life out. But, looking at the skeleton faces of my remaining dogs and the nearly empty sledges, and bearing in mind the

difficult ice and the unknown quantity of the big lead between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could be reasonably expected.

My flags were hung from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us, and a lighthouse for so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag which six years before I had carried around the northern end of Greenland.

Two Years of a Government that Does Things

BY CHARLES J. BONAPARTE IN THE OUTLOOK

Charles J. Bonaparte, Attorney General of United States, past Solicitor in the efficiency of the administration of President Roosevelt. He addresses the great work accomplished by the President at home and abroad during his tenure.

DURING the campaign of 1904 a distinguished lawyer of his own State advised Judge Parker's election because the speaker wanted, and thought the people likewise wanted, a president who wouldn't "do things." Doubtless he knew his own wishes, but the result showed him woefully naive as to those of the people. Scolden has there been shown more signal incapacity to interpret public opinion than was thus displayed. In truth, readiness and ability to "do things," in contrast to talking about doing things or finding good reasons not to do things, have been always or nearly always what the American people found and liked in our truly popular public men. From the days of Old Hickory (to go no further back) to the present, the men really close to the voters' hearts have been men of achievements, not men of promises, nor yet men of doubts and scruples; and President Roosevelt owed his overwhelming victory at the polls more nearly and surely to the widespread and well-founded belief that he unquestionably belonged to the first class, and yet more emphatically didn't belong to either of the others, than to any other of its various causes.

Two years have now passed since his choice as president commissioned Theo-

dore Roosevelt to "do things" for the American people. What things has he done? And how well or ill has he done them?

The consent, we may almost say the instinct of mankind has ever attached peculiar honor for a ruler to the title of "Peace-maker"; no designation has been more coveted by chieftains who longed to live after death in the memory of men: pacifism was the legend on our arch or statue which each holder of imperial sway saw most gladly coupled with his name. This title has been conferred on our president, not by himself nor by any flatterer, official or private, but by judges no less competent than impartial foreigners to him and to us, and sustained in their verdict by the assent of the civilized world. The first "thing," or at least "the big thing," he "did" after his inauguration was to run the risk of rebuff and failure and consequent blame, he forgot the precepts and the precedents of a policy which would shut out our country from international fellowship with nineteen-twentieths of the human race, and to employ all the legitimate influence of a great nation—a nation too strong to be flouted, and in this case too clearly disinterested to be suspected of guile—to restore the idealizable

blessing of peace to Russia and Japan and the lands which were their battlefield. Beside this great achievement, his share in promoting the peace of Central America, in staying civil strife in Cuba, in discouraging rebellion in Santo Domingo, seem trifles; but these trifles have served to spare humanity no little bloodshed and misery, and to earn for his country and himself no little credit and respect.

A certain class of talkers and writers among us have been sorely puzzled, and, I am strongly tempted to suspect, just a little abashed, by the honor he has thus earned and enjoys. For those who protest against drills in the public schools, against reviews at Jamestown, even against tin soldiers as toys, lest we and especially our children be infected with "militarism," it is an enigma and little less than a scandal to have a man with a military record, a friend to the army and to the navy, an advocate of ample provision for the National defense, in short, a true son of Balafré, or rather of Molech, receive the Noble peace and be distinguished among contemporary rulers as the friend and promoter of peace. Doubtless all this accords well with Washington's admonition that "if we desire to secure peace, it must be known that we are at all times prepared for war"; but these good and wise people have for centuries the antiquated views of Washington.

As a means to peace, and also as an end only less important than peace itself, this administration has "done" some "things," and tried or begun to "do" more "things" in furtherance of the "harmony and liberal intercourse with all nations" which the farewell address declares to be "recommended by policy, humanity, and interest"; if it has not yet done or completed all it has then commenced or tried to do, agencies beyond the control of the executive, and in some cases even of the Federal Government, will, by the fair-minded, be blamed for the failure or delay. "Harmony" with a nation such as Japan is not fostered by incidents such as the exclusion of Japanese children from the San Francisco schools, nor yet by a discussion, in the press and elsewhere, such as that incident aroused,

nevertheless we may now reasonably hope that among the "things done" by the administration will be counted a settlement of this controversy as satisfactory as broad and narrow pacifism may permit. Moreover, when we seek "liberal intercourse" with foreign nations, it is well to remember that in such matters a one-sided "flexibility" is seldom long-lived. Again in the words of the farewell address: "It is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another"; do not desist the accepted principle of all rational and successful diplomacy; and when a statesman is compelled to approach foreigners with empty hands, it is unjust and childish to complain if his hands remain empty. The justice and common sense of the American people ought to be, and I believe they will be, fully satisfied with what the administration has done in this field of its labor; if during the next two years it shall, at last, obtain the really cordial and patriotic support from public opinion and other public servants for which it hopes with unwearied optimism and which is plainly needed to make fruitful for good its constant policy in South America, in the Antilles, on the Isthmus, and in dealing with the Outer World, the four years ending March 4, 1909, will, I venture to predict, bear comparison in this respect with any like period of our National history.

To judge fairly the "things" President Roosevelt has "done," we must have definite ideas as to what "things" the American people wished and chose him to "do." We were troubled then, as we are still, by evils incidental to prodigious National prosperity, and, as a result of this prosperity, phenomenally rapid increase in National and individual wealth. The immense masses of capital controlled by some men or small groups of men enabled them, through the facilities for corporate organization afforded by our laws and the facilities for personal intercourse afforded by long-distance telephones, wireless telegraphy, steam cables, and other fruits of modern enlightenment, to form aggregations of prodigious wealth so vast as to threaten the commercial liberties of our people. Direct-

ly, these combinations operated to destroy fair and healthy, by fostering unfair and unhealthy competition; indirectly, they tended to debauch our politics, our press, the management of our corporations, our State and municipal authorities, and even our courts of justice. Enlightened public opinion had slowly and, on the whole, reluctantly reached the conclusion that these evils could not cure themselves (as many had hoped and said they would), that no general and permanent cure could be reasonably expected from the States, and that a remedy ought to be sought in vigorous, even, if need there were, in drastic, action on the part of the National Government.

To deal with this situation, two more or less definite policies of action and one of function competed, and may be said still to compete, for popular approval. The men who made up the things to be referred were clear that no reform was needed. They said, and say yet (probably they believed, and perhaps they believe even yet), that without such combinations and their incidents the transaction of business on the scale of these days would be impossible and prosperity would disappear. On the other hand, certain speakers and writers advocated, and certain politicians professed to advocate, some accordingly, some with a large measure of self-deception as to their own meaning, and all with greater or less consistency and candor, the destruction, more or less rapid and complete, of the prosperity which had, incidentally and indirectly but undoubtedly, created or fostered the conditions to be cured. To effect this it was proposed, on the one hand, to unsettle practically all existing business relations in the country by a promise of sudden and sweeping but vaguely stated changes in the tariff; and, on the other, to drive capital out of the country or into hiding by socialistic and confiscatory legislation.

Our president had expressed himself often and emphatically in disapproval of both of these policies: he could not be made to see that our country must go to Mr. Maestani's "demition horrors" unless, to use an illustration furnished by facts, a monster corpora-

tion or trust was allowed to pay only six cents on the hundred pounds for its freight over railways it controlled when its lumber rivals had to pay eighteen cents; but neither could he see the good sense and good morals of a policy which, in last resort, would make everybody in the country poor because a few people in it were too rich for its good and their own, which would kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, not, as in the fable, to seek for them in her body, but to prevent her laying too many of them in few favored nests. He believed that the Nation could and should regulate and control its productive wealth without destroying this wealth or making it unproductive; and, for his part, he was willing to try to do this; the people believed as he did, that the thing could be done; the people also believed that he was the man to do it; and, by its votes, the people gave him the job.

I have contrasted "fair and healthy" with "unfair and unhealthy" competition; this contrast is imperfectly understood, and from the fact arises no little confusion of thought. Every one in trade is supposed by economists, and also by the common law, to be ever striving to reduce the cost or increase the value of what he sells, so that he may undersell his rivals, while yet earning for himself a fair profit; this process is held wholesome and salutary by the wisdom and experience of mankind. But our trusts are usually formed and maintained through competition of another kind altogether: they often, even habitually, crush out dealers who will not join them by underselling the latter without regard to profit or even cost—in short, by losing money themselves that others may likewise lose, and looking for their profits to their undisputed monopoly in the near future, when they can charge the helpless public whatever may be needed to recoup their temporary loss. Competition such as this means, not a contest of business shrewdly, industry, and thrift, but a contest of endurance, or, in other words, of resources; and it is no less wasteful materially than debasing morally to the community. Moreover, as each species of vermin has its peculiar parasite, the

modern trust has bred the blackmailing "independent," the bogus enterprise existing only that it may sell out, whose struggle with the trust it would "bless," so far as genuine, takes shape in the same cut-throat competition. In the contests of willingness and ability to lose money, the inducements, often amounting to absolute control, of the trusts over our great transportation companies has been freely used and very effective; "rebates" and "differentials" and discriminating rates generally have been the most useful weapons of our huge monopolies.

The present administration has sought to make competition fair and beautiful, first, by trying, so far as its resources might permit, to enforce rigidly and impartially the laws which forbid and punish harmful combinations in restraint of trade; secondly, by obtaining and making effective, so far as it could, legislation to prevent any form of discrimination by any kind of common carrier or other public agency for transportation. In both fields of action it has done much hard work; and in both, but particularly in the second, it has accomplished results at least justifying their cost. In large measure "rebates" and their like now belong to the past, and discrimination, if not unknown, has become elusive and covert. Moreover, several of the trusts have been dissolved, in so far at least as agreements or decrees of courts of equity can effect their dissolution, and even those among them once inclined to say with Tweed, "Well! what are you going to do about it?" have been taught the unwisdom of open defiance to the law.

It is a "thing" worth "doing" to teach or remind citizens of any class and all classes that laws exist to be obeyed and not to be evaded; and there is likewise need to do this, for the last year seems to be often forgotten by at least some citizens and with respect to

some laws. Thus the statute forbidding laborers on public works of the United States to work more than eight hours in any one day, although obeyed by officers of the Government, had been practically a dead letter for estimates until President Roosevelt first ordered its effective enforcement some fourteen years after it became a law. So completely had the idea that to disobey this act was criminal faded from the minds of those habitually guilty of the offense that many of them protested, and still protest, with sincere indignation against their own prosecution before they should have completed the contracts for which they had made bids supposing they could disregard the law with impunity; they assert a vested right to commit crime!

It has been and is the aim of this administration, as aim pursued with unswerving fidelity during the past two years, to show all Americans, whether rich or poor and of whatever class or condition in life, that the laws made for their common good demand the prompt and unquestioning obedience of all alike.

These laws, like all things human, may be faulty; if they are, it is the duty, no less than the right, of a good citizen to do what in him lies to make them all that they should be for the general good. But, such as they are, and whatever his judgment of their merits, he deserves the same of a good citizen only if he respects and not if he eludes them. Because, and in so far as, they believe this, and do as they believe, Americans have a government of laws, not of men; and most of all because it has steadfastly sought to foster such belief and assure such obedience, the Federal Administration of the past two years at home claims to have "done things" worthy to be praised for the doing, to have merited the people's trust and deserved well of the country.

The Blight on the Easter Lilies

BY EDWIN MARKHAM IN CHICAGO

Mr. Markham, author of "The Blue with the White," describes how the leading sinners are made slaves of greed and avarice by the most diabolical for child labor.

IN John Bunyan's famous allegory the Interpreter led Pilgrim into a room where he saw water pouring on a fire, and yet the fire was not put out. Then the Interpreter led him to the other side where someone was pouring oil that continually fed the flames, and then he understood.

For years the shame and sorrow of the tenements have been considered or blamed in our great cities. We have tried by the outpouring of pity and piety to drown the misery, yet continually it is fed by some vast social waste, by a vast system of industrial inequality which some day must be set right.

To get the full feel of the misery and mockery of life in the tenements one must look into the grim courts where young and old are goaded on by the demands of the holiday preparations. Christmas excepted, our Easter festival lays more burdens on many of our workers than are laid by any other in all the round of the year. That idyllic spring-time festival, whether the whole year in it only the triumphant memory of the resurrection in the angel-hoarded garden, or seen in it an apostolic perpetuation of the Jewish Passover with Christ presented as the paschal lamb, or seen in it a perpetuation of the Babylon fire-dance of Easter, goddess-of-morning and spring, with Christ represented as the bright sun of righteousness—whichever view is chosen, this immemorial vernal festival has always stood for joy at the wonder of renewed life, life re-born—"life again, light again, love again." But alas! this larger, lovelier meaning has well-nigh faded out for our army of Easter workers. This generation of the colossal factory and the multitudinous store and the teeming tenement-house has thrown a cloud on the joy even of the Christmas season. "Christmas," says the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "has come to be the product, not of Christ-

ian zeal, but of commercial enterprise." Easter is blighted by the same, mist. It has come to be a season of unnecessary work and of overwork.

We ought to work only in making things of use or beauty; yet hundreds of Easter workers spend long, hard hours making fancy cards and tawdry books—long hours shaping and painting glass eggs, paste chickens, plaster rabbits. And thousands of us crowd into the stores to buy these unsubstantial, unmeaning trinkets, to be sent to persons supposed to expect them—a multitude of babies made in weariness, selected with ill, carried with grievance, and received with regret.

To thousands of those who depend on the almanac and the fashion-plate for light and leading, Easter means only a time of changing styles—a date on which to display new spring gowns and bonnets—a sort of national military opening. But to the workers in the shadow, to the workers who display these bright adornments, it means only a blind rush and tug of work that make this solemn festival a time of dread and weariness. They might truly say in tears, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

It is not upon the clerks and carriers, however, that the heaviest weight of the Easter season presses. It is upon the makers of flowers and hats and garments. Especially heavy is the pressure on the child workers.

The match-girl and the chimney-sweep are no longer the types of childish oppression. They are obsolete in those old forms, but our sweat-shop children have none than filled their places in every large city. In our tenement homes, licensed or unlicensed, where the garment finishing is done—the tenement homes where every finger must fly till the task is over—it is there, out of reach of legal protection, that thousands of children are robbed of sleep and health, of play and school, to sew for city and nation.

Even if a tenement child goes to school of its own will, or is forced there by the tract officer or by the "crusading lady," it must zone the less work he does and after school to help in the season's rush.

Mr. Scott Nease in his report tells of one square of twenty-two houses in Philadelphia, is eighteen of which clothing of various sorts is finished for "uptown" tailors. On sunny days the steps are lined with little girls tugging at bastings, or sewing on buttons, and the street—Fairhill is its melodious name—sometimes swarms with children struggling to and fro with loads of garments. Philadelphia, by the way, has now retrograded to a "wide-open" town in sweat-shops. No inspector may now "intrude" upon a home to see if the children are being exploited in silk, or the public is exposed to postulate. The reason alleged is that "the prying into home life unduly wounds the pride of the sweated workers." The visit of the undertaker now and then to families of sewers and buyers is still allowable.

It was in this city of "brotherly love" that an eleven-year-old boy, driven last year from a tailor's shop to school, was at once replaced by another eleven-year-old boy imported from Europe for the purpose. It was also in this cosmopolitan city that an armful of coats was tracked from a fashionable shop to a sweated home, from which, a half-hour before, a child in the last stage of scarlet fever had been removed. Had the coats arrived a little sooner they would have been found very serviceable for covering the dying child. Now they would only be hung upon the infected bed.

In these sweat-shop homes any garment from a cotton wrapper to a lace evening robe may be manufactured. Hats and gloves are sewed in some; children's clothes are made in others, but men's and boys' garments head the list in numbers.

Embroidery for caps and blouses and slacks is a sort of work that needs the eyes and fingers of children. Little hands must keep big buttons of seedies threaded and ready for the machines. Each needle is a tiny, ghastly thing, an inch long, with a hole in the middle

Two thousand of these a day are sometimes threaded by a child under constant strain on the nerves. It does not seem to raise the aching eyes and trembling hands to know that the favorite designs for embroidery happen to be the anchor of hope and the eagle of our American liberty.

The dirt and the disease and the distress that are the accompaniments of much of this sweat-shop sewing have been described again and again from the platform by such able and courageous women as Jane Adams of Chicago and Mrs. Hyde Nathan, Mrs. Florence Kelley, and Miss Lily Fuster of New York.

Mrs. Lillian Betts, long a loving neighbor of the tenements, tells of investigating a number of cases where tenement people had applied for homes to sew at home. The investigation disclosed pitiful need of the privilege petitioned for. One woman was a widow now forced to leave home to sew in a factory. Her children were the home-keepers. A tiny girl was rubbing and wringing at the family washing down in the reeking courtyard among a bevy of rag-pickers. A little boy was caring for the baby in the dark, musty rooms upstairs, where lashed the water pipes had burst and flooded everything. The mother wanted to sew here in order to care for the baby while the children went to school and the boys sold papers morning and evening. This was her pitiful plea—to be allowed to work at home so that her children might have a better chance. And yet the stern and fitful of her stretched "home" the danger of infecting a hundred homes from her grimy, germ-laden walls and floor, made "home work" impossible under the law. The woman must continue to go to the factory, leaving behind her the unguarded and unmothered other children to care for the baby and the house.

But even more calamitous than cases like this is the plight of widows unable to work themselves, who must not only keep their children from school, but must send them out into the bread-fight-out to factory or mill or mine, to become the wage-earners of the home. God knows, the widow's need

is often great; and in denying to mothers the right to work at home for their helpless young, and in denying to little children the right to work for needy mothers, the law seems to set a cruel foot upon the neck of the broken poor. But for the larger good of humanity these demands must be: the public and the child must be protected. Still, we ought to have an order of things where this protection would not be at the expense of the mother and the child, of the widow and the fatherless—that class so tenderly commended to our hearts by the beautiful compassion of prophet and apostle.

Society supports its indigents, incompetents and criminals. Why should not society come also to the rescue of the worthy mother and child, anticipating want and illness and crime? A sort of scholarship fund is, in some cities, already provided for children who would otherwise have to work. This share of a few dollars is given to the family in place of the little sum the child could earn. This done, if given by the state, would insure the beginnings of an education for the child and perhaps secure for him a sound body. And this help would cost society no more in the long run than to support him, and his offspring at a later day, in almshouse or in hospital. All widows in need—yes, all worthy families in need—ought to be given this added bolt against the wolf.

Ladies' collars, such as are piled high on the counters at Easter time and make dainty finish for many an Easter gown, are a ceaseless product of the tenements. Women and girls slowly dying of tuberculosis, others just going down with fever or coming home from the hospital—such workers, young and old, can stitch at these light, airy things. Dr. Annie Daniels, twenty years a worker among the poor of New York, tells of a little girl of eight, just home from a siege of diphtheria at a hospital and scarcely able to walk across the room, yet stitching diligently at fancy collars. A woman in Newark, New Jersey—one of many—was last year earning her living making fancy collars at ten to fifteen cents a dozen. When, in the busy season, she worked till one

or two in the morning, she made three and a half dozens a day.

New York demands a half-million neckties daily, and at holiday times the number swells. Designers and dyers in the new silk-mills make a special effort to produce new holiday effects. Twenty-seven new shades, running from hick-bark to malagany, were the contribution of 1905 to this one beauty-spot left of the vanished pomp of man's attire.

The secretary of the Hebrew Trades estimates this year that four hundred children are working on neckwear on the East Side alone. Many necktie firms employ the workers in a hundred tenement homes at prices skinned down by the middleman far below the factory's narrow margin. It is little that is left, for the Committee on Female Labor a few years ago reported necktie-making to be one of the poorest-paid, closest-shaved, and most factitious of all the needle trades.

I recommended that the necktie, this last vestige of man's vanity, be hung to the waste pile with his perfumed hose, his frilled shirtwaist, and his herbivorous periwig, if the folded or flowing features of this neck-adornment must cost little children so many hours of weary work. Let men inaugurate a cravatless age, let them fling by this last furrow, if by so doing they can break one letter of the bonds laid on little children.

As usual with tenement work, home-finished neckties run every risk of carrying infection from the epidemics lurking or raging in these pest-haunted places. Doctor Daniels tells of a house quarantined by the health officer for scarlet fever, where, nevertheless, during the three weeks of the children's seclusion, neckties were brought in and taken out three times a week. In "The Ink Pot," that dark, dark tenement known so well to the undertaker and the sweat-master, Mr. Errett Poole found the necktie-makers busy at their benches. One man, with his little daughter as a helper, was three years coughing out his life over hundreds of stylish cravats. Yes; dying hands sometimes linger over our cravats long before our own hands do them.

But with all this dark record there is no other Easter preparation where chil-

dren are so cruelly overworked as in the making of artificial flowers. This craft is simpler than tie-making or collar-making. As in the old times babes of three were often made to hold candles for English weavers, so with us babes of three are sometimes used to straighten out leaves for flower sprays. Children a little older can twist green tissue-paper around tubes for stems, and a rule of six can become expert at dipping a stem into a pot of glue and stringing it into the little handle of glass that is going to be a grape or a cherry in the evolution down the stalk. The child must be careful, however, not to press too hard on this fragile glass globe, as it breaks easily and cuts the fingers, and may, by an inadvertent rub, get into the eyes.

Italian families have almost a monopoly on artificial-flower work, a trade which has the bad eminence of being the very poorest paid of the sweated trades—worse even than the notorious "paris" finishing. A little family of dark-eyed poorvillas—a mother and her children—working at artificial blossoms make a pretty sight; and the work is not hard or then making willow whistles in the field. Stringing flower petals might be a labor for Titania and the boys. Yes, but a child soon tires even of blowing shuttle-shots and picking daisies under the June skies, even though he may have the grass for a cushion and the butterfly for a companion. And these little artificial-flower-makers, if too young to go to school, must sit all day at their tables in the "rush" for the Easter season, repeating some one unvarying motion hour after hour, week after week if they go to school, they must work mornings till school-time and work evenings till they fall asleep, even longer, perhaps, if their elders can arouse them from their noddings.

These flower-makers, many of them, are children who know grass only as "something to keep off of." "Consider the lilies," would mean to them only a command to inspect a bunch of stark paper effigies on the shelf. "O lovely rose!" would mean only the creaking forth of a handful of colored and crumpled cambric. This chopped and dyed

rag-work is all that many of these children know of the glory of the flowers and the splendor of the grass. "Gimmet a flower, please," called a little worker to me as I passed him last fall with a bundle of rounded oak leaves from the golden hills. I gave him a spray. "What is it?" Did youse make it?" he asked, with shining eyes, and a kind of awe in his voice. "Oak leaf, oak leaf," he murmured after me, as if I had given him apples of Hesperides. Poor little beauty-hungry child he was, from the land where Shelley lies among the violets.

I lately visited a factory where a group of girls were making artificial roses. They were working ten hours a day, some of them getting only a dollar and a half a week. The petals, chopped by the "beet" out of cambric, satin, and velvet, were doled out by the "secretary." The girls sat at a long table, each with eyes riveted on her own pile. With swift, deft movements, using the little finger of one hand to dip and press, each girl crumpled two or three bits of cloth about a bit of wire for a center, strung on five petals, each with a touch of paste from the alert little finger, shaped and patted the whole into a little nest, slipped the pivotal wire into a hollow green tube, and hooked the finished flower to dry on a flower-hang line in front of her. Swiftly, rhythmically, the ever-flying fingers darted through the motions, keeping time to the unheard but clamorous metronome of need. Many of the girls had inflamed eyes and the strained look of headache—conditions that follow the workers in cheap dyed goods. The faces were dulled, the gaze was listless. Here was another illustration of the tragedy in our civilization—the work that deadens the worker. Will some one ever come with the wisdom to mix leisure and interest into the worker's life?

The factories are not far from the home shops. Stand bare for a few minutes and you will see the workers coming and going with big square boxes of flowers or the materials for flowers. Let us follow one of these slaves of Flora, big or little, and we will come to a tenement, squalid and filthy. Let us enter one. We go up dark, grimy stair-

ways into a two-room or a three-room apartment, supplied with a dim light from the air-shaft or the rocking court. Here remains or beginnings of meals are always in sight, there being no stow-away places, bare clothes and kettles hang amicably on the walls together, there being no closets.

A mother and her children are hard at work—all except an unobtainable baby that wastes precious time sleeping in a study chamber not larger than your bathroom. Let us watch the daisy of Wordsworth taking form in cheap camellia; for only the cheapest flowers are made in the tenements. A child picks up the pop, a sort of pin that has a soft yellow head to represent the stamens and pistils. This is stuck through two of the white camellia petals. Another child thrusts the lower end of the pop into glass, still another pushes it into the hollow stem and low, the daisy is in full flower! The mother weaves the blossoms into wreaths. Another child counts the breaths or feet single flowers into bunches. These little attempts would not need to go into the higher calculus to reckon up the pennies earned by the whole family. Each child earns two cents an hour, the help of the mother raises the average to three cents an hour. Four cents a gross is the sweet-master's pay for the week. The mother puts in sixty hours a week, and the children put in all of their hours out of school. This combined family struggle brings in four dollars a week. House-keeping and school-going are mere episodes in their brute struggle for existence. The whole aim of life for all these workers is the flower-making; and the whole end of flower-making is four dollars a week. To them the whole meaning of this lighted universe is—four dollars a week!

Another family in this treatment is making pansies. One girl is brilliant with the awful bloom of consumption, the others are sallow, and all are silent. In the "season" they work till one o'clock in the morning, and six dollars a week is the pay for their all of life. Truly, "Pansies are for thoughts" when

the pansies come from a forcing-house like this!

Apple blossoms and forget-me-nots are being made in another part of this grimy tenement. The children and the mother get sixteen cents for a dozen wreaths—four hours' work. Violets bloom in other grimy rooms. "Do you like to make these lovely things?" asked a visitor, watching a girl whose fingers were lying around the purple petals. "No, I hate them," was the reply. "I wish God had never made real flowers for us to copy them." Alas, that beauty should be so discovered from joy!

This lot of the little children at the flower-tables would be a pretty sight, if we could forget all the losses that go with the sorry game. For some of them are losing for life their school-stance, and all of them are losing their play-stance, which carries with it their chance for a sound body. Ignorance, joylessness, disease—this, too often, is the litany of their woes. The child is itself a flower, and should not give its bright colors of youth to an effigy of bloom, made only to stick into an Easter hat. The child is itself a flower, and should be out bobbing and dipping in the bright brooks. When one knows the tragedy behind the fluttering ferocity of our Easter Vandy Fair, the robberies of the children that go to the prospering of these vampire blossoms, then the flower on the hat loses "all the greenness of a flower," as the delicate algea loses its charm when one remembers that it has been murderously plucked from a mother bird.

New York city makes four-fifths of all the artificial flowers worn on the hats of America. And Mr. Leroy Scott, to whose report I am indebted, has made an estimate showing that seventy-four per cent of all persons working in New York on artificial flowers are children under fourteen; and that more than half of these are ten or under ten. What a tragedy in the name of beauty! What lovelessness wanted to make a simulacrum of lovelessness! Surely, friends, the sprays and garlands of the Easter blossoms are blighted by some drear mist from the gardens of death.

The Man Who Lives on His Nerves

BY WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M.D., IN SATURDAY EVENING POST

Many nervous men who make themselves on their business accounts too readily on their nervous system and living average look alike. The following article shows what each one is doing when they are hesitating and what they want.

CAN you see me to-morrow morning for consultation? If so, will take the night train."

This was a telegram I received from a business man living in a city two hundred miles from my office. He sent the telegram Saturday so that he could travel at night, as me Sunday and return the same night. This enabled him to get back to his office Monday morning. In so doing this money-man would not lose a day from his business, but would lose two nights' rest—rest that was of utmost value to him. Yet this man wanted to consult me about a nervous condition that was greatly worrying him and his wife.

This victim of business speed mania was wealthy, had an established business that was in prosperous working order, had no children, and could have retired with ample income.

He arrived early Sunday, tired and showing all the effects of the business pace that kills. I saw at once that he must have strangled freedom from his ruinous life if he were to retain his mental balance. A plan and decided talk with him and his wife only resulted in his dereliction that he could not get away. Already the mental strain, the exhausted nerve cells, had produced a condition that prevented him from seeing matters in their true light. Even the pleadings and sensible arguments of his wife were of no avail. He repeated the old, old story: "I only need some good sense, Doctor, then I'll be all right. But, if not, then later I'll go away for a few weeks."

I then told him some plain facts, which he took in bad grace.

He was willing to pay thousands of dollars for medical treatment that would cure him, but rather objected to my suggesting for because no medicine went with it. He went to New York to consult other specialists, who told him in decided tones to follow immediately my

advice; told him at once to drop all business if he wished to retain his mental powers.

He would not give up, then. "Just wait a little longer, wait until I have put through a few deals."

Two days after he arrived in New York his mangled body was found at the bottom of an air-shaft of the hotel where he had been stopping. He had thrown himself out of the ninth-story window.

This sudden impulse of self-destruction is one of the dangerous elements in the strained nervous system. We can never tell at just what moment the slender nerve fibre that connects judgment and duty will snap under strain. It is like the fine E string of the violin. It plays the correct note with as warning of its weakness, when snap it goes and its life is ended. It is difficult with approaching insanity due to some disease of the brain. We have sufficient warning, know the phases to expect, and can take precautions. But with the man who lives on his nerves it is impossible to tell to what extent he has stretched their endurance until the end comes. Sometimes it comes in exposure of moral death, sometimes in such outbreaks of animalism as to pronounce the victim insane, often it terminates in alcoholism. But the ultimate effect of living on the nerves is certain to be some form of destruction, bodily or morally.

In the case of the man referred to it is possible that he had taken immediately the advice given him, introspection would have ceased, and, going away with hope, with him the strain would have lessened and recovery followed.

Had this man—and all others like him—had in his employ a clerk who was recklessly throwing away his financial capital, he would have warned him, and, if the advice to preserve this capital and to live on the income was not heeded, the clerk would have been discharged.

ed as a dangerous man to have in the office.

A man's physical capital is like his financial; if he is steadily spending it he will soon become a physical-mental—bankrupt. Living on the nerves causes their delicate substances to become exhausted. No physician can settle satisfactorily with the clamoring creditors where there is no asset. If the man has taken warning in time the doctor can, as a receiver, take hold of what remains of the depleted capital, and, in its absolute charge, stop the outgo of future waste.

The properly-balanced nervous system hourly and daily supplies the energy that is expended in work. But to do this it needs rest. Lying in bed thinking over the business of the next day is not rest. Forcing one's-self to exercise when that exercise is useless, playing golf simply because one has been told to get out of doors when this is an unnecessary effort, are not methods conducive to nerve rest.

Many doctors make the mistake of ordering patients whose nerves are being exhausted to exercise, when these individuals require physical rest as well as mental. Exercise necessitates an output of nervous energy, and forced exercise puts an extra strain on the already tired nerve cells. What is needed is some form of recreation that brings a total oblivion to business matters and allows the nerve cells absolute rest.

Any stimulant taken to enable the individual to force exhausted nerve cells to further output of energy is ruinous. It is analogous to burning the planks of a vessel to push it on when the coal is exhausted. Like this latter condition, rare occasions may arise where such methods must be used, but it always means injury to the human vessel.

The majority of men do not understand the difference between nervous energy and nervous capital. Nervous energy is that which goes to make success in any line—mental or physical. The more care taken of the nervous capital the greater is the daily interest on that capital. It is the spending of the principal that ruins men.

Will these human wrecks, suicides, drug

victims and alcoholic prisoners, the result of living on the nerves, who now fill our sanitariums, be an increased social factor in the coming generation? Yes, I think so. I believe there will be an increase in these unfortunate cases, in spite of all the warnings.

Many men in this country are not getting married until they have rushed with vital speed through the best portion of their lives in the pursuit of money. They have lived on their nerves. They will bequeath to their children the drops of a former virile and equilibrated cell protoplasm, and the natural result must be an unstable nervous mechanism which those children, as they approach manhood, will be unable to adjust.

The man who wastes his vitality in early life to pile up wealth for the future generally leaves nervously bankrupt descendants. The drunkard who marries, the morphine fiend who essays the role of motherhood, are looked upon by the world as unfortunate beings doomed to misery, and their children are partially excused for any loose habits or eccentricities they may possess. Yet the man who has been careless and regardless of his nervous capital, and has drawn on it to the last struggling pangs of protoplasm, and who then marries, is the greatest sinner of all.

The tyranny of a bad inheritance knows no laws, no mercy. It lends to no authority but the sway of impulse and the license of passion. It is absolute. Many business men who are now living on their nerves will have these facts brought home to them in the sad future.

If the business man could see the wrecks of one-time men who are aimlessly wandering around the confines of institutions for the insane and sanitariums, could read the histories written on their countenances, he would realize that all the bankrupts are not recorded in financial journals and trade reports.

This bacillus of speed is a dangerous one to society. It enters the nervous system of the money-mad man, and uncontrollable impulses to offend his neighbor are the result. It infects his children, invades the home, settles and guides his conversation and seasons his

undigested food. In one New England state it has reached the stage of causing the mortgaging of homes to purchase automobiles.

A strong constitution, big muscles, ability to work day and night, are valueless when the force back of all these attributes is being dissipated. That force is nervous capital.

The business man who would not spend a dollar of his invested capital will recklessly spend his nervous capital. Like the spendthrift who cannot see the end of champagne suppers, but finally ends in the courts of bankruptcy, is the business man who is throwing away his nervous securities. He ends in the asylum for drug habitues, the hospital for the insane, or more frequently the suicide's grave.

Look around you and count the many you know who have become nervous bankrupts. The man who has embezzled, the bank official who has embezzled the money of others, the trusted agent who has used funds not his own, have all become morally blinded by a condition brought about by living on their nervous capital.

An exhausted nervous capital submerges the sense of honor, paralyzes organization, and is provocative of the lower senses. False confidence in self is established, deception and falsehood follow, and the fidelity is only too well known to all.

That these men are criminals in the legal sense does not alter the fact that their criminal instincts were aroused because their higher brain centers were exhausted in the career of living on nerves.

Don't say that President Jones would have been all right if he had let liquor alone. The truth is he would have let liquor alone if he had been all right in his nervous account. His nervous principal being spent, he borrowed what he thought was nervous capital. The heavy interest increased daily, he had to pay it—and the result was moral bankruptcy.

Don't blame Brown's wife for sending Brown to the dogs. Remember, if Brown had spent more time with his wife and less time night and day trying to get the better of a business rival, he might have had a little home instead of a guided kennel. He did not intend to neglect his wife or his home, but the moment he commenced to live on his nerves home had no speed attractions for him.

A prominent man visited me one night with his wife. It was the same familiar appeal: "Oh, Doctor, just brace me up for a few months. I'll go mad if you don't do something for me. I don't want advice about giving up and going away. All the doctors I have consulted have told me to do that. It's out of the question. I want medical treatment so I can get down to work. I just want to make a little more, then I promise you I'll go away."

I tried to get him to remain a few days under observation, but he could not stay away from business. He would go and find some doctor who would understand him, some one who would give him medical treatment. A week after this conversation his body was found in the bay.

It is not remarkable that there are so many domestic tragedies. To our vision life is a struggle with, even the birds, and then witnesses the aged-aged in vitality, not years—husband constantly molested from nerve dissipation, it is strange there are not more broken homes.

Along with the fear a financial official has of being the victim of his employees, who have lost their moral balance through living on their nerves, must be placed the danger of the demented, the paranoiac and even the discouraged artisan. All these may become infected with the conditions surrounding them. Given such individuals who have unbalanced nervous systems, and the impulse for money overpowers all sense of right, and they become bomb-throwers.

The Youngster

BY JOHNSTON MACGILLIVRAY IN THE RED BOOK

A young man, at the close of his college year, went to a western college town to spend his vacation. His journey had been made so smoothly that the latter part of the trip was dull. He was aware that in California night was light. His vacation so much by the college town, however, and thus made his life a repetition for a change.

HE was twenty-two years of age, with a face as smooth as a baby's and a mind drilled from infancy in the principles and duties of a high religious life. He dropped into Goldfield for recreation after a hard year in college, and when he arrived he didn't have as much courage as an ore-wagon man. Two months later he had a reputation for being a most courageous man.

Just at the moment of The Youngster's arrival, Pendleton Pete, standing in the middle of the street over a prostrate enemy, his smoking revolver in his hand, was wondering what might happen the next time. The enemy was curled up on the yellow sand, a tiny red stream trickling from his breast and coloring the pebbles. He had been wise enough to intimate that Pendleton Pete occasionally strayed from the truth.

Behind unpainted frame buildings and hitching-racks and ore-wagons, other citizens of the thriving town of Goldfield made themselves as small as possible and awaited the time when Pendleton Pete would be willing to give them possession of the principal street. With horror, they saw The Youngster turn the corner and come to a dead stop within ten feet of the bad man. As one person, the population of Goldfield gasped.

The Youngster viewed the scene with alarm. Back in Indiana he had never seen a thing like this. Moreover, he reflected, it was against the laws of God and man. His soul rebelled against it, his heart bled because of it, his mind refused to conceive it in its full significance. And The Youngster, suddenly realizing that he alone was facing this blood-thirsty demon, began to be afraid.

If he ran, The Youngster thought, he might attract the attention of the bad man and down in the small of his back receive a bullet and a death wound; if, on the other hand, he stood still, it was certain that the man would in time discover him and do something unpleasant. Anyway, The Youngster was too frightened to run. And so he stood still—and smiled. He couldn't help the smile. He always smiled when he was afraid, just as some other people shivered and others fainted and still others made their eyes grow big.

His oration to the vanquished completed, Pendleton Pete stepped away from the prostrate man, looked up, and saw The Youngster before him. In an instant the bad man's gun was ready for action, and he stepped forward cautiously. Pendleton Pete never judged a man hastily. He was authority for the statement that you can never tell by a man's clothes and general appearance just how straight and quick he can shoot.

The Youngster saw him coming, and felt himself growing very weak in the legs. How to deal with this man he did not know. And so he smiled again, foolishly, a wan smile that might easily have been taken for a sneer. Pendleton Pete saw it, and stepped forward more quickly.

"What ye grinnin' at?" he demanded.

"Gr-innin'?" queried The Youngster. He realized how foolish it was; but he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Ye laughin' at me?"

Pete snapped the words. At the same time he poised the muzzle of the revolver in the air near his hip, ready to drop

it and send a shot if The Youngster made a move.

"What th'—?" he began again.

"Don't swear!"

The Youngster, too, snapped the words. It relieved the strain on his nerves to say something. He was too frightened to say anything more appropriate.

"Well, if that wouldn't— Say, kid! Don't try any of yer funny tricks on me. What th'—?"

"Don't swear!"

The Youngster was afraid when he said it. He expected to be shot. He realized that it wasn't at all the proper thing to say at that time. But he couldn't think of anything else.

Pendleton Pete brought the revolver around in front of him, raised it slowly, and dropped the muzzle directly under The Youngster's nose. He expected to see a young man go down on his knees and beg for mercy. That was what men usually did when Pete got the drop on them. But The Youngster only smiled his foolish smile.

"Well, if ye aint th'— Say! Ye sure got nerve! Yer th' newest feller 'round this town. Ye suit me, pard. S'pose we shake."

"Pleased, I'm sure," murmured The Youngster. The hand which he gave Pendleton Pete was very limp.

"Ye are th' right kind," continued Pete. "Hev a drink?"

"I do not drink."

"Ye what? Ye do'n't— Say, don't ye refuse to drink wid me, kid. I'll eat ye alive, that's what I'll do."

"Ye shouldn't let your temper get beyond your control," said The Youngster, sweetly. "Ye have committed a mortal sin this morning by shooting and perhaps slaying a man. Your better self is hidden while the beast in ye exerts itself."

Pendleton Pete, disregarding all rules of the desert, let the hand which held his revolver drop to his side. Likewise, his jaw dropped, and his neck craned

forward until his bulging eyes were within a few inches of the calm, blue eyes of The Youngster.

"Well, of all th'— Ye sure hev got nerve!" he concluded. "Ye sure hev"—to head out a bunch like that. Say, I like ye, kid! I don't care whether ye drink or not. Ye c'n eat sand if ye want to."

"I trust you will think over what I have said," replied The Youngster, as Pete backed away. "We should always control our likes and dislikes; we should—"

"That's all right, kid, ye c'n control anything ye want to. If ye can't control it alone, I'm wid ye. So long, kid; ye sure hev' got nerve."

Pendleton Pete backed away. He still held the revolver in his hand and he watched The Youngster. He didn't want to be caught asleep.

And then from behind the buildings, the hitching-racks, and the ore-wagons there stepped a crowd of men. They surrounded The Youngster and expressed an unanimous desire to shake his hand. They didn't see a man stand up before Pendleton Pete every day, they stated. seldom had Goldfield seen such an exhibition of courage. The town was glad to welcome The Youngster as a citizen. Did he intend to prospect? Was he ready to invest? Could they do anything for him? A man with a nerve like that—there wasn't anything in town quite good enough for him. So doled out the populace.

Before noon, The Youngster had received offers of five positions on the horse side of a roulette wheel. All of them he respectfully declined. He didn't believe in gambling, he said; it was vice of the lowest form. No conscientious man, no man with morals, would ever think of such a thing as becoming a gambler. It led to drink and to reckless expenditure, and even to robbery and greater crimes. He was sorry to hear that the authorities tolerated gambling in Goldfield. And also, he

stated, there were by far too many saloons in the town.

Within three hours, The Youngster had unknowingly insulted every man in the camp. And yet, remembering how he had stood before Pendleton Pete with that smile upon his lips, the insulted ones swallowed their wrath and were contented to let the words of The Youngster pass.

This sudden reputation for heaviness The Youngster could not understand. He had never thought he was brave. He had, indeed, been called a coward at college. He didn't want to exist under a wrong impression, but then—maybe he was brave. Was he really a courageous man? Goldfield said so, and Goldfield certainly ought to know, he mused.

This reputation for heaviness traveled along until it reached the ears of one Jimmy Simpson.

"Brave?" said Jimmy. "He ain't as brave as an oo-wagon mule. I c'n haul him in an hour. I c'n stare the life half outen him. Anyone like to bet a hundred I can't?"

A dozen men rushed forward to get in on this good thing. Hadn't they seen The Youngster perform before Pendleton Pete? Couldn't they see straight? They guessed they knew who had nerves and who didn't. Would Simpson kindly make it two hundred? Simpson said he would, and he did.

"I got twenty-four hours, ye understand," he said. "That'll be 'bout all I'll need."

At dusk The Youngster walked out past the 'dicks' houses and along the trail into the desert. He wanted to be alone and think over the surprising events of the day. The last hour he had passed in the company of Pendleton Pete, who had insisted that The Youngster was his private discovery and his pet and under the protection of his trigger finger. He had again refused an offer of a position in a gambling house. The belated offer came from

Dick Simon, proprietor of the gilded Palace of Chances. To him The Youngster addressed an oration on gambling which caused Simon to return to his office with a very red face, and with anger surging in his heart.

"I'll get square wid that kid preacher if it takes ten years," he declared. "I'll back him and make him gamble. No kid's goin' to talk to me like that."

And then, as if destined to fate, there walked into the office Jimmy Simpson, with the tale of The Youngster's reputation for heaviness and the bets that had resulted therefrom. Simon closed the office door quickly and grew confidential.

"Th' kid says he's too good to gamble," he stated. "Now he's got five hundred dollars on him. Green enough to talk me that. Ye git th' five hundred so he'll be broke. Then he'll hev' to gamble or else starve. Nobody's goin' to give him a job in this town if I pass 'round th' word not to. Well, I'll pass th' word, all right. Ye break him an' I'll give ye a hundred on th' side. I'll show that kid! He'll gamble, all right, all right."

"Did he tell ye th' laws of th' town are not properly enforced, an' that ye'll sure go to perdition if ye fuss wid th' cards?" Did he tell ye that?" Simpson asked sweetly.

"Don't make any difference what he told me," said Simon, sagrily. "He told me enough. Here's what I told him. I says: 'Ye are one of these guys wid all soul an' no heart; ye may git to heaven, son, but ye'll never make much of a bit on earth; yer too damn religious.' That's what I told him."

"An' he didn't shoot ye up?"

"He didn't shoot me up," said Simon. "That's what made me mad. If th' kid had cut loose an' started somethin' I wouldn't be' cared. But he refused to start. Treated me jus' like I was a little feller too innocent to play wid a gun. I'll fix him, all right; I reckon he'll gamble some."

The Youngster, of course, was innocent of the fact that he had wounded Simon deeply, else he might have apologized and explained his motives. And so, as he sat on a ledge of rock and watched the sun go down and the desert take on its myriad of tints, he was wondering at the prosperity of this small town where a man was offered half a dozen positions in a day. Perhaps, thought The Youngster, it was difficult to get men had enough to work in a gambling hall. Why had they asked him? Did he look like a gambler? Or, was it because they thought he was brave and ready to fight and rob men of their money?

As night fell and The Youngster started to retrace his steps toward the town, he observed a man approaching along the trail. His head was down and there was a soft hat tilted over his eyes. The Youngster wondered if the man was going to walk out into the desert, and if there was a gold mine where he was going, and whether it was fabulously rich.

Within a few paces of The Youngster the stranger paused suddenly, straightened up, and covered The Youngster with a revolver.

"Hands up!" he said.

"My good friend—" began The Youngster.

"Hands up!" The man growled the words and stepped closer. The Youngster thought it best to obey. He stood perfectly still while the man went through his pockets and took from one of them the wallet containing his money. He noticed that the man was of medium height and weight, had on ordinary clothes and wore a black mask. The Youngster determined to remember these details and tell the authorities when he returned to the town.

"Now ye git!" said the robber, and pointed down the trail. "An' don't try anything funny unless ye want it straight an' hot. Ye ain't so damn brave, are ye? Now, ye git!"

Trembling with fear, The Youngster took his way toward the town. Half a hundred yards away he glanced back over his shoulder and saw the robber sitting on the ground, doubled up as if in pain. For a moment The Youngster thought of going back. Then he changed his mind and waded down the trail again. Soon he began to run.

When he dashed into the gilded Palace of Chances he was out of breath.

"Where's Mr. Pendleton Pete?" he cried. "I want Mr. Pendleton Pete."

Men standing near the bar noted The Youngster's appearance and grinned. Some one notified Pete that he had a caller, and the bad man of the morning hurried from the faro room.

"What's th' matter, son?" he demanded.

"I've been robbed," gasped The Youngster. "I was hold up on the trail. All my money—"

"What? Ye let someone slit th' drop on ye? Ye let—An' to think I shook hands wid a feller like you."

"Please, Mr. Pete—"

"Shut up!" Pendleton Pete's eyes were blazing. Men were smiling at him and doing it openly. He didn't pull a gun, because he felt that they had a right to smile. "Come wid me," he continued, and took The Youngster by the arm, to lead him into the street and away from the crowd. Then he demanded the story. He got it. He learned how The Youngster had been an easy victim, that he didn't even carry a gun. And then he turned away disgusted.

The Youngster began to plead. He never said he was brave. He didn't want anyone to think he was brave. He had stood up before Pete's revolver in the morning because he didn't know what else to do. Wouldn't Mr. Pete have some compassion and tell him how to recover the money and have the robber punished.

"Kid," said Pete, earnestly, "ye simply got to be brave. I won't stand fer ye bein' anything else. See? Ye

hev to live up to yer reputation. An' ye got to carry a gun. Take this one, son; I've got plenty. I say, ye hev to carry it. I'm goin' to stick by ye, 'cause I want ye to get square. Ye got to be brave. Jus' remember that!"

For two weeks The Youngster lived on money loaned him by Pendleton Pete. He had accepted it only after an argument wherein Pete expressed his mind in no uncertain terms. At the end of the two weeks The Youngster was confronted by the bad man one evening in his room at the hotel.

"I'm expectin' results in th' heavy line," Pete declared. "Ye aint deliverin' in th' goods. Ye are th' laughin' stock of th' town. Ye can't go on th' street without bein' insulted. Why don't ye git square?"

"Hon?" inquired The Youngster.

"Make th' skunk that robbed ye hark down. Go after him strong. Make him look like a rag. Ye e'n turn th' laugh on him, if ye got th' nerve."

"I don't understand—" began The Youngster.

"Do ye mean ye don't know who robbed ye?"

"Why, certainly not. If I did I would inform the officers of the law."

"Ye disgust me. Take nint any job fer th' officers of th' law. This is a case of gettin' square. Simpson robbed ye. He did it 'cause someone let a couple of hundred be coaxed. An' Simon put him up to it, 'cause he was sure an' wanted to git ye lookin' an' make ye gambler. Are ye wise now?"

The Youngster had risen from his chair. Into his eyes there had come a sudden flash of anger.

"Kindly explain that again," he said.

"If ye wasn't so green ye would hev known it a week ago. It's all over th' town. Th' boys are jivin' dyin' laughin' at ye. An' ye got to get square. Simon says ye are doin' an' religious. He says ye aint got as much nerve as a house toad. He says he'd run ye outen

town, only ye amuse th' citizens, free of charge."

"He says these things?" demanded The Youngster.

"An' then some," added Pendleton Pete.

The Youngster walked over to the window and looked out at the street. Lights flashed in the saloons and gambling rooms. Men crowded the walks. But The Youngster did not see these things. He was passing through a mental battle. And when he turned around again his jaws were set like a vise and his eyes were narrowed and seemed to send forth flakes of steel.

"He says these things, does he?" he said. "Ye want me to make good, you call it? You want me to get square? I'll tell you this, Pete. When I came here I didn't have the smallest particle of heavy. I don't believe I have now. But I tell you right here, that no man can rob me and then crow over it. No man can insult me as you say Simon has done without answerin' to me. You want me to make good. Well, you pick up your hat and come with me."

"Ye don't want to get reckless, son, when you are mad. Ye better take it cool an' watch fer yer chance."

The Youngster wheeled around.

"I'll wait for no chance. I'll have it out this very night. And I want another gun. Give me yours."

"Sure," said Pete. He handed over of his gun over. "But ye want to be careful, son. Simpson's a bad man, ye know. He may—"

"See here!" The Youngster spoke angrily. "You said you wanted me to make good. You said you wanted me to get even. You told me Simon made these remarks, that Simpson got my money and had bet he could do it. And now you ask me to go slow. You wanted me to be brave, and now, damn you, I'm going to be brave. There—I swear. Pardon me. You want me to make good. Well, I'm going to do it. Pete,

if they have to plant me to-morrow. You follow me."

"Yer gettin' plumb reckless," said Pete, as they hurried out of the hotel and down the street, "but I'm hakin' ye up, son, an' I'll guarantee fair play. I'll beginnin' to like ye more than ever, kid."

During the short journey from the hotel to the Palace of Chance, the teeth of The Youngster were grinding together and over them his lips met firmly. He had put the revolvers in his pockets, and his hands, dropped beside him, were opening and closing nervously. He led Pendleton Pete to Simon's resort and threw open the door. Pete followed him through the bar-room and to Simon's office. The gambler was not there.

"Lookin' fer Simon?" inquired a bartender. "Ye'll find him in th' faro room. He's skinnin' a sucker."

The Youngster flushed at the remark. He felt that it was directed at him. But instead of replying he passed quickly through the throng of men, Pete close behind him, and made his way to the faro room in the rear.

"Now, ye be careful, kid," warned Pete. "They won't be expectin' ye to make any trouble, so it'll be easy to git th' drop on 'em. They don't think ye got nerve enough, son."

Then he stepped behind The Youngster again and followed him into the room. He gave a gasp as they entered. Simpson and Simon were together, the former dealing, the latter watching the play. Pete had not spared on the boy having to deal with them both at once.

"Better wait until ye e'n git one of them at a time," he suggested.

No answer came from The Youngster. He approached the faro table slowly, and stood for a few moments looking on. He waited until Simon, desiring to speak to the dealer, leaned over the table to catch Simpson's ear. Then The Youngster pushed through the

crowd, drew his two revolvers, and spoke in a firm voice.

"Hands up, gentlemen," he said. Simon sprang around, saw the gleaming weapons and quailed before it. Simpson raised his hands and looked at The Youngster with an expression of amusement on his face. The crowd about the table fell back.

"What do you mean—" began Simon.

"Put up your hands!" The Youngster spoke in a commanding tone. "Don't move, or I'll finish you. Now, I'll tell you what I mean. You—" he indicated Simpson, "held me up on the trail and stole five hundred dollars from me. Don't lie! You've admitted it a dozen times. You bet two hundred you'd do it. And you!" he turned to Simon, "gave him a hundred extra to rob me, because I had argued you and you wanted to force me to take a position in your gambling hell."

"It's a lie!" cried Simon.

"Don't say that again," hissed The Youngster. "It's the truth, and you know it. You came to me the first day I was in town. You offered me a job. You said your wheels were not straight, that I could make all I wanted to on the side if I was careful about it. I want you to tell these men here the truth. I want you to tell them you haven't a wheel to the shop that can't be stopped where you want it stopped, that every faro box is crooked, that you are jokin' them. Tell them! Are your bones square?"

"You can't!"

"Tell the truth."

The Youngster stepped closer and looked at Simon intently.

"I—I guess none of them is square," faltered Simon.

"Now—ye—" continued The Youngster, turning to Simpson, "now tell them whether or not you robbed me."

The Youngster's words, and the tone in which they were spoken, were very courteous. But Simpson did not like the look in The Youngster's eyes.

"I was—jus' havin' some—fun wid ye," he said.

"You robbed me, then?"

"Reckon I did."

"Step forward, Pete," called The Youngster. "Just finger that money on the table and count out five hundred of it. Put it in your pocket for me. And I owe you about fifty, too. Just count that out."

"But that money's all mine," protested the pale Simon. "I didn't rob you."

"You paid to have me robbed, you know," said The Youngster, sweetly. "Got it all right, Pete? Well, there's a thing or two more. You remarked once, Simpson, I believe, that I 'wasn't so—shure—darned brave.' You're not so very brave just now, are you? Do you think you are?" queried The Youngster, narrowing his eyes.

"Reckon I ain't so vety brave," asserted Simpson, quickly.

"Thank you," said The Youngster. "And now, Mr. Simon, if you will kindly pray—"

"You ain't gon' to murder me?" screamed Simon. "Don't let him, men. Don't ye see he's crazy?"

"Steady there!" cried The Youngster, in warning. "Pray, I said. Close your eyes—thank you. Now repeat after me: 'Lord, I confess I am a thief and a very great sinner.' Say it! Say it, Simon, or you'll never live to say anything else."

"'Lord, I confess'—"

"Yes"

"—and a very great sinner," repeated Simon.

Then he opened his eyes. Before him was the countenance of The Youngster, wreathed in smiles. Before him were

the countenances of a hundred other men, and they, too, were wreathed in smiles. Even Simpson looked upon his employer with disgust.

"You have prayed," said The Youngster, "and now listen to the sermon. 'You may get to heaven, Simon, but you'll never make a hit on earth; you're too—shure—darned religious.' Remember the words! I thought you did. Now, we will go to the bar-room, please. These gentlemen would like drinks."

Into the bar-room they went, Simon and Simpson heading the procession with their hands held above their heads. The Youngster, a foot behind them, holding a revolver to the back of either man's head, presided there sudden death if treachery occurred.

"Th' drinks all around," said The Youngster. And as the bartenders got busy he added: "These drinks are on the house."

Then a cheer startled The Youngster. "Here's to th' kid!" cried someone holding a glass above his head.

"To th' kid!" came the answer from a hundred throats.

And as they drank, The Youngster, grown suddenly weak, his arms limp, his face pale, his eyes half-closed, dipped quietly away and into the street, hanging to the arm of Pendleton Pete as a baby clings to its mother's skirt.

"I guess—I made good—for you, didn't I?" he gasped.

Tenderly and without speaking, Pendleton Pete put a strong arm around him and started down the street toward the hotel.

Came from the gilded Palace of Chance and the rebo:

"To th' kid!"

Edmonton: The World's Greatest Fur-Mart

BY A DEANS CAMERON IN THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

The following is a very close-up picture of our Canadian Northwest. The reader is given a glimpse of this vast territory where frontiers are attracting people from all parts of the world.

ISN'T it Theophile Gautier who says that the only difference between country and country life is the slang and the uniform of the police? This dictum would scarcely hold regarding Edmonton in the Canadian Northwest, the world's greatest fur-mart. Away up on the map it lies, three hundred and twenty-five miles north of the international boundary, on the silver Saskatchewan, a wonder-town of past glamour, presentatenesness and moment realization. It was a Hudson Bay post; it is a railway metropolis on the edge of a wheat-field one hundred miles long and four hundred miles wide.

On September 1, 1903, a new province entered the Canadian Confederation, the Province of Alberta, and Edmonton is its capital. Alberta is two-and-a-half-times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and is bigger than all the New England states combined; it has more wheat lands than Minnesota and the Dakotas, more oats and flax lands than Louisiana, Iowa and Nebraska. Five years ago Edmonton rubbed her eyes and realized her destiny. Nature, Fate, and the faith of man decreed that she should become a great city, a big, populous, prosperous, solid city, and her municipal foundations were laid accordingly. There will have to be no surprised stretching of wedding-bands here, no flouted widening of streets, no buying-in of public utilities. Young men own the town and control its destinies, men who have brought here municipal expenditures from every big city on the continent, expenditures invaluable.

The city owes its electric-light, with the result that the domestic fuel-rate runs as low as fifty cents a light for ten lights. It owns, too, its waterworks and telephone services. In addition to the elected aldermanic body the work of the city is done by two appointed and well-paid city commissioners, one of public works and one of finance. The

Mayor is the channel of communication between council and commissioners and directs the work of the latter. This duplex organization is self-elected and seems to answer admirably. In the body cooperate the single-tax idea is the basic principle of assessment, the land levy and not the improvements it carries being taken as value for taxes.

This as it is. Standing on the wide-asphalted streets and looking at magnificent bank buildings that would do credit to Montreal or Chicago, of quaint interest is an old book written by one Paul Kane, a wandering artist, away back in 1847. Kane was ambitious to produce a series of type pictures of Canadian Indian chiefs and found us yet in the old Hudson's Bay post. Edmonton at Christmas-time just thirteen years ago. He says:

Outside, the buffaloes range in thousands close to the fort, which is visited at least twice in the year by the Creeks, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, Sarcee and Blood Indians, who come to sell the dried buffalo-meat and fat for making pemmican. The big receipt for the summer meat will hold some or eight hundred buffaloes carcasses. On Christmas day the flag was hoisted, and the thermometer showed 40 to 50 degrees below. At the head of our table was a large dish of boiled buffalo-hump; at the foot smoked a boiled buffalo-calf. Start not, gentle reader, the calf is very small, and is taken from the cow by the Creeksman operation long before it obtains its full growth; this, boiled whole, is one of the most esteemed dishes amongst the epicures of the interior. My pleasing duty was to help a dish of dried moose nose; the gentleman on my left distributed the white fish, delicately browned in buffalo marrow; the worthy guest helped the buffalo tongue, whilst Mr. Randall cut up the beaver's tails. Such was Edmonton's jolly Christmas dinner. In the evening the hall was

cleared for a dance, in which joined painted Indian, gay-sashed voyagers, glittering half-blood and crazy Scot. The next day I joined in a buffalo-bait.

So, although the buffalo has given place to the Shorthorn and the Hereford, Edmonton still has its past of romance and hardihood and the shrewd old employees of the Hudson's Bay Company builded wiser than they knew. The exchanging of the croaking Red River cart and the York boat for palace car and steamer, the laying aside of trap and flint-jack for modern skum plop and self-blinders, and the transition from Mary Ann shack to Queen Anne front—all this has not discredited the far-seeing judgment of the shrewd traders of the ancient and honorable company.

Edmonton is to-day the world's greatest fur-mart. As far back as 1669, in the reign of the second Charles, England granted governing powers and a monopoly of the fur-trade to the Hudson Bay Company, and that great colonizing agency engaged in the exclusive sale of peltries for two centuries, in that time handling millions of skins. A generation ago the Canadian Government bought back the political and governing rights from the Hudson Bay Company for \$1,500,000 and 150,000,000 acres, i.e., one twentieth of the whole-belt, leaving them their trade in furs. But the big power company is now not without rivals, the concern that pushes it hardest is that of Revillon Freres, the great Parisian furriers with an experience of 175 years back of them and a capital of fourteen millions.

What are the staple furs to-day? Much what they were 360 years ago—the fox, muskrat, otter, mink and beaver. The world's furs come from the North Temperate Zone, the greatest part of the supply and the best from Northern Canada, and London is the distributing center.

On the backs of men from port to port the furs are carried before they reach Edmonton, dragged by husky dogs over snowy wastes and ice, paddled by Indians in canoes down stream. The Hudson Bay Company sends ships once a year down the Mackenzie to its mouth gathering furs, and from England across

the Atlantic boats come once a year to the frozen Ultima Thule, the ports on Hudson Bay. Modern innovations crowd out romance even here. This season a gasoline launch will carry peltries as far as Athabasca. The hand on the throttle-valve is the hand of Colin Fraser, a breasted and grizzled Highlander, who went half a century ago into the silent north to trade with Cree and Blackfoot, and whose seemed and silent face may well stand type for the spirit of that White North. We are apt to think of Edmonton as the Last North, but Colin Fraser's post is at Fort Chipewyan on the east end of Lake Athabasca; a full three weeks' journey up, up, up toward the top of the map, 400 clear miles north of Edmonton. Few of us have seen Fort Chipewyan, but it was from this isolated post on this lonely Athabasca Lake that the deer and Eskimo Scot, Alexander Mackenzie, in 1781, sailed in his bark canoe down the river that bears his name, to where Herschel Island guards the entrance to the frozen Arctic.

Colin Fraser's this year's pack contained 741 beaver, 181 skunk, 126 weasel, 260 red fox, 163 cross fox, 31 silver fox, 475 mink, 616 martens, 57 hares, 128 otter, 39 pennant beaver castors, 3,088 muskrats, and 358 lynx, and he sold it in Edmonton for \$37,750. We try to guess the thoughts of the grim old Highlander puff-puffing down the Athabasca, cogitating on the days and the years of the gone decades when he heard the North a-calling, and steam and he were young.

The proudest animal in the world should be the silver fox. (In reality, often it is the fat politician on parade, in Dickens' day it was the beagle. The silver fox is a freak in nature, only in a blue moon is one borne into this rare, but when he does appear he wrings the drapery of his couch about him to the tune of \$1,500. This is the skin that the Russians so dearly prize. The motto of the Hudson Bay Company, as is fitting, refers to the trade in peltries. It is "pro pelle cutem," skin for skin, quid pro quo, value for value. It sounds fair, but the way the old fur traders work-

ed it out shows more of sophistry than of ethics. The long flint-lock musket that the Indian coveted was stowed on the floor of the fort and the hunter was invited to pile his furs in a neat pile till they measured up to the height of the gun, then the even trade was made. Poor Moss-Face of the Mottled-Squaws got his rifle and his expensiveness and the ancient and honorable got \$1,000 worth of furs, and the commencement of what Roosevelt calls "the motto of the square deal." A skin-game, surely!

The Cree still barters his furs with the Christian, but much feeling has left him sensitive and most suspicious. He is also a great glutton—the Cree can obtain from food a longer time than any other man. He is like a snake. The exigencies of his life make it possible for him to accept and substitute to Charles Lamb's restrictions regarding "Grace Before Meat." In many old days the Edmonton Cree takes up the white man's burden. Recently one mighty hunter sent to Montreal for a \$1,000 gun, and immediately did the buy-and-the-drum act, seeking the bottled harmony.

Walking along Michigan avenue, Chicago, in the teeth of the east wind and cogitating the pros and cons of a winter great coat, an elegantly attired lady whizzed by me in her automobile. From her fob, outside a magnificent set of martens, dangled a lucky rabbit foot. I wonder if the pleasant-faced woman guessed that one of these furry favors made possible the other? The fur-bearing animals in some of these northern sections feed almost entirely upon rabbits. At intervals of every five or six years, a foot-and-mouth disease breaks out which kills the rabbits off by thousands, and following each season comes lean fur-years. So nobody's chances for a fat sacque depend upon the number of humble Molly Cottontails born the previous year into the stony stillness of the Canadian north-land.

Edmonton is the objective point of three big transcontinental railroad systems, the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Pacific, and the Grand Trunk. And the Great Northern is already casting longing eyes over the promising field of Alberta.

When we spill ourselves loose on the all-outdoors of this big new empire is the making, we have to reconstruct all our half-formed ideas of the relative size of things. For instance, the wonderful Peace River country is perhaps the world's greatest game-preserve. The Peace, which rises in British Columbia and flows into the Slave River, reveals the Mississippi in size. This great unknown land is about to be tapped. The Grand Trunk Pacific, west from Edmonton, will strike across the northern portion of the Peace River district. It is a wonder-country. The Japan current, and the resultant warm Chook wind which flites through the Rocky Mountains passes, make of this a milder country than that which immediately surrounds Edmonton. Here the tall grass waves like serried wheat, and the wild-flower blooms in the coulees. Put out! browse belly-deep in the lush meadow, and across the surface of a lost lake comes the wild cry of a lone loon. In the lovely vastness one stops and listens for the tramp, tramp of the millions who, urged by a world-wide instinct, are even now beginning to congregate from every condition to congregate the last Frontier. It is the lure of the west, the lure that Columbus heard and which will make unwearied the pillows of soldiers from his day to the last curtain-fall. The cry of the west is irresistible, and while there is a west to conquer, nor boundary line, nor any advance of fore-clobers, nor caution of the conservative will keep back the "best of the young men."

Edmonton is the distributing centre of hundreds of thousands of square miles of the most fertile land to be found anywhere in the world. That is a strong statement to make, but it is true. Nowhere in any part of the world in which cereal grains grow is there any such area of uniformly rich land as surrounds this northern capital. It is a deep, rich, black loam usually over a clay sub-soil, and which repeatedly produced crops over forty bushels of number 1 hard wheat to the acre; over 100 bushels of oats to the acre (every measured bushel from nine to ten pounds over standard weight), and forty bushels of prime hard-

ley to the acre, and this can be done, and has been done for twenty consecutive years without manuring. The report of the Provincial Department of Agriculture on last year's crop gives the average yield of spring wheat throughout the Edmonton district as 24.75 bushels to the acre, and of winter wheat, 25.89 bushels.

The first foot of soil in the three western provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, is its greatest natural heritage. It is worth more than all the pine forests from the forty-ninth parallel to the sea-bound Arctic, and more than the combined mineral wealth held in the rock embrace of the continental backbone from Mexico to Alaska. And next in worth to this heritage is the three feet of subsoil which underlies the first. The value of a soil cannot be estimated by surface-measure; its unit of value is the amount of nitrogen and potash that it contains, in other words, its productive power. An acre in Alberta is worth more than twenty acres on the Atlantic coast.

"But the winters," I hear some one say, "they must be the limit." There is much misapprehension regarding the climate of Canada. During the fifteen years that the Calgary and Edmonton railroads have been in operation, the train service has never been stopped nor even delayed on account of snow, and there never has been a snow-plow over the road. Edmonton is as far north that the sun shines for more than eighteen hours a day at mid-summer. The nights are cool, but it is just this alternation of warm summer days and cool nights that make Canadian summer I had heard wheat worth more than any wheat that any other country can grow. It is foolish to suggest that these same climatic conditions harden the fibre both physical and moral of the clean-limbed people who occupy these fruitful north-lands. Edmonton is in the same latitude as Liverpool.

In leaving this subject of climate it is worth while to remind the reader that western Canada is in the same latitude as the great wheat districts of Russia. St. Petersburg is some farther north than any city in Canada. Winnipeg is

south of London, and almost in the latitude of Paris. All of the British Isles, all of Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, part of France, most of Germany, a large part of Austria, and by far the larger part of Russia lie north of the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary between the United States and Canada. The bulk of Europe's population is to be found north of that parallel. There is no reason why western Canada should not be as densely populated as Germany and Russia. That being the case, think for a moment of the immense development that is impending in the great provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, where as yet there is not one person in a square mile.

In Edmonton, at mid-summer, one can readily read in the open air at 10 p.m., and while the world is still asleep the sun is up again. "The hushmen are up in America," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, over a hundred years ago, when he wanted to persuade himself that it was time to go to sleep in England. The hushmen would have to be up betimes to beat the sun in Edmonton. The sun waxes the wheat with so force a warmth that measured shoots of the green plants have shown a two-inch increase in the twenty-four hours by actual and impartial measurement. The glory of a prairie sunset is something to feel rather than to talk about; it is a daily repeated miracle that grips the heart of a man, he watches it till sky and prairie melt together and the horizon line is lost when the great sun sinks, a veritable apple of gold in a picture of silver.

Our car was pulling into Edmonton "I represent two millions," said Mr. A. Walsh, of Walsh Brothers, Clinton, Iowa. "I am going to see what it's best for us to put in into. I am surely going to buy some more wheat land up here. It's exactly like Iowa used to be. We used to get big crops, but the land played out, and now all we can raise is corn. You can't raise corn up here because it's too cold nights, but I have looked up the record of the land and find that the land does not play out here around Edmonton. I have records going back twenty or thirty years, and the yield to-day is just as great as ever."

And we saw that man with the millions driving a span, heading investment funds, within fifteen minutes of the time we struck Edmonton. The rest of the carload was eating lunch; like the Cree Indian and the appetite of old Mr. Walsh could "keep his body under." He has shawing golden opportunity; dinner could wait.

Mr. F. T. Fisher, of the Board of Trade, was interrogated about coal and natural gas.

"From fifty miles west to twenty miles east, we know coal underlies all the ground. It's under the city itself. It's so near the surface we don't tunnel any deeper for it than a hundred and fifty feet in any case, but usually only fifty or seventy-five. It's only worth \$1.25 to \$1.50 a ton in the bunkers, with our present mining system, but with up-to-date plants it would be even cheaper."

"Lignite coal?"

"Yes."

"What is it good for?"

"For almost everything except locomotives. It's used for them, too, but it is not really very good. It is splendid coal for steam-making and all domestic uses. There's an enormous market for it. There is no coal between here and Winnipeg or at Winnipeg. For a hundred miles east of that city, people will be dependent on coal for fuel. They will not be able to use wood, for it's too scarce. And this coal will make Edmonton a great manufacturing centre." It is the voice of the optimist. We have heard about natural gas and wonder.

Mr. Fisher reassures us:

"A boring is made for natural gas in the very heart of the city, and already we have struck gas that comes up odorless and colorless, and burns as white as electricity—it is never yellow, even in the day time,—while as fuel, it can be run right under the boiler or into the cylinder and used for direct power." Surely, this frontier Iowa, on the edge of things, England's last redoubt, is favored.

Canada was once a shy and modest maiden, as Mulvaney has it, "One of them lamb-like, bleatin', pick-me-up-and-carry-me-or-I'll-die girls." But that is

all over and done with. Daughter is she in her mother's house, but mistress in her own. The savvy Canada is now paddling her own canoe and calling her wares in the market-places. At Liege, last year, the attractions of Canada were placed directly before the people of Belgium, Holland and Germany, and from June until November of 1906, the people of Italy, Austria and Southern France are being made Canada-wise at the great Milan exposition, the *Esposizione Internazionale del Serpente*. Daily from 5,000 to 25,000 amazed sight-seers pass through the Canada exhibit, and when the doors close, at least one million of the people of Europe will have seen with their own eyes what the Canadian north and west can produce.

The word "Canada," the sign of the beaver and the maple, means nothing to the European sightseer, nor do the legends "Majestic Canada" or "Majestic del Canada." But when he enters the portals and sees the sheaves of wheat and barley, of grains and grasses, his quick imagination conjures up the big agricultural country from which they came. A vivid object lesson awaits him in a spectacular exhibit of stuffed buffalo, moose, elk, antelope, bears and beaver standing out as background to a gigantic picture of the prairie with the modern buildings and reapers laying low a field of grain. It takes no printed brochure to fix upon his mind the fact that the white of the bullet has given place to the whir of the binder and that "Canada," that strange new word, is a land of peace, plenty and promise. In creating an entire cordiale with Italy, Canada baffled more than she knew. Canada is Britain's bread-basket. But her rolling prairies within a decade will provide bread for the nations both east and west. Italy imports yearly thirty million bushels of wheat, some of which comes now from Canada. Home-grown Italian wheat is a very soft grain and requires an admixture of at least forty per cent of foreign flour before it will make good bread. In the year 1904 Italy paid out \$27,000,000 for wheat. Of that \$23,500,000 went to Russia, and \$1,300,000 to Argentina. A quarter of a million dollars' worth of wheat, mostly

of the macaroni variety, was brought in from the United States. Agrarian troubles in Russia make the Odessa output uncertain and unreliable, and this is Canada's opportunity. During the present month (October) Mr. Paolo Lorenzetti, representing the biggest grain commission concern in all Italy, is making a tour of this unknown Canada to see the growing source of this number 1 hard, "the best wheat that ever came into Italy." If there was not the enormous import duty of forty cents on every bushel of foreign wheat that enters Italy to-day, the national peasant might enjoy a much bigger daily disk of macaroni under his paternal vine and fig-tree. The average price of Italian wheat for the past six months has been 25.25 francs per hundred kilos, about \$1.40 per bushel, while imported wheat, during the same period, brought 36.50 francs per 100 kilos, or nearly \$1.45 per bushel.

Canadian wheat that can be taken to Genoa and sold at a staggered price of a dollar a bushel, will find purchasers in Italy. Not only can Edmonton hand to the swarthy Italian seductive macaroni sticks, also able to clothe the hip-flax growing in and around Edmonton is an infant industry, with a busy childhood and a mature mid-age before it.

To this great wheat country tramp connoisseurs of north, east, south and west, and the other eight and twenty points of the compass—they go back to the hinterland and back, or they pitch their Eschewer in the new raw towns by the side of the railway, the towns "that smelt of sawdust-naked state of paint." "Come into one of those little red school-houses, which is church and undertaker's shop and postoffice residentially, and let us look at the school register. There are thirty names on the roll, the teacher considerably has jotted down the nationality of each member of her little flock. We read the words, Ontario, England, Scotland, Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, France, Bohemia, Galicia, United States, Rumania, Austria-Hungary, Cape Colony. Truly, we have found the melting-pot of the nations, and here comes the teacher, surrounded by her uneasy disciples, the

boys bare-footed, and blue-clad of denim, the girls with pastels of maroon and surreptitious gum. Don't smile that superior smile. These, and not the grass-feds, with their footy buns to the acre, are the hope of western Canada, and it is round-faced Mary Murphy, fresh from her Normal school, "book east," now gathering in her heterogeneous flock, and not the big bunk manager with his monthly clearings turning yellow grain into yellow double-eagles, that is to make the new big west a great nation.

Life in a half-continent peopled from the ends of the earth cannot but be complex. In its complexity is the charm and the hope of Canada life. Not a replica of any of the old-world nations, but a composite out of which a new type of national character may emerge, the Canadian type is the opportunity and the ambition of this latest horn among the nations.

The elements in our national life, the factors that make for material wealth, or for social betterment, or for moral culture, must all be drawn upon, each to contribute its quota for the nation that is to be. The railways and the steamship lines, the great manufacturing industries and the motivations of commerce and trade, the farmer and the miner and the lumberman, the inventor and the artisan, the philosopher, the poet and the artist, the scientist and the preacher and the statesman, all who in any way add to the wealth or increase the worth of Canadian citizenship—to them the call comes to build up a clean, sane commonwealth, a nation that shall be "four-square."

And if this Canadian type is to survive it must stand for more than mere wealth, more than bigness. Greater Canada must have a soul as well as a body. For in the last analysis the destiny of a country depends not upon its material resources, but upon the character of its people, and as the big self-winders whirl among the wheat, into the hands of Mary Murphy piling up a record of "work done squarely and unwasted days," is this great tramp pot.

Silverhorns

BY HENRY VAN DYKE IN MERRETT'S MAGAZINE.

A hunting expedition which resulted in the capture of the spotted panther in a novel way.

THE railway station of Bathurst, New Brunswick, is not a particularly merry resort at two o'clock of a late September morning, especially when there is an ostentatious driver in from the Baie des Chaleurs, and the darkness is so saturated with chilly moisture that an honest downpour of rain would be a relief. There were two or three depressed and somnolent travelers in the waiting room, which smelled herbitly of smoky lamps. The telegraph instrument as the ticket-office clicked spasmodically for a minute, and then relapsed into a gloomy silence. The imperturbable station-master was upped back against the wall in a wooden arm-chair, with his feet on the table, and his mind sunk in an old Christmas number of *The Cowboy Magazine*. The express agent, in the baggage-room, was going over his last week's way-bills and accounts by the light of a lantern, trying to locate an error, and sighing profanely to himself as he failed to find it. A wooden trunk tied with rope, a couple of dingy canvas bags, a long box marked "Fresh Fish! Rush!" and two large leather portmanteaus with brass fittings were piled on the luggage-truck at the far end of the platform, and beside the door of the waiting-room. Sheltered by the overhanging eaves, was a neat traveling bag, with a gun case and a rod case leaning against the wall. The wet rails glittered dimly northward and southward away into the night. A few blurred lights glimmered from the village across the bridge.

Duffley Heronway had observed all these features of the landscape with silent dissatisfaction, as he smoked steadily up and down the platform, waiting for the Maritime Express. It is usually irritating to arrive at the sta-

tion at time for a train on the Inter-colonial Railway. The arrangement is seldom mutual, and sometimes yesterday's train does not come along until to-morrow afternoon. Moreover, he was inwardly discontented with the fact that he was coming out of the woods instead of going in. "Coming out!" always made him a little unhappy, whether his expedition had been successful or not. He did not like the thought that it was all over, and he had the very bad habit, at such times, of looking ahead and computing the slowly lessening number of chances that were left to him.

"Sixty odd years—I may live to be that old and keep my shooting sight," he said to himself. "That would give me a couple of dozen more camping trips. It's a short allowance. I wonder if any of them will be more lucky than this one. This makes the seventh year I've tried to get a moose, and the odd trick has gone against me every time."

He tossed away the end of his cigar, which made a little trail of sparks as it rolled along the stepping platform, and turned to look in through the window of the ticket office. Something in the agent's attitude of listless absorption aggravated him. He went around to the door and opened it.

"Don't you know or care when this train is coming?"

"Naps," said the man placidly.

"Well, when? What's the matter with her? When is she due?"

"Dug twenty minute ago," said the man. "Forty minute late down to Newcastle. Git here quarter to three, or nothing's more happens."

"But what has happened already? What's wrong with the beastly old road, anyhow?"

"Freight-car skipped the track," said the man, "up to Charlie. Everything's hung up an' kinder gone slow till they git the line clear. Dunno nothin' more."

With this conclusive statement the agent seemed to disclaim all responsibility for the future of impatient travelers, and settled his mind back into the magazine again. Hemenway lit another cigar and went into the baggage-room to smoke with the expressman. It was nearly three o'clock when they heard the far-off shriek of the whistle sounding up from the south; then, after an interval, the puffing of the engine on the up-grade; then the faint ringing of the rails, the increasing clatter of the train, and the blaring headlight of the locomotive swept slowly through the darkness, past the platform. The engineers were leaning on our arm, with his hand out of the cab-window, and as he passed he nodded and waved his hand to Hemenway. The conductor also nodded and hurried into the ticket-office, where the tick-book of a convention by telegraph was soon under way. The black porter of the Pullman car was looking out from the vestibule, and when he saw Hemenway his stoopy face broadened into a grin reminiscent of many generous tips.

"Howdy, Mr. Hemenway," he cried; "glad to see yo' ag'in, sah! Got yo' sections alright, sah! Lemme take yo' things, sah! Train gwine to stop hyah fo' some time yet, I reckon."

"Well, Charles," said Hemenway, "you take my things and put them in the car. Careful with that gun, now! The Lord only knows how much time this train's going to lose. I'm going ahead to see the engineer."

Angus McLeod was a grizzle-bearded Scotchman who had run a locomotive on the Intercolonial ever since the road was cut through the woods from New Brunswick to Quebec. Everyone who traveled often on that line knew him, and all who knew him well enough to

get behind his tough crust liked him for his big heart.

"Hallo, McLeod," said Hemenway as he came up through the darkness, "is that you?"

"It's none else," answered the engineer as he stepped down from his cab and shook hands warmly. "How are ye, Dud, an' what's been ye long morderin' the innocent beasties now? Has ye killed yer moose yet? Ye've been chasin' him these many years."

"Not much morderin'," replied Hemenway. "I had a queer trip this time—away up the Nepesigott, with old McDonald. You know him, don't you?"

"I've do I ken Rob McDonald, an' a good one he is. Heo was o' that ye couldna slaughter stacks o' moose wif him to help ye? Did ye see him at all?"

"Plenty, and one with the biggest horns in the world! But that's a long story, and there's no time to tell it now."

"Time to hurra. Dud, now fear o' it! 'Twill be no hours after the line's clear up to Charlie an' they let us out o' this. Climb away up into the cab, mon, an' sit an' yer tale. 'Tis naughty an' warn't in the cab, an' I'm willin' to listen to yer bliddy adventures."

So the two men clambered up into the engineer's seat. Hemenway gave McLeod his largest and slickest cigar, and filled his own briarwood pipe. The train was now pattering gently on the roof of the cab. The engine hissed and sizzled noisily in the darkness. The fragrant smoke curled steadily from the glowing tip of the cigar, but the pipe went out half a dozen times while Hemenway was telling the story of Silverhorns.

"We went up the river to the big rock, just below Indian Falls. There we made our main camp, intending to hunt on Forty-two Mile Brook. There's quite a snarl of ponds and bogs at the head of it, and some burned hills over

to the west, and it's very good moose country."

"But some other party had been there before us, and we saw nothing on the ponds, except two cow moose and a calf. Coming out the next morning we got a fine deer on the old wood road—a beautiful head. But I have plenty of deer-heads already."

"Bony creature!" said McLeod. "An' what did ye do wif it, when ye had murdered it?"

"Ate it, of course. I gave the head to Billy Boucher, the cook. He said he could get ten dollars for it. The next evening we went to one of the ponds again, and Injan Pete tried to 'sell' a moose for us. But it was no good. McDonald was disgusted with Pete's calling; said it sounded like the bray of a wild ass of the wilderness. So the next day we gave up calling and traveled the woods over toward the burned hills."

"In the afternoon McDonald found an enormous moose-track; he thought it looked like a bull's track, though he wasn't quite positive. But then, you know, a Scotchman never likes to commit himself, except about theology or politics."

"Humph!" granted McLeod in the darkness, showing that the stroke had counted.

"Well, we went on, following that track through the woods, for an hour or two. It was a terrible country, I tell you; tamarack swamps and spruce thickets, and windfalls, and all kinds of misery. Presently we came out on a bare rock on the burned hillside, and there, across a ravine, we could see the animal lying down, just below the trunk of a big dead spruce that had fallen. The beast's head and neck were hidden by some bushes, but the fore-shoulder and side were in clear view, about two hundred and fifty yards away. McDonald seemed to be inclined to think that it was a bull and that I ought to shoot. So I shot, and knocked splinters

out of the spruce log. We could see them fly. The animal got up quickly, and looked at us for a moment, shaking her long ears, then the huge, unmitigated cow vanished into the brush. McDonald remarked that it was a 'varn fortune shot, almost providential!' And so it was; for if it had gone six inches lower, and the news had gotten out to Balhurst, it would have cost me a fine of two hundred dollars."

"Ye did wool, Dud," puffed McLeod; "varn wool indeed—for the cool!"

"After that," continued Hemenway, "of course my nerve was a little shaken, and we went back to the main camp on the river, to rest over Sunday. That was all right, wasn't it, Mac?"

"Aye!" replied McLeod, who was a strict member of the Presbyterian church at Moncton. "That was surely a varn safe thing to do. Even a hunter, I'm thinkin', wouldn't like to be harkin' two commandments in the same day—the fourth and the sixth!"

"Perhaps not. It's enough to knock one, as you do once a fortnight when you run your train into Riviere du Loup Sunday morning. How's that, you old Calvinist?"

"Dudley, ma son," said the engineer, "dinna argue a point that ye canna understand. There's guid an' sufficient reasons for the train. But ye'll never be thinkin' that moose-huntin' is a wark o' necessity or misery?"

"No, no, of course not; but then, you see, harrin' Sundays, we felt that it was necessary to do all we could to get a moose, just for the sake of our reputations. Billy, the cook, was particularly strong about it. He said that an old woman in Balhurst, a kind of fortune-teller, had told him that he was going to have 'a bonnie chance' on this trip. He wanted to try his own month at 'calling.' He had never really done it before, but he had been practicing all winter in imitation of a tame cow moose that Johnny Moran had, and he

thought he could make the sound 'h'n hon.' So he hit the birch-bark horn and gave us a sample of his skill. McDonald told me privately that it was 'was as bad; a deal better than Pete's feeble bellow.' We agreed to leave the Indian to keep the camp (after looking up the whiskey-dink in my bag), and take Billy with us on Monday to 'call' at Hogan's Pond.

"It's a small bit of water, about three-quarters of a mile long and four hundred yards across, and four miles back from the river. There is no trail to it, but a blazed line runs part of the way, and for the rest you follow up the little brook that runs out of the pond. We shook up our shelter in a hollow on the bank, half a mile below the pond, so that the smoke of our fire would not drift over the hunting-ground, and waited till five o'clock in the afternoon. Then we went up to the pond, and took our position in a clump of birch-trees on the edge of the open meadow that runs round the east shore. Just at dark Billy began to call, and it was beautiful. You know how it goes. Three short grunts, and then a long oooooo-aaaaa-coooo, winding up with another grunt! It sounded louder than a love-sick hippopotamus on the horse-top. It rolled and echoed over the hills as if it would wake the dead.

"There was a fine moon shining, nearly full, and a few clouds floating by. Billy called, and called, and called again. The air grew colder and colder; light frost on the meadow-grass, teeth chattering, fingers numb.

"Then we heard a bull give a short bawl, away off to the southward. Presently we could hear his horns knock against the trees, far up on the hill. McDonald whispered, 'He's coming,' and Billy gave another call.

"But it was another bull that answered, back of the north end of the pond, and pretty soon we could hear him rapping along through the woods.

Then everything was still. 'Call again,' says McDonald, and Billy called again.

"This time the bawl came from the top of the western hill, straight across the pond. It seemed to start up the two other bulls, and we could hear all three of them thrashing along, as fast as they could come, towards the pond. 'Call again, a wee one,' says McDonald, trembling with joy. And Billy called a little, seducing call, with two grunts at the end.

"Well, sir, at that, a cow and a calf came rushing down through the brush not two hundred yards away from us, and the three bulls went splash into the water, one at the south end, one at the north end, and one on the west shore. 'Lord,' whispers McDonald, 'it's a menagerie!'"

"Dud," said the engineer, getting down to open the furnace door a crack. "This is really that murder yer comin' at; it's a butteyree—or else it's just a park o' bees."

"I give you my word," said Hemmaway, "it's all true as the catobism. But let me go on. The cow and the calf only stayed in the water a few minutes, and then ran back through the woods. But the three bulls went sloshing around in the pond as if they were looking for something. We could hear them, but we could not see any of them, for the sky had clouded up a little, and they kept far away from us. Billy tried another short call, but they did not come any nearer. McDonald whispered that he thought the one in the south end might be the biggest, and he might be feeding, and the two others might be young bulls, and they might be keeping away because they were afraid of the big one. This seemed reasonable, and I said that I was going to crawl around the meadow to the south end. 'Keep near a tree,' says Mac; and I started.

"There was a deep trail, worn by animals, through the high grass; and in this I crept along on my hands and knees. It was very wet and muddy.

My boots were full of cold water. After ten minutes I came to a little point running out into the pond, and one young birch growing on it. Under this I crawled, and rising up on my knees looked over the top of the grass and bushes.

"There, in a shallow bay, standing knee-deep in the water, and resting up the life-stems with his long, pendulous nose, was the biggest and blackest bull moose in the world. As he pulled the logs from the mud and tossed up his dripping head I could see his horns—four and a half feet across, like they were as thick, and the palms shining like huge tea-trays in the moonlight. I tell you, old Silverhorn was the most beautiful monster I ever saw.

"But he was too far away to shoot by the dim light, so I left my birch-tree and crawled along toward the edge of the bay. A breath of wind must have blown across me to him, for he lifted his head, sniffed, grunted, came out of the water, and began to trot slowly along the trail which led past me. I knelt on one knee and tried to take aim. A black cloud came over the moon. I couldn't see either of the sights on the gun. But when the bull came opposite to me, about fifty yards off, I blazed away at a venture.

"He reared straight up on his hind legs—it looked as if he rose fifty feet in the air—whooled, and went wallowing along the trail, around the south end of the pond. In a minute he was lost in the woods. Good-by, Silverhorn!"

"Ye tell it weel," said MacLeod, reaching out for a fresh cigar, "fags! Ah doot Sir Walter himself! couldn't improve upon it. An' see that's the way ye didn't murder poor Silverhorn!" It's a tale I'm joyfu' to be hearin'!"

"Wait a bit," Hemmaway answered. "That's not the end, by a long shot. There's worse to follow. The next mornin' we returned to the pond at day-break, for McDonald thought I might have wounded the moose. We searched

the bushes and the woods where he went out very carefully, looking for drops of blood on his trail."

"Blind!" groaned the engineer. "Heck, men, wouldn't that come right to make 'ye greet, to find the beast's red blood splashed over the leaves, and think o' him staggein' on thro' the forest, drippin' the heart out o' him wi' every step!"

"But we didn't find any blood, you old sentimentalist. That shot in the dark was a clean miss. We followed the trail by broken bushes and footprints for half a mile and then came back to the pond and turned to go down through the edge of the woods to the camp.

"It was just after sunrise. I was walking a few yards ahead, McDonald next, and Billy last. Suddenly he looked around to the left, gave a low whistle, and dropped to the ground, pointing northward. Away at the head of the pond, beyond the glitter of the sun on the water, the big blackness of Silverhorn's head and body was pushing through the bushes, slipping with dew.

"Each of us flopped down behind the nearest shrub as if we had been playing sniping. Billy had the birch-bark horn with him, and he gave a low, short call. Silverhorn heard it, turned, and came paddling slowly down the western shore, now on the sand-beach, now splashing through the shallow water. We could see every motion and hear every sound. He marched along as if he owned the earth, swinging his huge head from side to side and grunting at each step.

"You see, we were just in the edge of the woods, strung along the south end of the pond. Billy nearest the west shore, where the moose was walking. McDonald next, and I last, perhaps fifteen yards farther to the east. It was a fool arrangement, but we had no time to think about it. McDonald whispered that I should wait until the moose came close to us and stopped.

"So I waited. I could see him swinging along the sand and step out around the fallen logs. The nearer he came the bigger his horns looked; each palm was like an enormous silver fish-fork with twenty prongs. Then he went out of my sight for a minute as he passed around a little bay in the southwest corner, getting nearer and nearer to Billy. But I could still hear his steps distinctly—slosh, slosh, slosh — thud, thud, thud (the grunting had stopped)—closer came the sound, until it was directly behind the dense green branches of a fallen balsam-tree, not twenty feet away from Billy. Then suddenly the noise ceased. I could hear my own heart pounding at my ribs, but nothing else. And of Silverhorns not a hair nor hide was visible. It looked as if he must be a Boojum, and had the power to —"

"Robbie and silently vanish away."

"Billy and Mac were beckoning to me fervently and pointing to the green balsam-top. I gripped my rifle and started to creep toward them. A little twig about as thick as the tip of a fishing-rod cracked under my knee. There was a terrible crash behind the balsam, a plunging through the underbrush and a rattling among the branches, a lumbering gallop up the hill through the forest, and Silverhorns was gone into the invisible.

"He had stopped behind the tree because he settled the grown on Billy's boots. As he stood there, beating, Billy and Mac could see his shoulder and his side through the gap in the branches — a dead easy shot. But so far as I was concerned he might as well have been in Alaska. I told you that the way we had placed ourselves was a fool arrangement. But McDonald would not say anything about it, except to express his conviction that it was not predestinated we should get that moose."

"Ah didn't ken an' Rob had one much theology about him," commented McLeod. "But now I'm thinkin' ye went back to yer main camp, an' lat pair Silverhorns live out his life?"

"Not much, did we? For now we

knew that he wasn't badly frightened by the adventure of the night before, and that we might get another chance at him. In the afternoon it began to rain, and it poured for forty-eight hours. We covered in our shelter before a smoky fire, and lived on short rations of crackers and dried prunes—it was a hungry time."

"But wassa there slathers o' food at the main camp? Ory fide wad ken enough to gae down to the river an' tak' a gude fill-up."

"But that wasn't what we wanted. It was Silverhorns. Billy and I made McDonald star, and Thursday afternoon, when the clouds broke away, we went back to the pond to have a last try at harrying our luck."

"This time we took our positions with great care, among some small spruces on a point that ran out from the south-east margin. I was farthest to the west, McDonald (who had brought his gun) was next, Billy, with the horn, was farthest away from the point where he thought the moose would come out. So Billy began to call, very beautifully. The long echoes went howling over the hills. The afternoon was still, and the setting sun shone through a light mist, like a ball of red gold."

"Fifteen minutes after sundown Silverhorns gave a loud bawl from the western ridge and came crashing down the hill. He cleared the bushes two or three hundred yards to our left with a leap, rushed into the pond, and came wading around the south shore toward us. The bank here was rather high, perhaps four feet above the water, and the mud below it was deep, so that the moose sank in up to his knees. I gave you my word, as he came along there was nothing visible to Mac and me except his ears and horns. Everything else was hidden below the bank."

"There we were behind our little spruce trees, and there was Silverhorns, standing still now, right in front of us. And all that Mac and I could see were those big ears and those magnificent antlers appearing and disappearing as he lifted and lowered his head. It was a fearful situation. And there was Billy, with his birch bark

booster, forty yards below us—he could see the moose perfectly.

"I looked at Mac, and he looked at me. His whispered something about predestination. Then Billy lifted his horn and made ready to give a little soft grunt, to see if the moose wouldn't move along a bit, just to oblige us. But as Billy drew in his breath, one of those tiny fool flies that are always blundering around a man's face, flew straight down his throat. Instead of a call he burst out with a furious, strangling fit of coughing. The moose gave a start, and a wild leap in the water, and galloped away under the bank, the way he had come. Mac and I both fired at his vanishing ears and horns, but of course—"

"All aboard!" the conductor's shout rang along the platform.

"Line's clear," exclaimed McLeod, rising. "Now we'll be off! Well ye stay here wi' me, or gang back to yer bed?"

"Huz," answered Homenway, not budging from his place on the bench.

The bell clanged, and the powerful machine pulled out on its flaring way through the night. Faster and faster came the big explosive branches, until they blundered in a long steady roar, and the train was speeding northward at forty miles an hour. The clouds had broken, the night had grown colder, the gibbous moon gleamed over the vast and solitary landscape. It was a different thing to Homenway, riding in the cab of the locomotive from an ordinary journey in the passenger-car, or as an unconscious ride in the sleeper. Here he was on the crest of motion, at the forefront of speed, and the quivering engine with the long train behind it seemed like a living creature creeping along the track. It responded to the labor of the fireman and the touch of the engineer almost as if it could think and feel. Its pace quickened without a var. Its great eyes peered the silvery space of moonlight with a shaft of blazing yellow; the rails sang before it and trembled behind it; it was an obedient and jovial monster, conquering distance and devouring darkness.

On the wide level barrens beyond the Tetra-Gurche River the locomotive reached its best speed, purring like a huge cat and running smoothly. McLeod leaned back on his bench with a satisfied air.

"She's doin' fine, the night," said he. "Ah'm thinkin', whiles, o' yer auld Silverhorns. Wham is he noo? Awa' up on Hagen's Pond, gallantin' around 't the light o' the mune wi' a budy moose, an' the gladness juist bubblin' in his heart. Ye're no' sorry that he's leavin' yet, are ye, Dad?"

"Well," answered Homenway slowly, between the puffs of his pipe, "I can't say that I'm sorry that he's alive and happy, though I'm not glad that I lost him. But he did his best, the old rump, he played a good game, and he deserved to win. Where he is now nobody can tell. He was traveling like a streak of lightning when I last saw him. By this time he may be—"

"What's aye he?" cried McLeod, springing up. Far ahead in the narrow apex of the converging rails, stood a black form, motionless, mysterious. McLeod grasped the whistle-rope. The black form loomed higher in the moonlight and was clearly silhouetted against the horizon—a big moose standing across the track. They could see his grotesque head, his shaggy horns, his high-sloping shoulders. The engineer pulled the cord. The whistle shrieked loud and long.

The moose turned and faced the sound. The glare of the headlight fascinated, challenged, angered him. There he stood defiant, front feet planted wide apart, head lowered, gazing steadily at the unknown enemy that was rushing toward him. He was the monarch of the wilderness. There was nothing in the world that he feared, except those strange-scenting little beasts on two legs who crept around through the woods and shot fire out of sticks. This was surely not one of those treacherous animals, but some strange new creature that dared to shake at him and try to drive him out of its way. He would not move. He would try his strength against this big leg-loved beast.

"Look!" cried McLeod; "he's gawn to fecht me!" and he dropped the cord, grabbed the levers, and threw the steam off and the brakes on hard. The heavy train slid groaning and jarring along the track. The moose never stirred. The fire smouldered in his small, narrow eyes. His black coat was writhing. As the engine bore down upon him, now a rod away, he reared high in the air, his antlers flashing in the blaze, and struck full at the headlight with his immense fore feet. There was a shattering of glass, a crash, a heavy shock, and the train slid on through the darkness, lit only by the moon.

Thirty or forty yards beyond, the locomotive was exhausted and the engine

came to a stop. Hemenway and McLeod clambered down and ran back, with the other trainmen and a few of the passengers. The moose was lying in the ditch beside the track, stone dead and frightfully shattered. But the great head and the vast, spreading antlers were intact.

"Seslver-horns, were enough!" said McLeod, bending over him. "He was crossin' frine the Napissigut to the Jacques; but he didna get across. Well, Oud, are ye glad? Ye hae kilt ye first moose!"

"Yes," said Hemenway, "it's my first moose, and it's your first moose. And I think it's my last! Ye gods, what a fighter!"

England's Perpetual War with the Sea

FROM THE NEWS

Great swatches of England's coast are being encroached upon the water, large cities have vanished. A Royal Commission has been appointed to consider the problem of protecting the territory.

BRITAIN may be mistress of the waves, but they make tremendous toll of her territory every year. For hundreds of miles along the English coasts are buried once prosperous towns and villages, and forests wherein once roamed red deer.

The line of anchorage for ships off Selsey, in Sussex, is still called the Park by mariners ignorant of the term's origin. In Henry VIII's reign it was full of stags, does and fawns, and for poaching in these royal preserves an archbishop once excommunicated several deer slayers.

In Yorkshire alone there are no fewer than twelve buried towns and villages. In the county of Suffolk there are at least five, and at many points on the south coast, like Boshill, the remains of submerged forests are plainly visible at low water.

But it is Cornwall that has lost most in the ceaseless battle with the sea. According to a survey made in the reign of Edward I. the duchy contained 1,590,000 acres, by 1760 the Parliamentary Reports gave it only 960,000 acres; and

the latest Ordnance Survey gives Cornwall but 520,000 acres.

To the westward of Land's End, and between there and the Scilly Isles lies the lost land of Lyonesse. But more striking than figures, history or tradition is the evidence of the Cornish coasts themselves at low tide.

Thus beneath the sand of Mount's Bay is a deposit of black mould in which may be discovered the remnants of leaves, nuts, branches and trunks of trees. And the remains of red deer may be traced seaward as far as the cliff allows. The chronicler Leland states that the district between Land's End and the Scilly Islands, now covered by the Atlantic, once contained 140 parish churches and villages.

As to Wales, Prof. A. G. Hamay says: "More land has gone in the principality than now remains above the sea level." Formerly from the Ribble to the Dee and from an unknown distance seaward up the valley of these rivers the country was clothed with trees. But all this land has now disappeared and the sea appears greedy for more.

At Leasowes Castle, in the Wirral district of Cheshire, the sea a century ago was more than a mile from the castle walls. But to-day, were it not for the masonry embankment of the castle, the waves would sweep right over it.

Great submerged forests occur at intervals all around the English coasts from the great bight between Wales and Scotland, the Bristol Channel, the coasts of Cornwall, Devon and the Isle of Wight, and also from Selsey, in Sussex, to Holderness, in Yorkshire.

In the last named county the losses in modern times have been especially severe. Thus Englishmen of to-day look in vain for the lost city of Ravenshoe. It was at this seaport that Henry IV. landed in 1399, as Shakespeare notices.

This lost city sent two members to Parliament and was a bigger and more important place than the city of Hull is to-day. But with it disappeared many other villages and a large tract of territory in the Holderness district.

Once fertile and populous land is being destroyed at a great rate from Spurn Head to Bridlington. One-half of the ancient church of Kilsnoe disappeared in 1826, and the rest of it five years later; the town itself had gone long ago under the waves.

Aldborough Church has been destroyed, the Castle of Grimsby has vanished. Mableton Church, now topping on the cliff, was formerly two miles inland.

Skewness, in Lincolnshire, was at one time an important town, with a fortified castle and immense churches, but that city is now lost among the breakers and castle, church, market place and streets lie fathoms deep in the North Sea.

So recently as 1796 the remains of a forest were visible along the entire coast from Skewness to Grimsby. As to the Norfolk country, enormous havoc has been wrought in the Cromer district. Here an old salt wall stretches a tanned forefinger to the northward, indicating in the far distance a solitary upstanding rock lashed by the waves. "Yonder is old Cromer Church," he will say,

"which used to be in the middle of the town."

A little farther along the cliffs the old church of Sikestrand, now deserted hangs on the very lip of a precipice, all but swallowed up in the ocean. Not perhaps the most notable case is that of the city of Danvers, the ancient capital of East Anglia, which boasted early churches and a town.

It furnished forty ships to Henry III. and a forest lay between the town and the cliffs. Robert, Earl of Leicester, was appalled by the strength of Danvers, which became the seat of the principal see of all Eastern Anglia.

The engulfing of this city forms a strange story. In Edward II.'s reign 400 considerable houses were swallowed up, and between 1551 and 1600 four churches disappeared in the waves. In 1607 combbers lapped their way into the market place, and in 1703 the towering St. Peter's Church collapsed into the sea.

It is no wonder therefore that a royal commission on coast erosion should have been appointed by the Government to inquire into the encroachment of the sea and adopt measures of defense. The statistics of the Ordnance Survey show that every year England loses by marine erosion alone a tract of land equal in size to the Rock of Gibraltar, and on the east coast land is lost equal to the island of Heligoland.

All the coast towns spend annually hundreds of thousands of dollars fighting the irresistible enemy, especially the more populous resorts whose prosperity is threatened. One December night the Kentish town of Margate was almost gounded to pieces, and damage done to the extent of \$900,000.

These were falls of cliff in the eastern portion of the town; promontories were carried away and overhanging hotels left in an uninhabitable condition. On the petty iron walls and staircases were bent and twisted, and enormous masses of concrete and stone torn from the defensive works and partially were dragged out to sea.

At Horns Hill, in Kent, a few weeks ago, the sea promenade, more than a mile long, and the roadway above it,

were completely torn and destroyed, and in one small section of the town, \$50,000 damage was done to municipal property.

It is strange to find an island town fast passing out to sea entirely helpless and with valuable land marked out for destruction. Great efforts have been made to save threatened territory in the little Kentish town of Sandgate, near Dover, where a battle between the sea and civil engineers has been in progress for centuries.

Col. Hellard, Director General of the Ordnance Survey, has told the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion that within the last decade or two the country of Sussex alone has lost \$74 acres. The cliffs at Rottlingdean, where Kipling lives, are forever crumbling and falling.

In one spot land worth \$700 an acre was swept away in half mile slices and that for a depth of more than 100 feet inland. It is problems like these that the royal commission has to face.

Some Truths About Christian Science

BY WILLIAM "MAC"

Christian Science as being truly divine is the principal point of this article. Both sides of the argument have been widely discussed. However one views it, few fail to find it the most of this century.

THE Japanese student after first reading a volume of Shakespeare exclaimed at finding another giant vent to ideas similar to his own.

Anyone attempting to touch upon any phase of the subject of Christian Science and its influence on the world to-day will find himself treading upon ground where many others have walked before; for the question is of vital and compelling interest, as we daily come in contact with its adherents and are forced to doff the hat of respect before the sweeping demonstrations of good over evil; of right, clean living over a false sense of pleasure in sin and its attendant miseries.

The object of this article is not to republish the writings of others, but to state simply and concisely reliable facts which have come under the direct knowledge of the writer, and, if possible, remove some of the erroneous misconceptions that have arisen through false and uncharitable reports.

Macdonald says: "There is no poetry in that which is not true." The truth about anything is all there is to it anyway, but as Goethe states: "It rattles men that truth should be so simple."

Fuschach also adds a home thrust to the quote when he remarks: "The plainer truths are those precisely upon which men hit least of all." The only thing there is to know about Christian Science is the truth about it, and that certainly will not hurt anybody. To avoid the subject as a plagues because our antiquated forefathers dabbled in chemistry and looked to the ground for herbs with unpronounceable names, is phobian. Striving to find relief from the effects of sin in lifeless corrections of mental mind, instead of looking to the One Mind which rules the universe, is only to sink deeper in the mire of ignorance and to nip in the bud the flower of progress.

An unbiased perusal of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's remarkable book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," and the privilege of being an eye-witness and a receiver of the benefits conferred upon those who test its merits, has amply proven the efficacy of Christian Science treatment where, in nine cases out of ten, other remedial means have failed. This is convincing proof that the "power be-

hind the throne" of scientific Christianity is God.

Frankly speaking, one reads and hears so much adverse criticism and erroneous upheavals of diabolical denunciation of Christian Science, that it's with a sigh of satisfaction and relief one reaches the conclusion, by personal investigation, that we have not got such a lug-hen of unconventional heterodoxy in our midst after all.

Mistaken conception would even go so far as to suggest the leaning of its doctrine towards Pantheism. The philosophy which originally found credence in the early ages of the Hebrew prophets has undoubtedly found an echo in the literature of every decade, and we read of Carlyle ridiculing Stirling's Pantheism by coining the word Pot-theism. That the narrow confines of the Pantheistic idea could encompass anything so far reaching in its effects as Christian Science is unbelievable. The fact of the matter is Science teaching is directly opposed to this propaganda, and spiritualism, hypnosis, and all the otherisms and ologies, and no lodging in the same temple of knowledge at all. The combination would inevitably result in chemicization.

The speaking faculty in the life of a true Christian Scientist, as compared with that of his non-science brother in the ordinary walks of life, speaks volumes for the cause that produces the effect of practical, every-day righteousness. Truly a being radiating health and happiness is preferable to a scorn-riveted, disgruntled creature, a parody on the real man.

Right into his office and to his desk; right up the dizzy heights of a new building with a host of mortals on his shoulder; right down in the howls of the earth with his pick and shovel; right out on the vast ocean where the seasons toll; yea, and even right behind prison bars (after it has reached him) the Christian Scientist carries his religion with him, and puts into daily prac-

tice his understanding of the teachings of the great Galilean Master who taught the gospel of "Faith by works." Verily a sun-kissed flower, rich and warm and fragrantly healthy, vibrating with wholesome energy, has more potent charms than its puny brother struggling along under the axes of the gloomy structure of doubt and fear, erected by the hands of men. Honest, clean, upright men and women permeating their surroundings with an atmosphere of love and sympathetic understanding, one is led to remember Pope's Universal Prayer:

"Thou Great First Cause best understood
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To bide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

A Christian Scientist would substitute the word *hide* for *bide*, though, believing it kindred to drive the axe at the root of the tree.

Alarming, varied, and oft-times confusing have been the conclusions arrived at by ancient and modern philosophers regarding the relationship of God to man, and the soul to the body. The learned philosopher John Clark thought there was a third substance, which, being acted on by the soul, transferred the impulse to the body, and vice versa, without being conscious of its own act.

Malebranche thought God to be the efficient cause of everything; i.e., any act of the mind is followed by God causing a corresponding motion of the body, and vice versa, so that man has no real connection between them. This was termed the system of Occasional Cause, and was pretty widely believed throughout France. In the Occasionalistic theory there is no union of body and soul.

Leibnitz thought that God established a harmony between the soul and body as of a succession of causes that, oc-

responding to all the motions of the body are perceptions of the soul, both infinite, any prearranged action of the soul has a prearranged movement of the body. He thought that *no substance could act on itself.*

Plato placed the soul in the head; Aristotle in the back of the neck; others in the heart, etc. St. Augustine stated the soul was one in essence but multiple in virtue, in the whole body according to the whole of its essence but not according to the whole of its powers.

Not one of these theories, old or new, have succeeded in releasing man from his servitude. Through all the ages of human longing in ethereal channels of research, no convincing understanding of our true relationship to God, or satisfying consciousness of our real identity, has reached the hungry heart of mankind. True, there have been innumerable rays of light thrown on the dark path of our future by noble men and women who have given their lives to the enlightening of the human conception of Deity. Were we permitted to rummage amongst the dusty manuscripts of oriental antiquity we could doubtless stand aghast at the myriad doctrines propounded by those whom we have every reason to believe were in advance of our own day as far as original thinking was concerned.

Into this cosmopolitan era comes a revelation called the Science of Christianity, maintaining that divine Mind is the soul, that Mind rules the universe and all is Love. Life, Truth, because God is all in all, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omnipresent. A doctrine with such sweeping claims, such unprecedented getting away from antediluvian spoon-theories, if promulgated in other ages would have been survived by current literature if not by disciples. That this is its initial entrance in the arena of this scene of action since the days when Jesus fed the hungry and healed the sick is evident, and the term of

authentic revival of Christ's mode of teaching is applicable.

In an age where turmoil, avariciousness, and a desire for personal supremacy reigns, comes a bugle-call to arms, to rescue ourselves from the lethargy of sensual indolence and apathy, and to be about our Father's business. To many, the call of the bugle awakens old memories freighted with the dewy freshness of youth's soul availing which the majority of us have at some time experienced, but, alas, the world and its affairs stepped in and we became walking nonentities amidst the seething vortex of spiritually indifferent men and women. The instinctive desire for freedom from physical and mental ailments, from bondage to sin and disease, is aroused by this bugle-call and we are led to investigate. Some join the army of seekers and march forward in the rank and file of those searching for truth, while others turn away to sneer and jeer because the uniform is not the one worn by their esteemed ancestors, and others because the battle to be fought is the battle of self-renunciation. Hand to hand encounters with error are daily being waged by thousands of brave warriors who are manipulating the sword of Truth as directed by divine Love, and they are not only gaining a victory for themselves, but are helping others by freeing them from the chains of a belief in sickness and sin.

Simple, conclusive and practical is the teaching of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy in her text-book. Here is the Scientific Statement of Being that forms the basis of the Christian Science belief: "There is no life, truth, intelligence or substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All in all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness. Man is not material. He is spiritual."

Mrs. Eddy in "Retrospection and Introspection" says: "If the religion of to-day is constituted of such elements as of old ruled Christ out of the synagogues it will continue to avoid whatever follows the example of our Lord and prefers Christ to creed," and again she writes: "Christian Science raises men from a material sense into the spiritual understanding of scientific demonstration of God." "Error is unreal because untrue—that which seems to be and is not."

If Christian Science has done nothing else for humanity, it deserves an honored place, for it has lifted the loadstone of fear from off the shoulders of thousands of people. The utter elimination of this happiness destroyer, this slave master, that for centuries has ruled the actions and enslaved the possibilities of mankind has transpired. This monarch of ill has at last received a shaking on his stronghold of man's ignorant credulity, and, with some at least, his fiery darts enter not, but glance off on the shield of Truth. Christian Scientists are ashamed in "the whole armor of God." What do we not fear? Every little draft, wet feet—when we do not hesitate to bathe them every morning—every venture into new fields. In short, we are slaves to fear, when we are told in 2 Tim. 3:7, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." Science teaches that there is nothing to fear to those who walk uprightly. Certain it is that Christian Scientists appear to be a most self-reliant, fearless people, because they rely wholly on the Originator of all.

Noticeable among true scientists is the lack of any attempt at proselytizing. They possess a knowledge, an understanding of man's unity with the Father that means more than all the world to them. It's a vital and sacred subject, and derivative curiosity they will not cater to. On the other hand, when

our approaches them from the standpoint of earnest desire to know, they do not hesitate to patiently and gently point out the way, teaching others what they themselves have found to be true, that there is a practical redemption from the evils that afflict mankind right here and now. It is significant to note what Browning says in his "An Epistle"—

"So here—we call the treasure knowledge, say,

Increased beyond the fleshly faculty, Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth."

To attend a Christian Science service and witness hundreds of heads bowed in silent prayer is impressive, and when the Lord's Prayer rises spontaneously from the serious hearts of these thinking and intelligent men and women it would seem to make the deepest-dyed atheist pause in his self-satisfied passage through life. Arrested by the sovereignty of Truth, he may stay to learn a new lesson of what a scientific understanding of, and a radical reliance on, divine Principle can reveal.

Through the medium of a woman thus reorienting science of Christianity has attained a position amongst the religions of the world that must be acknowledged phenomenal considering its recent inception, and quickly and inclusively its truth-dealing effects are reaching out and touching the four corners of the realm.

The dignified and patient silence of this remarkable woman, Mrs. Eddy, while false statements are published broadcast in some of our newspapers and periodicals, surely affords ample proof of the possibility of seeing only the good, the true, in everything. The future years will ring with her praises and her followers will assuredly realize the truth of Browning's—

"As by each new obedience in spirit,
I climb to His feet."

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. □ □ □

AMERICAN.

Following the Color Line.
An Error in Estimates.
We and Our Daughters.
At Last We Can Fly.
Adventures in Contentment.

AMERICAN MONTHLY.

The Jamestown Fair.
Why We Need the Immigrant.
Saving the Western Coal Lands.
The Government at Work.
Municipal Ownership in Germany.
Savings-Bank Life Insurance.
The Japanese Question.

APPLETON'S.

Oklahoma: The Coming of the White Man.
Oklahoma: To-day and To-morrow.
Oklahoma: The Fight for Statehood.
The Truth About the Italian Immigrant.
The Riddle of Personality.

ARGOSY.

The Sheriff of Broken Bow.
Franky, the Cock of Coeks.
A Lie in the Way.
The Counterfeit Note.
An Escape from the Frying Pan.
Why Wheels Grow Hoofs.
Shiftless Sam, Deserter.

ATLANTIC.

The Ideal Teacher.
The New Tariff Era.

The Lesson of the French Revolution.
Byron in Our Day.

BADMINTON.

The Well in France.
The Playing Fields of Our Public Schools.
Through the Malay Jungle.
Sportsmen of Mark — The Earl of Coventry.
Vermis in the Game Preserves.

BOATING.

The Auxiliary Sailing Yacht.
The Relationship of Speed and Power.
The Power Tender.
A Southern Sailor's Opinion of the Motor.
The Present and Future of the Marine Engine.
The Lake Worth Motor Boat Carnival.

CANADA FIRST.

The Beginnings of the Soc.
Great Opportunities in Canada.
Is Canada Going Too Fast?
Canada's Submarine Coal Mines.
Lord Rosebery on Modern Problems.

CANADIAN.

The Eccentricities of Genoa.
The Awakening of Spring.
Swede Girls for Canadian Homes.
Worry, Drugs, and Drink.
Indian Totem—"Woodpecker."

CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

Spraying Solutions and How They are Made.
Hardy Fruits for the North.
Timely Topics for Amateur Gardeners.
A Garden of Old-Fashioned Perennial Flowers.
Mixing and Operating a Hothed.
Insect Pests in the Home Greenhouse.

CASSIER'S.

The Great Falls of Ygusa on the Paraná.
The Electrical Power Supply of London.
Modern Gear-Cutting Machinery.
Reinforced Concrete Construction for the Power House.
Gas Power for Electric Traction.
The Packing of Machinery for Export.
The Coming of Age of Electrical Engineering.

CENTURY.

The Cathedral Where Kings Were Made—Rheims.
Long-Feathered Fowls of Japan.
Color Blindness.
The Shuttle.
"Come and Find Me."
Sam and Rags With the River Show.

CHAMBERS'S.

Recent Criticism of Scott.
John Chinaman and His Secret Societies.
A Gigantic Irrigation Scheme.
An Irish Parallel to the Massacre of Glencoe.
Boxers Ayres.
The Charns of Shakespeare's Country.
The German Navy at Home.
Some Wonders of Medicine and Surgery.

COLLIER'S.

Feb. 23.—The New British Ambassador, by Percival Gibbon; When Shall We Fly? by Israel Lullow; The Ends of the Earth, by Raymond M. Alden; A River Run Amuck.
March 2.—Harriman at Close Range; A Diplomat's First Dip; The Other Americans; The Fight for Public Domain.

March 9.—The Army Takes Charge; North Dakota's Coal Problem; The Big One; Plays of the Month.

March 16.—The Bullfighters, Chicago's Possible Nigama; Some Smaller "Jungles"; The Jamestown Tercentennial.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The State Children of Hungary.
Possibilities in Army Reform.
Higher Criticism and the Kera.
The German Elections and After.
The Stock Exchange and the Public.
The Future of the Volunteers.

CORNHILL.

Some Military Memories of Sir Archibald Alison.
The Volspeide Entertainers.
The Courts at Westminster.
Electric Waves and Wireless Telegraphy.
Marlborough and Bevernack.
The Land of Might-have-been.

COSMOPOLITAN.

Portraiture and Fashion.
The Perils of Marine Photography.
The Men Behind the Pool-rooms.
The Climax of Jackson's Career.
Naxos and Some Others.
Running Away From Life.

CRAFTSMAN.

Is America Selling Her Brightness in Art for a Mass of Footage?
Moral Effect of the Tourist Upon the Native.
The Destruction of Our Indians.
Evolution of Museums in England and America.
A Protest Against Fear.

ECCLESIO.

Jamestown, a Militant Birthday.
The Case for Porto Rico.
The British Protectorate in East Africa.
The Hohenlohe Memoirs.
The Pope and France.

EDUCATION.

The Academic Value of College Athletics.

The Educational and Practical Value of Arithmetic.
The Place of Israelitish History in a System of Education.
Some Practical Suggestions Towards a Programme of Ethical Teaching in Our Schools.
Unfortunates and Their Treatment.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

The Depopulation of Ireland.
The Army and the Empire.
Memories of Macmillan.
Old Age Pensions.
Indian and Colonial Investments.
An Educational Conference.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The Romance of Durham Cathedral.
The Weavers of Lyons.
Tealington. A Devonian Art Colony.
The London Stage.
Some English Portraits and Memories in Florence.
A Visit to Never-never Land.

EVERYBODY'S

Romance of Success. James J. Hill.
Builder of the Northwest Empire.
The City of New Orleans.
The Fight at Tonopah.
The Growing Railway Death Roll.
Master Artists of the Piano.

FORE-'N'-AFT.

The National Motor Boat Show.
Advice on Fuel Supply and Lubrication.
San Pedro, the Yachting Centre of Southern California.
Gauntlett's Stormy Trip to Bermuda.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Imperial Democracy and Socialist Revision.
Twenty Years at the House of Shelter.
Through the German General Election.
The Government and the Congo Free State.
The Peers and King William the Fourth.

GARDEN.

Trees and Shrubs that Bloom Before the Leaves.
Up-to-date Remedies for Insect and Fungus Pests.

Restoring a Run-down Lawn.
The Best Grapes for Home Use.
Show hot Sure Asparagus Culture.
Bulbs for April Planting.

GENTLEMAN'S.

Centenary of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
The Parting of the Ways.
Francis Bacon at the Bar of History.
Among the Head-Hunters of New Georgia.
The Celtic Year.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

The Snows of the Nile.
The Seychelles Archipelago.
Nine Years' Survey and Exploration in Northern and Central China.
Notes on a Journey Through the Western Himalaya.
Commercial Mission to Southeastern Persia.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

A Study in Teapots.
A Cat Farm With a Mission.
Happiness and Health.
The Story of a Famous Violinist.
The Domestic Treasury.
A Co-operation Farm.

GRAND.

Confessions of a Chartered Accountant.
Employers' Liability.
Moozafar-Eddin Khan.
The King's Parliamentary Reporter.
Inexplicable Incidents.

HARPER'S.

Nearest the North Pole.
Cruising on the Gulf of Florida.
The Intelligence of Flowers.
Decisive Battles of the Law.
Exercises and its Dangers.
A Forgotten Capital of the Orient.

HOME.

That Promised Seven Billion.
Diplomats in Petticoats.
Some Good Decorative Shrubs.
The Garden Possibilities of a City Lot.
Building With Concrete.

HOMES AND GARDENS.

Notable American Homes.
"Which Wood," a Cottage Designed With an Artistic Purpose.
The Kitchen Furniture.
Two Modern Houses.
Life on an Olive Ranch.
The Flower Doctor.

HOUSE AND GARDEN.

To Paint the Landscape O'ft.
An Artist's Home.
The Herb Garden.
Biding Plants.
The Small House Which is Good.
A Landscape Garden on a Small Scale.
The Garden of Hardy Flowers.

IDLER.

The Gift of Pity.
The Affair at San Huesca.
His Dreadful Errand.
The Idler in Arroyo.
The Land Where Queen Victoria Reigns.
Round About Cairo.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

The Collection of Mr. Alexander Young.
Professor Moir's Recent Mural Decorations.
American Sculpture of To-day.
Some New Porcelain by the Royal Saxon Factory at Meissen.
The First Annual Exhibition of the German Gallery of Art.

IRISH MONTHLY.

The Call of the Spring.
The Happiest Time of Life.
A Lesson for Us at Home.
Dr. Joseph's Discipline.
A Few Thoughts.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

Isben and His Ism.
Easter Time in Rome.
Love's Undertow.
Why Rollins Went to Samarra.
A Prisoner of the Ground.
The Night Blooming Millers.
An Accident.
A Cavalier of Fire.

LONDON.

American Girls in London Society.
Humor and Art in England.
The Locum Tenens.
State of the Concert Platform.
The Mysterious Mr. Urquhart.
Léve Stories, Grave and Gay.

M'CLURE'S.

What We Know About Mary.
Mary Baker G. Eddy.
The Great American Question.
The Colonizing of Kansas.

METROPOLITAN.

The Mexican War.
The Chinese Army.
The Winter at Stoen's Lock.
Lucas and Andrea Della Robbia.
The New Criminal.
The High Treason of the District Attorney.
The Poet and the Emperor.

MOODY'S.

The Money Market.
Canada's Elastic Currency.
Los Angeles' Proposed Water Supply.
Black Signals and Safe Railway Operation.
Germany's Unprecedented Prosperity.

NATIONAL.

Homes of Longfellow.
The Jamestown Exposition.
Affairs at Washington.
Problems in Municipal Economics.
The Sunny Southwest—A Land of Opportunity.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Memories of a Southern Farm.
The Art of Longfellow.
Indian Discontent.
Causes of Earthquakes.
The Constitution and Popular Liberty.
Our Trade Relations With South America.

OUT WEST.

The Reconstruction of San Francisco.
The Japanese Problem in California.
Orleans Indian Legends.

The Man who Found His Tombstone.
Flagstaff, Arizona.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Mardi Gras Days and the Mardi Gras City.

Winter Motoring in California.

Hints on London for American Tourists.
The University and the Working Class.
Unwritten Epics.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The Japanese Question.

The Story of the Shasta Route.

How Oregon Got the Initiative and the Referendum.

A-Birding in the Olympics.
Fishing in the World's New God Banks.
Western Affairs at Washington.

PEARSON'S (American).

A New Death-Craft of the Under-Sea.
The Hugeness of New York.

Reporting the Great Murder Trial.

The Hero and Master of Asia.

The Mystery of a Billion Dollars.

PEARSON'S (English).

The Mirror in Art.

Vault of the Islands.

The Tunnel Terror.

Blackening Brush Pictures.

White Lilies.

The Letter-Box at the Marine Hotel.

March Many-Weather.

The Study of Vibration.

PEOPLE'S.

The Code of the Red Hills.

The Triumphs of Treix.

The Closed Windows.

Cupid, Cash and Crores.

The Englishman's Wager.

The Cowboy, the Lord, and the Rope.

Depicting a Popular Political Boss.

POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.

The Alien Contract Labor Law.

The Concentration of German Banking.

The Philippines and the Filipinos.

The Variability of Wages.

British Colonial Policy.

POPULAR.

Colverts of Conspiracy.

A Red, Red Trail

The Man Who Was Dead.

The Conscience of James Collins.

The Faintest Heires.

Strange Cases of a Medical Free Lance.

McTavish the Spender.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

Abraham Lincoln.

The Laurentian Library.

Blindness.

The Countess of Pucop.

Antonio Fogazzaro.

The Great Duke—Wellington.

Literary New York in the Sixties.

READER.

Caracas, Capital of Venezuela.

The Sun.

Half a Rogue.

The Revolt of Caliban.

The Disciple of a Deceit.

The Port of Missing Men.

RED BOOK.

The Empty Box.

The Rectilinear Celerator.

The Yemaster.

Sun-in-Hand.

The Thousandth Whale.

A Napoleon of the Utes.

ROD AND GUN

And Metic Spots in Canada.

Game and Bird Life in Saskatchewan.

Wolves and Their Destruction.

Exploring Northern Ontario.

Destruction of Game Birds in Alaska;

President Roosevelt Interested.

ROYAL.

From the Stalls.

The Quest of Paul Beck.

A Day in the Life of a Monk.

A Romance of Highgate Hill.

Wanted—A Hunting Box.

Real Life Romances.

A Beagle's Diary.

Survivors' Tales of Great Events.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Feb. 18.—Limiting Opportunities, by

Jos. H. Collins: The Bible as Good

Reading, by Senator A. J. Beveridge;

Health Laws of the Jews, by S. Solie-

Cohen, M.D.; Ellen Terry, Chateausse,
by Francis Benjamin Johnston.

Feb. 13.—The Mayor of Cleveland, by
David Whitlock; Swollen Fortunes,
by W. Irvine; The Diary of Della, by
G. Watsens.

March 2.—A Judge Who Found the
Remedy; The Numismatist; A Middle-
Aged Business Man's Health; The
Senator's Secretary; Over the Wire.

March 16.—Hughes, a Potential Presi-
dent; The Man Who Lives on His
Nerves; Cobalt, the Golden of the
North; The Last Contract.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

Feb. 9.—Germany After the Elections;
Transvaal for the Boers; Lord Goschen;
Some Memories of Gardens;
The Laws of Bridge.

Feb. 16.—The Prologue to Parliament;
Signs of the Second Domain; The
New Hebrides Warms; Inside the
House; Cavalry Jottings; English
Masters at Burlington House.

Feb. 23.—The Re-statement of Tariff
Reform; China and the New Loan-
ing; At the Touch of Spring.

March 2.—Collapse or Companion; To
the Conquered the Spoils; The Ger-
man Programme; Harkin and the
Public; Old Booby—New Buildings,
New Ways; The Careless Children.

March 9.—A Ship of the Pen; Admiralty
Policy; Mr. Haldane's Plan; The
Rent and the Reform; Employers'
Liability Insurance Companies' Bill;
A Complaint Against London; Bird
Life at the Land's End.

SCHENNER'S.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
Impressions of Contemporary France.
The Open Door in Manchuria.
Winter Gardens.

Scenes from Early Irish History.

SMITH'S.

The Civic Federation and What it Does.
The Personality of Margaret Anglin.
The Counterfeit Ten Million.
The Art of Bryson Burroughs.

SPECTATOR.

Feb. 9.—Hans Rule and Revolution;
The Political Struggle on the Continent;
The Progress of Postage Stamps.

Feb. 16.—The Government, the Lords,
and the Country; Lord Charles Darnley
and the Channel Fleet; Church
and State in France; Lord Goschen;
War Correspondence, Past and Present;
The Power of Suggestion; February
in the Woods.

Feb. 23.—The Government and the
House of Lords; The Transvaal Elec-
tions; Home Defense; The Needs of
Cambridge; The Ethics of the Poor.

March 2.—Mr. Lindhams' Army Propo-
sal; The Liberts, Free Trade, and
the Budget Election; The New Tri-
ennial Government; Disestablishment;
Ambition in Politics; Dreams of the
Bible.

March 9.—A Parliament for Egypt;
The London County Council Elec-
tions; The Prime Ministers on the La-
mentations of Attendants; Channel
Tunnel or Channel Ferry; The House
of Commons and Mr. Marks; The
Poet and the People; Beds and the
Weather.

SUBURBAN LIFE.

Why I Close a Suburban Home.
Rabbits as Pets.

The Motor Car in the Suburbs.
Give the Children a Garden.
The Forgotten Art of Walking.
Adapting the Italian Pergola to Ameri-
can Ideas.

Ten Ways to Improve Property.
Keeping a T.ist with Spring-time.

SUCCESS.

The Dreyfus Affair.
The People's Lobby.
What Are Earthquakes?
How to Live a Century.
Hints to Investors.
What We Owe to Dreamers.

TECHNICAL LIFE.

How Railroad Wreckers Work.
Cutting Steel by Electricity.

Sunlight Made to Order.
From Sheet Metal to Bath-Tub in Six
Minutes.

New Army Pistol that Loads Itself.
To Save the World from Famine.

THE ARENA.

The Growth of the Slum in Our Cities.
The State Owned Railways of Germany.
Mr. Bryan's Mistake.
Jamaica the Fair and Unfortunate.
The Present Status of Our Civil Ser-
vice.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Mr. Haldane's Army Scheme.
The Revolt Against Mr. Roosevelt.
The Coming of the Flying Machine.
The Speech from the Throne.
Mind and Matter.

THE WORLD'S WORK (American).

A Thousand Men Against a River.
Hawaii, the Cross Roads of the Pacific.
A Balloon Trip Over the English Chan-
nel.

Lord Strathcona.

Russia as Seen in its Fa-mers.
The Japanese in California.
Secrets of Business Success

TRAVEL.

Bermuda the Winter Haven of Lovers
of the Sea.

Two Months Ashore at India.
Ashville as a Pleasure and Health Re-
sort.

The Cities at Easter.
Where Asia and America Meet.

WESTMINSTER.

The Outlook for Saskatchewan.
The Land of the Lily and the Rose.
The Art of Doing Without.
The Romance and Beauty of Acadia.
Blackbirds in Alberta.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The Arab in Legend and Story.
The Barge Party of Penelope's.
Tulip Day—A Story of College Life.
The Race and the Revolutionists.
The Domestic Adventurers.
The Home Builders.

YOUNG MAN.

The Making of a Cabinet Minister.
A Young Man's Point of View.
Lessons from My Masters.
Golf for the Lower Middle Classes.
Drainage vs. Clogs.

Do Not Trust to Luck

The young man who trusts to doing good work and plenty of it, rather than to luck, is the one for whom success is waiting.

It is worth while to take special care to keep out of debt.

Make it a rule to spend nothing until you have earned it.

Let intelligent economy take the place of irrational expectation and haphazard schemes.

Shun gambling in every form.

There are as many different forms of gambling as there are different grades and species of simpletons ready to illustrate the truth of the old adage as to the transient relation between them and their money.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some interesting
Books of the
Month Reviewed



Business.

ORTHODOX SOCIALISM. By James E. Le Rossignol. (New York: Thomas T. Crowell & Co., post paid, \$3) This work defines the creed of socialism and traces its historic rise. It discusses the labor-cost theory of value; the use of machinery and its effects upon skilled labor; strikes, industrial crises, and the struggle of man with class.

LABOR AND CAPITAL. By Goldwin Smith. (Toronto: Macmillan Co.; cloth, 60c.) A thoughtful and, on the whole, optimistic study of the relation of labor and capital. Written in sympathy with the wage-earner and with organized labor, the author recognizes and denounces the tendency of labor towards organized monopoly. A better understanding between capital and labor is urged, the value of which elements in production "is as necessary as that of oxygen and hydrogen in the composition of water."

Fiction.

THE MINISTRY OF DAVID BALDWIN. By Henry Thomas Colverton. (New York: Thomas T. Crowell & Co.; \$3.50 net.) David Baldwin is a

young clergyman who holds many of the advanced views in regard to the Bible, the creation and "higher criticism" in general. He preaches the truth, as he sees it, to a conservative congregation, and is called "unsound." An inner struggle comes between his desire to be true to his beliefs and to hold his position in the church. An entertaining glimpse of home-making is interwoven in the plot.

GROWTH. By Graham Travers. (Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd.; cloth, \$1.35; paper, 75c.) This book is by the author of "Hugo Maclean, Medical Student." It is an intensely interesting story, introducing new views on various intellectual subjects. It begins in Kilmichael, the characters being for the most part students in theology at the university. Miss Judith Lamont, a young lady student in chemistry, interested in all social questions, is the heroine. After many difficulties have been overcome she is married to the hero, Dr. Heriot who is a very well drawn character.

LOVE FURROW. By W. A. Fraser. (Toronto: Henry Frowde; \$1.25.) This new book by Mr. Fraser will

take rank among the best books of the season. Its literary quality is of a high degree of excellence. The narrative moves easily and naturally and never wearies. The interest and mystery of the plot are kept up to the end. Nature is depicted in her sunny and sylvan scenes with the pen of the lover and the artist. Questions of deep human interest are discussed by characters who are living people. The atmosphere of life as presented in the domestic circle refined by culture and Christian influences are exhibited with a delicate flavor of humor which is altogether delightful.

PORT OF MISSING MEN. By Meredith Nicholson (Toronto: Macdonald & Allen, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.) As in "The House of a Thousand Candles," so in this new story, the author has successfully mingled old world romance with new world ideas. It is the tale of an intrigue to undermine the Austro-Hungarian dynasty, carried out, for the most part, in American soil. A mysterious hero struggles against the machinations of two schemers, defeats their purpose and saves the throne, at the same time winning the love of the heroine, an American girl.

ROME EXPRESS, THE. By Arthur Griffith. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co., cloth, \$1.25.) Begins with a murder on the sleeping car at an express-train from Rome to Paris. The car porter had been drugged, and when he awakes from the stupor discovers the fearfully mutilated body of a man lying in one of the berths. All the passengers are detained, according to French custom. During an ingeniously worked out plot, where many

unexpected developments take place, there is a love scene between the chief suspect, who is a tailed Italian lady, and an English general, which ends with a marriage at the British Embassy in Paris. The murderer is captured in an ingenious way by the aid of the British general, whose lady is thus exonerated.

RUNNING WATER. By A. E. W. Mason. (Toronto: William Briggs, cloth, \$3.25.) Beginning and ending in the Alps, this story has much to do with mountain climbing. The fates of its principal personages seem to depend to a considerable extent on episodes connected with this dangerous pastime. The hero and heroine meet at an Alpine watering place and learn to know each other's character during the ascent. About the girl a web of mystery is woven; she is involved, with her parents, in certain discreditable entanglements, from which she is eventually saved by her lover.

HOW BOTH THE SIMPLE SPELLING BEE. By Owen Wister. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd.: cloth, 50c.) This is a comic revival of the difficulties which several people get into at Chickadee University, owned by the chief magnate of the clocking gun trust, while endeavoring to reform English spelling. After many humorous situations have been created, and the confusion to which reformed spelling might be carried out has been shown. The book ends with a free fight, participated in by all the Chickadee University professors, who can't quite agree as to which one's list of reformed words shall be used.



Our Spring Importations of
Genuine

Oriental RUGS

have just arrived and we cordially invite all
Rug buyers to pay us an early visit.

Goods sent on approval to any part of
Canada.

SEND FOR PRICE CATALOGUE

GOURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

Orizental Art Importers

40 KING STREET EAST,

TORONTO

Twenty Years of Floor Laying

have qualified us to
advise as experts in
this branch of house
furnishing. Write
for our catalogue of
floor designs.

ELLIOTT & SON

LIMITED

Manufacturers

79 King St. W., - TORONTO

The Embellishment of a Home

depends very largely upon its
Mantels and Fireplace Fixings.

See that yours are right.

We are specialists in this
class of work: also Wall and
Floor Tiling.



The O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.

97 Yonge Street, Toronto

(Gerrard & Main Street, N.Y.)

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Humor in the Magazines

"Some time ago," said the traveling man from Little Rock, "I was horsebacking through the woods in that frontier portion of our state in which the hogs still run wild, with an occasional homeopathic dose of corn to keep them reminded that there are ties that bind them to mankind. In a heavily-timbered tract I came upon a big herd of porkers that were behaving in the most remarkable manner. They would run madly in one direction for a hundred yards or so, squealing vigorously and hopelessly, then stop, sniff the air, utter a shriek of disappointment and make an equally mad dash at another angle. I watched them some time without being able in the least to fathom the mystery."

"Half a mile farther on I came to a cabin in the woods. An old man sat on an inverted keg beside the doorway, smoking a corn-cob pipe. The quarry of the pigs was still torturing me, so, as soon as we had passed a perfunctory 'Howdy,' I said to him:

"Stranger, I passed a lot of hogs down there in the brush just now that were behaving very strangely. They would start and run at full speed in one direction, then stop and take a fresh start some other way. Can you explain it?"

"Yes, stranger, I reckon I kin," he replied in the stage whisper that had characterized his first greeting. "There's my lawgs. I sat t' call 'em up an' feed 'em now an' then, but t'other day I lost m' voice an' I tuck t' callin' 'em by pendin' on a tree with a stick. An' now them d-d woodpeckers has got 'em crazy."

Mark Twain turned up at the House of Representatives, Washington, one day this Winter, clad entirely in white. Asked why he wore a white garment in so gloomy weather, Mark said he had on plenty of underclothing, and preferred brilliant,

striking colors to the dark, somber clothes that men usually wear, which have a melancholy, depressing effect upon him. He added: "When a man gets to be 71 years old, as I am, he can wear the clothes he likes best without suffering the criticism which may come to him in his youth. The best clothes I ever saw anywhere were down in the Sandwich Islands, where when they were dressed up for a state occasion, nobody wore anything more than a pair of spencers. Next to that, I think I prefer the clothes of the Middle Ages, which were resplendent with colors, plumes and trappings of brilliant hue. Whenever I go to a theatre I see a lot of men signed out in that abomination of all clothing, the dress suit. They remind me of a flock of crows. I like the 'peashooters' waist, short sleeves, and bright colors, which relieve the eye."

Noody made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife, so he went home at noon and called out imperiously: "Mrs. Noody? Mrs. Noody?" Mrs. N. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a dish-towel tied around her head, and a rolling-pin in her hand.

"Well, sir," she said, "what'd you have?"

Noody staggered, but braced up.

"Mrs. Noody, I want you to understand, madam—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, Noody, I want you to understand that I'm—and she looked dangerous—"am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Noody?"

Noody heard B, and he meekly acquiesced if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.

CIGARS

The difference between the commercial cigar and the Genuine Havana Cigar is briefly this: The former is made "to sell," the latter "to smoke." Whilst the "cigar of commerce" is to be had anywhere, the fine Havana Cigar is really difficult to obtain, and becomes daily more difficult. The one is in everybody's mouth, the other is consumed only by men of refinement and culture.

BENSON & HEDGES

IMPORTERS OF HAVANA CIGARS

163 St. James St., Montreal 13 Old Bond St., London
509 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Increase Your Knowledge

Every man should possess a library of books dealing with his profession, trade, or business. We can furnish the best works on any subject; write us saying what subject you desire information on and we will furnish you with particulars of the best works pertaining to it

Knowledge is Power

TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*

"Say," said the old man of the mountains, "I've lived in this world eighty-odd years, and I've saw a lot of things, and I've made up my mind on a lot of subjects. And one of them subjects is religion. Now, I ain't got no quarrel with the kind of religion that is the real, genuine article, but is usual, the kind that makes a man live decent and treat everybody square and not to pretend to be what he ain't. That kind of religion is all right, and I've got a whole lot of respect for the preacher that preaches that there kind, and that lives up to what he preaches."

"It's the shyest sky-pilot that I ain't got no use for, the fellow that never done no honest day's work in his life, but has lived off of his good congregation all the time. That's the shyest sky-pilot I strain. He's a rubber, that's what he is, worse than Jesse James ever was, 'cause Jesse James never robbed nobody that didn't have nothing. There is a whole lot of things I could tell you on this here subject, but I'm going to say good one thing and quit. And that is that if it wasn't for these shyest sky-pilots, hell would cool off so in a year that it wouldn't be hot enough to singe a cat."

I was once summoned as a witness in a case where an old dorker was charged with chicken stealing. The old dorker was in court early and before the case was called, the judge, observing his presence, asked his name.

"My name is Johning, yo' honor," said the dorker.

"Are you the defendant in this case?" inquired the judge.

"No, sah," replied the dorker, "I've got a lawyer to do my defense. I've got a gentleman what stole de chicken."

Just then a small, insignificant Irishman hobbled in on crutches accompanied by his wife, a big, brawny woman.

"Judge," said she, "I want you to give this man six months for giving me this black eye."

"What?" exclaimed the judge in

astonishment, "do you mean to say that this physical wreck gave you that black eye?"

"Your honor," said the woman, "I want you to understand that he was not a physical wreck until after he gave me this black eye."

Two gentlemen stood in front of a building in process of erection on one of the New York thoroughfares, discussing a late shipwreck, from which one of them, by the exercise of unusual presence of mind, had narrowly escaped.

At ten o'clock a humble "son of Erin" was busily mixing the plaster for the new walls. Tugging, in great fearfulness, him of his escape from death, the fortunate man addressed him:

"Well, my dear fellow, can you think of anything more desirable in this time of great peril than 'presence of mind'?"

"Well, see, indeed then, no; unless it be absence of body."

Mrs. Flint was a very stern woman, who demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came on and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house.

"But, mother—" said John.

"John, I told you to shut the trap."

"Yes, but mother—"

"John, shut that trap!"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon wind by and the storm outside howled, and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea, and, when the meal was half over, Aunt Mary, who was staying in the house, had not appeared. Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions; John answered the first one.

"Please, mother, she is up on the roof."

ADMINISTRATION AND INSTRUCTION BUILDINGS,
OCCUPIED ENTIRELY BY THE I. C. S.



The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries

That sounds queer, doesn't it? And yet there is such a place in reality—The International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pa., an institution the entire business of which is to raise, not merely salaries—but your salary.

To achieve this purpose the I. C. S. has a working capital of many millions of dollars, owns and occupies three large buildings, covering seven acres of floor space, and employs over twenty people, all of whom have one object in view—to make it easy for you and at the same time to earn more. Truly the business of this place is to raise salaries.

Every month an average of 300 I. C. S. students voluntarily report increased salaries. In 1906, 3376 students so reported. These students live in every section. Right in their own homes, at their present work, the I. C. S. goes to class, trains them to advance in their chosen line, or to profitably change to a more congenial occupation.

The same opportunity now knocks at your door. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to lock the door in its face and lay along at the same old wages, or are you going to open the door and give the I. C. S. a chance to show you? Perhaps you don't see here, but the I. C. S. does. That is its business—to raise your salary.

Here is all you have to do. From this list select the position you prefer and notify the I. C. S. by postpaid letter. If costs you nothing but the stamp to learn how the I. C. S. can raise your salary.

For a Good Salary

Selection of good position, suitable education, with a postcard to The International Correspondence Schools, Box 216, Scranton, Pa., will tell how you can easily get it all.

Before we mention the position you prefer,

Banking	Telephone Exchange
Bookkeeping	U. S. Railroad Station
Advertising Manager	Yachts, Lapland
Shoe Last Maker	Shoe Last Maker
Window Trimmer	Shoe Last Maker
Commercial Law	Shoe Last Maker
Electrician	Shoe Last Maker
Civil Engineer	Shoe Last Maker
Chemist	Shoe Last Maker
Machine Tool Maker	Shoe Last Maker
Electrician	Shoe Last Maker
Electrician	Shoe Last Maker
Electrician	Shoe Last Maker

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

JAEGER

PURE



WOOL

JAEGER UNDERWEAR

You Need This Underwear This Spring



United German

It is the best, fittest, healthiest and most comfortable underwear in every way.

Guaranteed by the above trade mark to be made from the best and purest wool.

Light, soft and open in weave—yet sufficiently warm (protective) for the early spring months.

"Jaeger Pure Wool" does more than clothe the body, it protects the system against the colds and other ailments incident to the change of season.

Because Natural Undyed Wool keeps the tissues drained of superfluous fat and other poisonous matter and the skin healthfully active under all conditions.

Made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children.

Obtainable from leading dealers in all chief cities.

CATALOGUES FREE

Dr. Jaeger Co., Limited 336 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
236 Portage Ave., • Winnipeg

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

its High Standard of Excellence is the strongest feature of

—THE—

New Scale Williams Piano

This great instrument is an entirely new piano—the result of years of evolution in piano-building. It is declared by artists and music-lovers all over Canada to meet every artistic, musical requirement.

The Harmonic Tone-Prolonging Bridge

is a distinctive New Scale Williams feature. A brilliant, yet mellow and sympathetic tone of wonderful carrying power is procured through the use of this bridge, which is cast in the plate in one solid piece. Results that have been degenerated for years by piano-makers are attained at last through this exclusive New Scale Williams patent.

It Didn't Happen

The enviable position attained by the New Scale Williams in the esteem of particular musical people is not the result of chance. The best brains, highest scientific knowledge and experience and skill of an exceptionally high order have been employed for years in experimenting, testing and discarding until a piano could be produced that would be really great and compare to advantage with other great pianos either in Europe or America.

You will be interested in looking over the many manifest advantages of the New Scale Williams. Call at the nearest dealer's, or also write direct for booklet and descriptive literature.

(1)

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.



What are you Going to Plant ?



Perhaps you can't make your selection and we can help you. Send for our New Descriptive Catalogue of Shade Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Roses, Fruits, Etc.

Address—Landscape Dept.

Stone & Wellington

Fonthill Nurseries,

Toronto,

Ontario

British America Assurance Company

Incorporated 1833

FIRE and MARINE

CASH CAPITAL, - \$350,000.00
TOTAL ASSETS, - \$2,115,247.85
LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION,
\$27,323,665.63

HEAD OFFICE:

BRITISH AMERICA BUILDING

Cor. Front and Scott Sts., TORONTO

HON. GEO. A. COO, President,
P. H. SMITH, Secretary,
J. J. KENNEDY, Vice President,
and Managing Director.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Cash for Writers

We solicit manuscripts telling the life stories of great Canadians, in business, professional, or special work, or relating the rise and development of any great business institution in the Dominion. Also Specials on subjects of interest to Canadians.

MSS. submitted must not be over 5,000 words and great care must be taken by authors to avoid anything which could be construed into misrepresentation.

All MSS. must bear the author's name and address, and be accompanied by stamps to cover return postage in case they are found unavailable.

MSS. will be carefully examined by competent critics, and may be rejected for other reasons than lack of literary merit.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and London, Eng.

PUBLISHERS OF

Bookseller and Stationer
Printer and Publisher
The Canadian Grocer

Hardware and Metal
Plumber and Steamfitter
Canadian Machinery and
Manufacturing News

Dry Goods Review
The Financial Post
Busy Man's Magazine

Manuscripts should be addressed to Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine

10 Front Street East, Toronto.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Ideal Polishes for the Home Made in Canada



The name "Majestic" is your guarantee of quality.

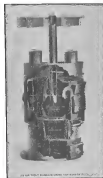


If your dealer has not got them, send his name and address to

Majestic Polishes, Limited
575 Yonge St., TORONTO, CAN.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Down Draft Furnaces



The name **Down Draft** instantly suggests something new in furnace construction.

The safe furnace with this advanced principle.

The most economical, practical and scientific device for burning Hard Coal, Soft Coal, Wood or any other kind of fuel.

It reduces the fuel bill 15 to 25 per cent.

Send for our catalogue. It tells you all.

THE
Down Draft Furnace Co.
Limited

GALT, ONTARIO, CANADA

12 Art Panels 50c



Superb
Reproductions
of Famous
Paintings—
Studies of the
Human Form
Divine
Size 7x11

These pictures are
reproductions of famous
paintings of the
"Renaissance" and
"Baroque" periods.
We send a
full set of 12 of these
pictures, no
matter what size, with
each order of 12 or
more. Beautiful set
pictures for only 50c.
We, always order
of U.S. stamps. Or
two sets (24 pictures)
for \$1.00. Send us
at once. Your book is
not satisfied.

GORDON ART CO., 1206 Foster Ave., Dept. B12, Chicago
FREE Order enclosed and we will include such each
set of 12 extra pictures absolutely free and
complimentary.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Containing the choicest and most
interesting articles and short
stories appearing in the current
number of the leading magazines
of the world carefully selected
and unerringly reprinted,
also half of the remaining articles
of interest on the periphery
of the month.

50c per copy
The Busy Man's Magazine Company

satisfactory income for good work. One magazine man, inexperienced when he started, earned \$2,000 last year.

Write us today for our plan of assisting you as our representative, and learn how we will help you build up a business of your own.

Remember The Busy Man's Magazine is for Busy Men.

Remember—write to-day, giving us full particulars

The Busy Man's Magazine, 10 Front Street East TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Send for Sample, 10c—\$1.00 per year

The FINEST Periodical Ever Published

TO - MORROW

Directed from Joy

A THINK Magazine for THINK People

Unseen - Unwritten - Unheard - FAKE

Is the substance of every word, one
how capital as factious

To Tomorrow - Is one the chief of every
other publication. It has a place all
its own.

To Tomorrow - For which you President
I speak for some of the most
important men.

To Tomorrow - Is a Magazine for the Future
men who have seen the future
and the present.

To Tomorrow - Is a new YEAR for the new
year, as a new year, as a new year
and many are new publications.

To Tomorrow - Is found and enclosed by
Water, Science, Fiction and the
future.

To Tomorrow - Is a world of what people
want and like to know, and
and.

To Tomorrow - Is a world of what people
want and like to know, and
and.

To Tomorrow - Is a world of what people
want and like to know, and
and.

TO-MORROW MAGAZINE

2222 Exchange Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

W. & E. THORNTON-SMITH & CO.

Interior Decorators and Designers

11 KING ST. W., TORONTO and 123 OXFORD ST., LONDON, ENGLAND



A NEW WALL PAPER

We are happy to make suggestions and supply designs and estimates free of charge
for the interior complete furnishing in any style, or for any description of decorative
work, which will be satisfactorily carried out by their own permanent staff of skilled
workmen.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine



Hotel Empire

BRANDFORD
AND CITY SQUARE
STREET
NEW YORK CITY

LUXURY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

AND

ELEGANCE WITHOUT OSTENTATION

All surfaces are covered with the finest materials and the latest in design.

Rooms, with Delux Bath, - \$1.50 per day up

Rooms, with Private Bath, - 2.00 " "

Suites, with Private Bath, - 3.00 " "

A fine library of choice literature,
for the exclusive use of our guests.

European Plan, also Continental Breakfast,
with all the latest in service and cuisine.

EXCELLENT SERVICE FINE MUSIC
and for Gaiety of New York—Open

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor

The LENOX HOTEL IN BUFFALO



MODERN FURNISHING. FINE FOOD.

OUR OWN RAPID ELECTRIC CAR-
RAGES, EXCLUSIVELY FOR PAS-
SANGERS, connect continuously every five minutes
from Hotel through downtown Buffalo and to all
Depots, for prompt travel.

EUROPEAN PLAN

\$1.50 per day up

GEORGE DUCHESNEER, Prop.

Mrs. W. H. Walling's Cottage

1209 Pacific Ave., ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

Central location

Large, cheerful rooms

Wide porches

Resident physician

Open all the year

TERMS UPON APPLICATION

To Tourists

I am open for engagements to
take tourists into any part of Spain,
Portuguese Morocco, thoroughly
familiar with all the sights. Have
taken over a hundred tourists to various
parts of the world by sea and
land. Terms very reasonable. By arranging in advance can
spare the tourist and take parties.
For tourists whose time is limited, I
can, if they arrange with me in ad-
vance, show them the principal
places of interest in Southern Spain
and Morocco and bring them back
in time to proceed by the next
steamer, a week later. For those
with more time I have very interest-
ing trips lasting from one to three
months.

Reference by permission to the
Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine

JOSEPH BUZAGLO,
Family Courier, Gibraltar

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.



... TEMAGAMI ...

A Land of Lakes and Rivers

A PEERLESS REGION FOR THE TOURIST, CAMPER,
CANOEIST, ANGLER AND SPORTSMAN

A new territory accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unequalled, HAY FEVER UNKNOWN, magnificent canoe trips.

Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge, and other game during hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book telling you all about it sent free on application to

G. W. VAUX, 917 Merchants Loan and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill.

F. F. DWYER, 290 Broadway, N.Y.

T. H. HANLEY, 300 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

W. ROBINSON, 800 Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. D. McDONALD, Union Station, Toronto

W. E. DAVIS,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal

C. T. BELL,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent
Montreal

MUSKOKA



THE WAY
THIS SUMMER

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.



Bala Falls

Muskoka

NEW FAST LINE
TO

Muskoka Lakes

THIS SUMMER

DIRECT ROUTE TO BALA FALLS, THE
WESTERN GATEWAY TO MUSKOKA.
SPLENDID CONNECTIONS FOR ALL
PARTS OF THE LAKES—

FAST THRO' TRAIN SERVICE—BEST
OF PASSENGER EQUIPMENT.

For any information inquire at

C. B. FOSTER,

District Passenger Agent, C.P.R. TORONTO



When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.



"NIAGARA TO THE SEA"

WHERE WILL YOU GO THIS SUMMER?

If you desire rest and recreation, why not try
 "THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE TRIP?"

For Rates and Folders descriptive of the Thousand Islands, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, the far famed Saguenay River, etc., apply to any Railway or Steamboat Ticket Agent, or address

THOS. HENRY

Traffic Manager
 MONTREAL, P.Q.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE

Assistant General Passenger Agent
 TORONTO, ONT.



"Here through the speaking tube—"I have changed my mind, Mary; I shall stop at home, so you may go out this evening."
 "Good—"Thank you, m'm, but I've changed my mind too, and prefer to stay in."

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

**DESIGNERS
 OF CATALOGS,
 BOOKLETS,
 PAMPHLETS,
 BOOK COVERS,
 DIES, STEEL
 PLATES, WOOD
 CUTS, ETCHINGS.**

**THOMSON
 ENGRAVING CO.**
 TELEPHONE MAIN 3489
 216 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

Kramer's \$5.00 Book of Trade Secrets Reduced to \$1.25 While They Last. Only a Few Copies Left.

Every one should have a copy of this book.

The price of "Kramer's Book of Valuable Formulas, Receipts, Trade Secrets, Progresses, etc." has been reduced from \$5.00 to \$1.25. For the others, 10¢. Order the book while you can get it. "G.O." a spring trade for any business. "D.G." delivery note and Goods Receipts. Several foreign contracts this year. "I.P." price indexes "G" and "B" is the \$10 to you. Discounted to all new subscribers.

THERE IS ONLY ONE KRAMER'S BOOK

"Kramer's Book of Trade Secrets" was written by Adams Kramer, Analytical Chemist, assisted by other experts. Mr. Kramer was educated at University's most noted Technical schools and was for over 30 years connected with large manufacturing concerns in Germany and the U.S. It is the most complete thing ever written on flooring business, giving formulas that have never been published, costing \$500, 35¢, per gallon and whitening for \$3.40 per gal. up. It contains hundreds of other formulas, saving for each formula 10 to 20¢ of expenses, from \$2.50 to \$100.00. Every service also in out of employment can make more out of this book than a service in ordinary business use on a capital of \$10,000.

"KRAMER ON ICE CREAM" is a booklet which has been long wanted, showing how to make ICE CREAM for 10¢ a gal., absolutely pure and well kept, in any hot low state, besides giving a number of other formulas and information. Can't get all about it here. Regular price \$2.50, now \$1.00, or both books \$3.40. Ask us for it.

**SIOUX PUBLISHING COMPANY
 SUTHERLAND, IOWA.**

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MEAN TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big and little. In your pocket, opening that you would never even hear about in the ordinary way, and they give you this information while it is fresh and valuable.

If you have a hobby or work information upon any subject or topic, press clippings will give you all the current information printed on the subject.

This cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day. The

CANADIAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU,

the largest press clipping bureau in Canada, reads and clips all the daily and weekly press, published in the Dominion each month, and turns it over to you now a subscriber to some other Clipping Bureau, it will pay you for a resubscribe our superior service.

Write for our Reader about Press Clippings, and ask about information which regular material for addresses, goods, letters and orders, and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

CANADIAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

10 Front Street East, TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

FOR TIPS ON LIVE

ADVERTISING NOVELTIES



Premium Goods
 Business Souvenirs
 Calendars
 Signs
 Letter Enclosures

READ

The Novelty News

Official copy of the trade that makes their goods

Told in pictures.

Selling goods and methods presented—not theories.

Subscription

\$1.00 per annum

Single Copy 10¢.

Address **THE NOVELTY NEWS CO.**
 216 1/2 French Rd. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

COBALT

ONTARIO

IMMENSE PROFITS are being made and will continue to be made for some time in COBALT STOCKS.

WE HAVE OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE AT COBALT, who daily informs us of the movements of the different companies. We have an excellent current to exploit, and such information as we are possessed of, is at the disposal of our clients.

WE ARE BROKERS ONLY, buying and selling stocks on the TORONTO MINING EXCHANGE and NEW YORK CUBS on a commission basis.

OUR WEEKLY NEWSLETTER gives reliable and up-to-date particulars concerning COBALT STOCKS, and is mailed free to any address.

WRITE, WIRE OR PHONE WHEN BUYING OR SELLING COBALT STOCKS.

INVESTORS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Limited

Cable Address: "MINTRIAL," N.Y.E. 307 Kennedy Building, WINNIPEG. DEPT. "A"

Real Estate is the basis of all values, the foundation of our Financial System, the highest known type of security.—Russett Sage.

Western Farm Lands

and
Winnipeg City
Property

INVESTORS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
LIMITED
307 Kennedy Building, Winnipeg, Canada

DEPT.
C.

We own and control over 200,000 acres of the finest wild lands in Western Canada. We have also a fine list of improved farms. If interested in Winnipeg City property, write us.

Cable Address: "MINTRIAL," WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Nevada's Latest Gold Strike Makes Millions

Nevada's latest sensation is Gold Mountain, midway between Goldfield and Bullfrog. The Wyman-Vick mine has ore running \$125.00 a ton in gold and \$113.50 in silver, with some strikes worth many times these figures.

The shaft of the Grape Vine Mining Company a mile northeast of Wyman-Vick, at a depth of 50 feet assays \$195.00 per ton and at 199 feet \$234.30 per ton. These miles north, Buford has a 50-foot shaft from which they are taking \$200.00 ore and at Lida, which was a deserted place a year ago, there are a large number of mines operating and shipping including Continental, Florida, Snowstorm, Washington Nevada and Copper Queen and Col. O. P. Posey of the Thanksgiving mine is about to erect a reduction mill, capable of handling all the ore from Lida and vicinity.

W. G. Chamberlain, Cashier of the Standard Bank of San Francisco and owner of the old Death Valley mine, says it is only a question of a little time now, before the district will be crowded.

Three good mines have been opened up on different sides of the Wyman-Vick, the richest of the three being less than a quarter of a mile away.

Arrangements have been made for a branch of the Bullfrog railroad to run into Lida which will pass over the property, so the question of transportation of ore is settled.

The great profits in mining stocks are made by those who invest at the beginning while the property is in prospect; the condition this property is in now and we cannot too strongly recommend Wyman-Vick stock at the present price. 30 cents a share, per value \$1. Buy all you can afford to carry.

We have carefully investigated this and believe you will never have a better chance to make a large fortune from a small beginning than right now in Wyman-Vick stock. Now is the time to buy for large profits before the stock goes up on the jump.

The profits made in Nevada securities during the past year by those who purchased at opening prices, ran into millions and millions of dollars. The value of sixteen Nevada Gold Mining Stocks, purchased over \$25,000,000 during last October alone and in an case has any enterprise been promoted from Southern Nevada that showed greater merit or greater certainty of enormous profits than does the Wyman-Vick mine.

We predict that investors in this stock will double their money many times

over and from our knowledge of the mine our belief is that the stock is worth per \$1 a share now and we look for it not only to sell at par within a short time, but to advance to \$3.00 and to \$10.00 and ultimately to \$15.00 a share or more.

Other properties with no better prospects at a similar stage of development have sold for millions by investors, making comparatively small stockholders wealthy, and are now producing at the rate of \$600,000 to \$1,000,000 a month. Moreover another mine at Gold Mountain has recently developed into one of the greatest mines in the country, proving the value of the Gold Mountain district where the Wyman-Vick mine is located and it promises to surpass all other Nevada mining estates in ore values and the quantity produced.

An investment of \$300 in Mohawk stock increased to \$75,000 within a year. Another investment of a like amount increased to \$15,000 within six months. Surely investors offering possibilities of this kind are worthy of prompt, careful consideration. There is no business, no other investment to compare with it. Certainly the public will have perfect confidence in the officers of the Wyman-Vick Company as they are not only well known residents of Rochester, N.Y., but are known the world over—they are honorable, conservative and successful.

Mr. J. R. Wink, president of the company, is one of the largest manufacturers of machinery of the city. The vice-president is Charles H. Vick, president of James Vick's Farm, Sedro, Wash. Mr. George W. Mackintosh, a large furniture manufacturer, is also vice-president. The secretary and treasurer is Mr. George E. Wyman, of Chase and Wyman, mercantile. Mr. E. O. Gishner of the Graham Nursery Co., one of the oldest and largest nurseries in the country, is a director. All are of Rochester, N.Y.

Customers of these concerns can be found everywhere, and will vouch for their integrity and honor, established by years of successful dealings. Under such management every stockholder, large or small, is sure to receive a "square deal."

The stock can be purchased on monthly installment payments, if desired, and a few dollars a month may start our readers on the road to a fortune.

The sale of stock is in charge of the Manhattan Investment Company, 36 East 23 St., New York, who will send full information and illustrated prospectus, without charge, and readers are advised to write for it at once.



C. H. Clark,
PRESIDENT & FOUNDER

W. C. Gay,
BUSINESS MANAGER



The Toronto and Oxford of Higher Commercial Education



CLARK'S BUSINESS INSTITUTE
Accommodating 800 Students
Main, Huron and Pearl Streets
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



CLARK'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
Modern and Progressive
46-48 James Street North
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Absolutely Thorough in Every Department. Matches its Export 20th Century Methods, Unrivalled in Scholarship and Teaching Force. Clark's Colleges stand in a Class by Themselves, the Leading Business Universities of a Progressive Age.

Advertising Specimen Free for the asking. Write for them. Do it now.

Address, G. H. CLARK, Pres.,
Either Hamilton or Buffalo

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Havergal College

TORONTO

Separate Senior and Junior Residential and
Day Schools



PREPARATION FOR MATRICULATION, HAVERGAL DIPLOMA, EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC AND ART
RESIDENT FRENCH AND GERMAN MISTRESSES

PHYSICAL CULTURE UNDER TWO RESIDENT GRADUATES OF THE BOSTON NORMAL SCHOOL

DOMESTIC SCIENCE SCHOOL—WITH SIX DEPARTMENTS

GROUNDS—BINK—SWIMMING BATH

Principal

MISS KNOX

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

**\$3000
A YEAR**
After Seven Months Study

**SOME RECORDS OF GRADUATES OF
SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL**

NO other school in the world can show such wonderful results as those which have attended the work of The Success Shorthand School of Chicago. Presided over by expert court reporters—men whose ability has built up the greatest shorthand business in the world—its graduates are expert shorthand writers and are paid the princely salaries earned by experts.

Some Successful Graduates

After seven months' study, and with no previous knowledge of shorthand Clarence W. Pitts (Alton, Ill.), was appointed official court reporter of the Fourth Judicial District of that state. Another graduate, D. M. Kent (Colorado, Tex.) is the official reporter of the courts in his district, and in a single month did a business of \$650.25.

Miss Carrie A. Hyde (7 Erwin Block, Terre Haute, Ind.) is the official reporter of the courts in that district. Our graduates include successful commercial stenographers, private secretaries to prominent statesmen, railway magnates, bankers and millionaires. They are successful because they are taught by the most expert court reporters in the world.

You Are Taught at Home

You can learn this expert shorthand at your home, the same these people have done, and obtain the emoluments paid to those who are really expert.

If you are a beginner, you will find this course the simplest, shortest and the most easily read of any shorthand taught. We teach correct shorthand from the beginning and absolutely guarantee our instruction.

If you are a stenographer, we will perfect you so that you can write the same shorthand with which the experts have succeeded. No matter what system you write, we guarantee our instruction, giving our written agreement to return money in case of dissatisfaction.

Write today for our elegant forty-eight page catalogue, and copy of agreement given accepted pupils. If you are a stenographer, state system used and experience. Address,

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Suite 124 79 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The School That Graduates Expert Stenographers.

\$650=

A
MONTH



To Stenographers:

W. L. James and R. F. Ross, of this institution, edit and publish the most up-to-date, instructive and inspiring shorthand magazine ever known. Subscription is \$2 a year. Send 25 cents for three months' trial subscription. Address, THE SHORT-HAND WRITER, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Specialist in Physical Training



To have your teeth examined, naturally you go to a dentist. To be advised in legal matters you consult a lawyer. Similarly, when you are physically weak and want to develop your body physically, you must consult a specialist in that particular line.

JAS. W. BARTON, M.D.

13 years a specialist in physical training. Students equipped with all modern and scientific appliances. Only practical work done.

Branches

- I Medical and Physical Examination with Prescription of Exercise
- II Body Building and Corrective Work
- III Boxing, Fencing and Wrestling
- IV Teachers' Course
- V Correspondence Course

* The Principal, Dr. Barton, has had many graduates in medicine and has spent years studying the relation of exercise to health.

Address JAS. W. BARTON, M.D., Principal.

CANADIAN INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING (Bank of Montreal Bldg.)

Our Queen St. and Spadina Ave. TORONTO (Telephone 1011, Spadina Ave.)

The Bishop Strachan School

WYKHAM HALL

College Street
Toronto

FORTIETH YEAR

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls

FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
KINDERGARTEN

For Circular apply to MISS ACRES, Lady Principal



When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine



PROF. W. T. MOON

A^{Free} Course IN Moon's Correspondence School FOR YOU

\$500.00 Reduction in Cost of Tuition
Free to the successful young men and
women who form the greatest number
of words from the sixteen syllables
taken from Boyd's Syllabic Shorthand
and appear in the plate below.

PLATE							
ti	it	ot	sh	at	is	os	on
—	(o	/	—)	—	/
en	in	wh	on	st	ov	ov	ep
—	—	\	—	—	9	—	/

Write the words in *italics* on a sheet of paper, placing the shorthand directly after each word.

FREE COURSE—To the first person sending in the greatest number of words made from the listing of the above syllables, will be given a **FREE COURSE** in **BOYD'S SYLLABIC SHORTHAND, BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE, LETTER WRITING, PUNCTUATION, ETC.**

HALF PRICE—To the next 10 persons sending in the greatest number of words will be given a complete course in the above subjects at half price.

30 PER CENT DISCOUNT—To the next 10 persons sending in the greatest number of words will be given a complete course in the above subjects at 30 per cent. less the regular price.

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT—To the next 10 persons sending in the greatest number of words will be given a complete course in the above subjects at 20 per cent. less the regular price.

CONDITIONS

- 1st. All answers must be in by April 22nd, 1907.
- 2nd. Answers must be written in ink.
- 3rd. Names will be considered.
- 4th. Successful persons will be notified to meet their merits on or before the 15th day of May, 1907.
- In case of a tie the first letter will receive preference.
- Prizes will be notified up to the results by May 1st, 1907.

Moon's Correspondence School
KARN HALL, 468 ST. CATHERINE ST., MONTREAL

Phone, Up-town 3993

W. T. MOON, Principal



MISS FRITZ

We teach typewriting. We teach it better than any other school; and everyone conversant with modern business methods knows the importance of typewriting. We devised the system which produced the Champion of the World.

We emphasize typewriting, but the other subjects essential in a complete stenographic education are taught with the same thoroughness and skill. The statement is frequently made to us "I have heard that your school is better than other schools", and that expresses accurately the position which the Kennedy School occupies.

Our pupil, Miss Fritz, the World's Champion Typist, is with us in preparation for coming international contests, and we hope next month to be able to announce her continued successes.

If you are interested in modern stenographic training, call or write for interesting matter about the school.

Kennedy Shorthand School
9 Adelaide Street East,
Toronto

**👉 OF SPECIAL INTEREST
to YOUNG MEN**



Which Will Be Your Home?

Where would you like to live? Which part of home will you spend your money on? If your ambition is to live in a fine house, to have fine travels and live, one day, you must make yourself capable of EARNING MONEY. You can do it if you try. Many a young man's talent he has lost away, because he does not seize the opportunity to develop them. If you have an aptitude for writing, if you have clever ideas and a logical business head, nothing offers a richer reward if you succeed than to

COUSE IN ADVERTISING in the CHASE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, which is affiliated with the Central Business College of Toronto, can secure. He has had a long practical experience in a variety of advertising agencies. If you have any ability, develop it at once—there's money in it. The earlier you start the sooner you acquire the home you hope to have, your income will be greater, your address more desirable. The CHASE Course, for the facts and help that you get from it would pay for the Course many times over. If you want to know particulars about our COURSE, IN ADVERTISING, please send it to us with your name and address.

Learn to Write Advertisements

Advertising is a profitable business profession, in which some are earning

Shaw Correspondence School
300 Yonge Street
Toronto, Ont.

Name _____
is _____ Page _____

This handker, all created
hand, and from out, a substance

P. S.—Why not arrange for this excellent course and use your spare moments profitably? It will help you in many ways.

W. H. SHAW, President.

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*

THE
Canada
Business
College

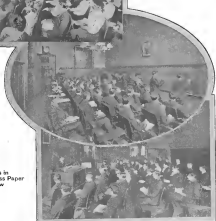
OF
HAMILTON
CANADA



B. E. GALLACHER
Principal



A Class in Shortland



A Class in Business Paper and Law

A Class in Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation

Interior views of three of the tea rooms of the College at work

This excellent Business College has been in continuous operation in Hamilton for nearly half a century. It offers a great opportunity to every young man and every young woman to get a good practical education and a successful start in life. It has over 10,000 ex-students in business life. For handsome illustrated prospectus, apply to

R. E. CALLACHER, Principal, - HAMILTON, ONT.

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Esquire* Men's Magazine

Shorthand in 30 Lessons

(BY MAIL)

\$500 Reward!

will be given by us to any person of ordinary intelligence and education, who will study according to our directions, and who cannot master the **Boyd's Syllabic Shorthand in 30 Lessons**.

You could not master any other system in 100 Lessons.

Write for **FREE LESSON** to-day.

SYLLABIC SHORTHAND SCHOOL

(Opp Post)

Bank St. Chambers, OTTAWA

The Gerhard Heintzman

GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOS

CANADA'S FINEST INSTRUMENTS
A REPUTATION GAINED THROUGH
HONEST MERIT.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited

Hamilton Salesrooms:
107 King Street West

or Yonge Street
TORONTO



When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

KAY'S MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT



No. 334-INLAID
Per Square Yard, \$1.35
Made in green as well as above colors



No. 308-INLAID
Per Square Yard, 75c.

Linoleums

WE import linoleums in immense quantities direct from the best English and Scottish makers. Our stock embraces a most carefully selected range of patterns—Oriental, Tile, Convexional and Floral—besides realistic imitations of wood-flooring, granite and tiling. We strongly recommend our inlaid linoleums. They possess the great advantage of carrying the pattern right through to the back, so that it endures clear and fresh until the material itself is worn away.

Price lists and large plates in colors of the designs will be promptly mailed on request.

Printed Linoleums
Inlaid Linoleums
Passage Linoleums

Nairn's Cork Carpets
Nairn's Plain Linoleums
Stair Linoleums

JOHN KAY COMPANY, Limited

36 and 38 King St. West, TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

MANHATTAN

Learn the truth about
this wonderful Gold
Camp and make money.
Information Free.

A. L. WISNER & CO.,

45-62 Confederation Life Bldg.
Toronto

Phone Main 3290.

OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY,
Manager for Canada.

FEARMAN'S



English
Breakfast
Bacon

is the very best
breakfast that you
can have. Try it.
Your grocer will get
it for you. If not,
we will.

F. W. FEARMAN CO.,

LIMITED

HAMILTON



We Have Made a Book of Stock Cuts for Advertisers

It contains prints in color of the prettiest, oddest
and most unique cuts ever seen.

Inscribed for people in search of the unusual or
something different that attracts attention and holds
the interest.

For the use of advertisers who appreciate dainty,
kitties and artistic illustrations for pamphlet covers,
circulars, mailing cards, note cards, letters and news-
paper advertisements.

They have been prepared by our Mr. Gibbs, who
for 10 years designed the world's famous National
Cash Register advertising.

There are 48 pages to the book, showing about one
hundred cuts, together with suggestions for reading
either to use with each cut. The printing of the
book alone is a work of art, as it is made in combina-
tions of brilliant colors.

Price 25c, (send stamp). It is really worth ten times
that amount for the ideas and suggestions shown that
it contains.

The Patterson-Gibbs Co.,
Mayweather Building, - Chicago, U.S.A.

The saying that

"Sleep is Nature's Sweet Restorer"

is being modified by the more modern one of



"Crown"
Brand
Table
Syrup

"Crown Brand Table Syrup"

is Nature's Sweet Restorer"

Made from the finest selected white corn, it contains the very essence and nutriment, as well as delicious flavor, of the finest syrup

It is a treat for every family.

Ask your grocer for it.

Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Business men should start the day right by having

Upton's Orange Marmalade

for breakfast; it is very appetizing when served with toast. Made from finest SEVILLE ORANGES and GRANULATED SUGAR and the name UPTON guarantees the quality.



Upton's Jams, Jellies and Orange Marmalade

have many imitators but none of them can equal the fine appearance or the delicious fruit flavor of the genuine UPTON'S.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

The Servant Problem Solved

if you have taken the precaution to instal **the best Range** on the market in your kitchen,

If worry and useless annoyances can be eliminated it certainly is your duty to do so.

You can reduce worry to a minimum by installing the



Perfect Idea Range

Because it is just as near perfection as it is possible to make a range.

The **Perfect Idea** is the **Only Range** made in Canada that has the



which reduces cooking to a pleasant art.

The **Perfect Idea Range** is so constructed that it burns **Gas in Summer—Coal in Winter. Perfect in Name and Perfect in Construction.** If you do not see it on your Dealer's Floor it will pay you to write us about it.

Guelph Stove Company, Limited
Guelph, Ont.

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

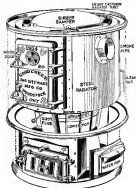
THERE ARE
MANY

"Good Cheer" Furnaces

in use, but you will not find a single one which is not giving every satisfaction.

If you are interested, write us for booklet, or see your local dealer—he can supply you.

The James Stewart Mfg. Co.
WOODSTOCK, ONT. LIMITED
Western Branch, - WINDSOR, MAN.



Old Dog—"Hello boss, taking?"
Boy—"No, minding! That's the small!"

Cuckoo

\$1.00
Puts this
Beautiful
Common-Sense
Cuckoo Clock
In Your Home



Cuckoo

Nearly
Two Feet High,
14 Inches Wide,
In Solid
Walnut Case

The works of this magnificent cuckoo clock are made to order in the finest and most artistic factories in Germany and the best compasses used and built. They are perfect in finish and adjusted which means no mechanical corrections are done as perfect timekeepers of precisely said thirty years in run and perfectly tested before it is sent out.

THE COMMON-SENSE PUBLISHING COMPANY is back of this offer—everything is as we represent it to be. Our object is giving you this splendid bargain in a secure subscription for ONE OF "BUSY" the magazine. But help us realize in greater measure. All you are already a subscriber, refund your subscription at once when you place this magazine and you get the clock.

Address COMMON-SENSE PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 254 **85 Wabash Ave., Chicago**

BOOKS FOR BUSINESS MEN

Business Short Cuts

This book is full of "wrinkles" as to the shortest way of carrying out your office duties. Over one hundred different subjects are treated upon—any one of them will show you how to simplify detail work. Articles on:

Lighting Addition
Rules for Locating Errors in Trial
Balances
Some Arithmetical Devices
A Quick Counting System
Handling Orders

A Quick System of Filing Orders
Figured Percentages
A Card System for the Memory
Distributing Letters
Time Savers for the Office Man
RECEIPTAL INVENTORIES

and numerous other subjects

"Short Cuts" is full of sound, practical advice to the men anxious to save time—and therefore accomplish more work. It will prove an eye-opener to you—you will marvel at the easy solution to seemingly difficult questions.

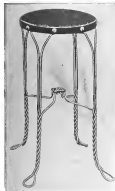
Send Today. Price, post paid, \$2.00

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

FAMOUS STEEL ROD FURNITURE

Twisted and Interwoven



For Equipment of

Waiting Rooms
Halls, Stores
Offices
Ice Cream Parlors
Drug Stores

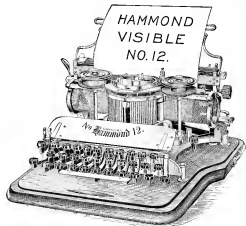
Finished in Quarter Cut Oak, Birch and Mahogany. Steel parts Oxidized, Coppered or Nickel Plated.

The Clark Mfg. Co., Limited

Gravenhurst, Ont.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

The New No. 12 Model Hammond Typewriter



We have not sacrificed any of the features which made our older models the leaders in their line, but we have added

Perfect Visibility and Polychrome Ribbon

The New No. 12 Model Hammond must be seen to be appreciated.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.

50 Adelaide Street West
TORONTO

183 St. James Street
MONTREAL

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

200 Customers' Numbers at Your Fingers' End



Ready for instant reference, yet concealed from call-box eyes. Not a second lost in searching the number you want. It your telephone is equipped with

Automatic Telephone Card Index

Save every minute each day of valuable time. Made of aluminum. Carries space for 200 names, alphabetically arranged. Slides out before the card you want (not the card itself), so that the number can be seen. The card returns automatically. Fits, 500, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000, 1010, 1020, 1030, 1040, 1050, 1060, 1070, 1080, 1090, 1100, 1110, 1120, 1130, 1140, 1150, 1160, 1170, 1180, 1190, 1200, 1210, 1220, 1230, 1240, 1250, 1260, 1270, 1280, 1290, 1300, 1310, 1320, 1330, 1340, 1350, 1360, 1370, 1380, 1390, 1400, 1410, 1420, 1430, 1440, 1450, 1460, 1470, 1480, 1490, 1500, 1510, 1520, 1530, 1540, 1550, 1560, 1570, 1580, 1590, 1600, 1610, 1620, 1630, 1640, 1650, 1660, 1670, 1680, 1690, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 1770, 1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950, 1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000, 2010, 2020, 2030, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070, 2080, 2090, 2100, 2110, 2120, 2130, 2140, 2150, 2160, 2170, 2180, 2190, 2200, 2210, 2220, 2230, 2240, 2250, 2260, 2270, 2280, 2290, 2300, 2310, 2320, 2330, 2340, 2350, 2360, 2370, 2380, 2390, 2400, 2410, 2420, 2430, 2440, 2450, 2460, 2470, 2480, 2490, 2500, 2510, 2520, 2530, 2540, 2550, 2560, 2570, 2580, 2590, 2600, 2610, 2620, 2630, 2640, 2650, 2660, 2670, 2680, 2690, 2700, 2710, 2720, 2730, 2740, 2750, 2760, 2770, 2780, 2790, 2800, 2810, 2820, 2830, 2840, 2850, 2860, 2870, 2880, 2890, 2900, 2910, 2920, 2930, 2940, 2950, 2960, 2970, 2980, 2990, 3000, 3010, 3020, 3030, 3040, 3050, 3060, 3070, 3080, 3090, 3100, 3110, 3120, 3130, 3140, 3150, 3160, 3170, 3180, 3190, 3200, 3210, 3220, 3230, 3240, 3250, 3260, 3270, 3280, 3290, 3300, 3310, 3320, 3330, 3340, 3350, 3360, 3370, 3380, 3390, 3400, 3410, 3420, 3430, 3440, 3450, 3460, 3470, 3480, 3490, 3500, 3510, 3520, 3530, 3540, 3550, 3560, 3570, 3580, 3590, 3600, 3610, 3620, 3630, 3640, 3650, 3660, 3670, 3680, 3690, 3700, 3710, 3720, 3730, 3740, 3750, 3760, 3770, 3780, 3790, 3800, 3810, 3820, 3830, 3840, 3850, 3860, 3870, 3880, 3890, 3900, 3910, 3920, 3930, 3940, 3950, 3960, 3970, 3980, 3990, 4000, 4010, 4020, 4030, 4040, 4050, 4060, 4070, 4080, 4090, 4100, 4110, 4120, 4130, 4140, 4150, 4160, 4170, 4180, 4190, 4200, 4210, 4220, 4230, 4240, 4250, 4260, 4270, 4280, 4290, 4300, 4310, 4320, 4330, 4340, 4350, 4360, 4370, 4380, 4390, 4400, 4410, 4420, 4430, 4440, 4450, 4460, 4470, 4480, 4490, 4500, 4510, 4520, 4530, 4540, 4550, 4560, 4570, 4580, 4590, 4600, 4610, 4620, 4630, 4640, 4650, 4660, 4670, 4680, 4690, 4700, 4710, 4720, 4730, 4740, 4750, 4760, 4770, 4780, 4790, 4800, 4810, 4820, 4830, 4840, 4850, 4860, 4870, 4880, 4890, 4900, 4910, 4920, 4930, 4940, 4950, 4960, 4970, 4980, 4990, 5000, 5010, 5020, 5030, 5040, 5050, 5060, 5070, 5080, 5090, 5100, 5110, 5120, 5130, 5140, 5150, 5160, 5170, 5180, 5190, 5200, 5210, 5220, 5230, 5240, 5250, 5260, 5270, 5280, 5290, 5300, 5310, 5320, 5330, 5340, 5350, 5360, 5370, 5380, 5390, 5400, 5410, 5420, 5430, 5440, 5450, 5460, 5470, 5480, 5490, 5500, 5510, 5520, 5530, 5540, 5550, 5560, 5570, 5580, 5590, 5600, 5610, 5620, 5630, 5640, 5650, 5660, 5670, 5680, 5690, 5700, 5710, 5720, 5730, 5740, 5750, 5760, 5770, 5780, 5790, 5800, 5810, 5820, 5830, 5840, 5850, 5860, 5870, 5880, 5890, 5900, 5910, 5920, 5930, 5940, 5950, 5960, 5970, 5980, 5990, 6000, 6010, 6020, 6030, 6040, 6050, 6060, 6070, 6080, 6090, 6100, 6110, 6120, 6130, 6140, 6150, 6160, 6170, 6180, 6190, 6200, 6210, 6220, 6230, 6240, 6250, 6260, 6270, 6280, 6290, 6300, 6310, 6320, 6330, 6340, 6350, 6360, 6370, 6380, 6390, 6400, 6410, 6420, 6430, 6440, 6450, 6460, 6470, 6480, 6490, 6500, 6510, 6520, 6530, 6540, 6550, 6560, 6570, 6580, 6590, 6600, 6610, 6620, 6630, 6640, 6650, 6660, 6670, 6680, 6690, 6700, 6710, 6720, 6730, 6740, 6750, 6760, 6770, 6780, 6790, 6800, 6810, 6820, 6830, 6840, 6850, 6860, 6870, 6880, 6890, 6900, 6910, 6920, 6930, 6940, 6950, 6960, 6970, 6980, 6990, 7000, 7010, 7020, 7030, 7040, 7050, 7060, 7070, 7080, 7090, 7100, 7110, 7120, 7130, 7140, 7150, 7160, 7170, 7180, 7190, 7200, 7210, 7220, 7230, 7240, 7250, 7260, 7270, 7280, 7290, 7300, 7310, 7320, 7330, 7340, 7350, 7360, 7370, 7380, 7390, 7400, 7410, 7420, 7430, 7440, 7450, 7460, 7470, 7480, 7490, 7500, 7510, 7520, 7530, 7540, 7550, 7560, 7570, 7580, 7590, 7600, 7610, 7620, 7630, 7640, 7650, 7660, 7670, 7680, 7690, 7700, 7710, 7720, 7730, 7740, 7750, 7760, 7770, 7780, 7790, 7800, 7810, 7820, 7830, 7840, 7850, 7860, 7870, 7880, 7890, 7900, 7910, 7920, 7930, 7940, 7950, 7960, 7970, 7980, 7990, 8000, 8010, 8020, 8030, 8040, 8050, 8060, 8070, 8080, 8090, 8100, 8110, 8120, 8130, 8140, 8150, 8160, 8170, 8180, 8190, 8200, 8210, 8220, 8230, 8240, 8250, 8260, 8270, 8280, 8290, 8300, 8310, 8320, 8330, 8340, 8350, 8360, 8370, 8380, 8390, 8400, 8410, 8420, 8430, 8440, 8450, 8460, 8470, 8480, 8490, 8500, 8510, 8520, 8530, 8540, 8550, 8560, 8570, 8580, 8590, 8600, 8610, 8620, 8630, 8640, 8650, 8660, 8670, 8680, 8690, 8700, 8710, 8720, 8730, 8740, 8750, 8760, 8770, 8780, 8790, 8800, 8810, 8820, 8830, 8840, 8850, 8860, 8870, 8880, 8890, 8900, 8910, 8920, 8930, 8940, 8950, 8960, 8970, 8980, 8990, 9000, 9010, 9020, 9030, 9040, 9050, 9060, 9070, 9080, 9090, 9100, 9110, 9120, 9130, 9140, 9150, 9160, 9170, 9180, 9190, 9200, 9210, 9220, 9230, 9240, 9250, 9260, 9270, 9280, 9290, 9300, 9310, 9320, 9330, 9340, 9350, 9360, 9370, 9380, 9390, 9400, 9410, 9420, 9430, 9440, 9450, 9460, 9470, 9480, 9490, 9500, 9510, 9520, 9530, 9540, 9550, 9560, 9570, 9580, 9590, 9600, 9610, 9620, 9630, 9640, 9650, 9660, 9670, 9680, 9690, 9700, 9710, 9720, 9730, 9740, 9750, 9760, 9770, 9780, 9790, 9800, 9810, 9820, 9830, 9840, 9850, 9860, 9870, 9880, 9890, 9900, 9910, 9920, 9930, 9940, 9950, 9960, 9970, 9980, 9990, 10000, 10001, 10002, 10003, 10004, 10005, 10006, 10007, 10008, 10009, 10010, 10011, 10012, 10013, 10014, 10015, 10016, 10017, 10018, 10019, 10020, 10021, 10022, 10023, 10024, 10025, 10026, 10027, 10028, 10029, 10030, 10031, 10032, 10033, 10034, 10035, 10036, 10037, 10038, 10039, 10040, 10041, 10042, 10043, 10044, 10045, 10046, 10047, 10048, 10049, 10050, 10051, 10052, 10053, 10054, 10055, 10056, 10057, 10058, 10059, 10060, 10061, 10062, 10063, 10064, 10065, 10066, 10067, 10068, 10069, 10070, 10071, 10072, 10073, 10074, 10075, 10076, 10077, 10078, 10079, 10080, 10081, 10082, 10083, 10084, 10085, 10086, 10087, 10088, 10089, 10090, 10091, 10092, 10093, 10094, 10095, 10096, 10097, 10098, 10099, 10100, 10101, 10102, 10103, 10104, 10105, 10106, 10107, 10108, 10109, 10110, 10111, 10112, 10113, 10114, 10115, 10116, 10117, 10118, 10119, 10120, 10121, 10122, 10123, 10124, 10125, 10126, 10127, 10128, 10129, 10130, 10131, 10132, 10133, 10134, 10135, 10136, 10137, 10138, 10139, 10140, 10141, 10142, 10143, 10144, 10145, 10146, 10147, 10148, 10149, 10150, 10151, 10152, 10153, 10154, 10155, 10156, 10157, 10158, 10159, 10160, 10161, 10162, 10163, 10164, 10165, 10166, 10167, 10168, 10169, 10170, 10171, 10172, 10173, 10174, 10175, 10176, 10177, 10178, 10179, 10180, 10181, 10182, 10183, 10184, 10185, 10186, 10187, 10188, 10189, 10190, 10191, 10192, 10193, 10194, 10195, 10196, 10197, 10198, 10199, 10200, 10201, 10202, 10203, 10204, 10205, 10206, 10207, 10208, 10209, 10210, 10211, 10212, 10213, 10214, 10215, 10216, 10217, 10218, 10219, 10220, 10221, 10222, 10223, 10224, 10225, 10226, 10227, 10228, 10229, 10230, 10231, 10232, 10233, 10234, 10235, 10236, 10237, 10238, 10239, 10240, 10241, 10242, 10243, 10244, 10245, 10246, 10247, 10248, 10249, 10250, 10251, 10252, 10253, 10254, 10255, 10256, 10257, 10258, 10259, 10260, 10261, 10262, 10263, 10264, 10265, 10266, 10267, 10268, 10269, 10270, 10271, 10272, 10273, 10274, 10275, 10276, 10277, 10278, 10279, 10280, 10281, 10282, 10283, 10284, 10285, 10286, 10287, 10288, 10289, 10290, 10291, 10292, 10293, 10294, 10295, 10296, 10297, 10298, 10299, 10300, 10301, 10302, 10303, 10304, 10305, 10306, 10307, 10308, 10309, 10310, 10311, 10312, 10313, 10314, 10315, 10316, 10317, 10318, 10319, 10320, 10321, 10322, 10323, 10324, 10325, 10326, 10327, 10328, 10329, 10330, 10331, 10332, 10333, 10334, 10335, 10336, 10337, 10338, 10339, 10340, 10341, 10342, 10343, 10344, 10345, 10346, 10347, 10348, 10349, 10350, 10351, 10352, 10353, 10354, 10355, 10356, 10357, 10358, 10359, 10360, 10361, 10362, 10363, 10364, 10365, 10366, 10367, 10368, 10369, 10370, 10371, 10372, 10373, 10374, 10375, 10376, 10377, 10378, 10379, 10380, 10381, 10382, 10383, 10384, 10385, 10386, 10387, 10388, 10389, 10390, 10391, 10392, 10393, 10394, 10395, 10396, 10397, 10398, 10399, 10400, 10401, 10402, 10403, 10404, 10405, 10406, 10407, 10408, 10409, 10410, 10411, 10412, 10413, 10414, 10415, 10416, 10417, 10418, 10419, 10420, 10421, 10422, 10423, 10424, 10425, 10426, 10427, 10428, 10429, 10430, 10431, 10432, 10433, 10434, 10435, 10436, 10437, 10438, 10439, 10440, 10441, 10442, 10443, 10444, 10445, 10446, 10447, 10448, 10449, 10450, 10451, 10452, 10453, 10454, 10455, 10456, 10457, 10458, 10459, 10460, 10461, 10462, 10463, 10464, 10465, 10466, 10467, 10468, 10469, 10470, 10471, 10472, 10473, 10474, 10475, 10476, 10477, 10478, 10479, 10480, 10481, 10482, 10483, 10484, 10485, 10486, 10487, 10488, 10489, 10490, 10491, 10492, 10493, 10494, 10495, 10496, 10497, 10498, 10499, 10500, 10501, 10502, 10503, 10504, 10505, 10506, 10507, 10508, 10509, 10510, 10511, 10512, 10513, 10514, 10515, 10516, 10517, 10518, 10519, 10520, 10521, 10522, 10523, 10524, 10525, 10526, 10527, 10528, 10529, 10530, 10531, 10532, 10533, 10534, 10535, 10536, 10537, 10538, 10539, 10540, 10541, 10542, 10543, 10544, 10545, 10546, 10547, 10548, 10549, 10550, 10551, 10552, 10553, 10554, 10555, 10556, 10557, 10558, 10559, 10560, 10561, 10562, 10563, 10564, 10565, 10566, 10567, 10568, 10569, 10570, 10571, 10572, 10573, 10574, 10575, 10576, 10577, 10578, 10579, 10580, 10581, 10582, 10583, 10584, 10585, 10586, 10587, 10588, 10589, 10590, 10591, 10592, 10593, 10594, 10595, 10596, 10597, 10598, 10599, 10600, 10601, 10602, 10603, 10604, 10605, 10606, 10607, 10608, 10609, 10610, 10611, 10612, 10613, 10614, 10615, 10616, 10617, 10618, 10619, 10620, 10621, 10622, 10623, 10624, 10625, 10626, 10627, 10628, 10629, 10630, 10631, 10632, 10633, 10634, 10635, 10636, 10637, 10638, 10639, 10640, 10641, 10642, 10643, 10644, 10645, 10646, 10647, 10648, 10649, 10650, 10651, 10652, 10653, 10654, 10655, 10656, 10657, 10658, 10659, 10660, 10661, 10662, 10663, 10664, 10665, 10666, 10667, 10668, 10669, 10670, 10671, 10672, 10673, 10674, 10675, 10676, 10677, 10678, 10679, 10680, 10681, 10682, 10683, 10684, 10685, 10686, 10687, 10688, 10689, 10690, 10691, 10692, 10693, 10694, 10695, 10696, 10697, 10698, 10699, 10700, 10701, 10702, 10703, 10704, 10705, 10706, 10707, 10708, 10709, 10710, 10711, 10712, 10713, 10714, 10715, 10716, 10717, 10718, 10719, 10720, 10721, 10722, 10723, 10724, 10725, 10726, 10727, 10728, 10729, 10730, 10731, 10732, 10733, 10734, 10735, 10736, 10737, 10738, 10739, 10740, 10741, 10742, 10743, 10744, 10745, 10746, 10747, 10748, 10749, 10750, 10751, 10752, 10753, 10754, 10755, 10756, 10757, 10758, 10759, 10760, 10761, 10762, 10763, 10764, 10765, 10766, 10767, 10768, 10769, 10770, 10771, 10772, 10773, 10774, 10775, 10776, 10777, 10778, 10779, 10780, 10781, 10782, 10783, 10784, 10785, 10786, 10787, 10788, 10789, 10790, 10791, 10792, 10793, 10794, 10795, 10796, 10797, 107



When sending remittances by mail
don't put money in a letter
use

MONEY ORDERS

OF THE
DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

They are absolutely safe—perfect to proper persons being guaranteed,
most convenient—as they can be readily purchased and cashed, on presentation,
everywhere. Very convenient—the small cost of the order covers the
sender's money against loss.

FOREIGN CHEQUES

for remittance to all Foreign Countries. Promptly paid by correspondents in every large town or city
in all the commercial countries of the World, at low rates.

TRAVELERS CHEQUES

The most convenient way to carry funds. Issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$500 with
receipts in Foreign Money printed on each. No discounts. Self-liquidating. Payable all over the world.

Our local Agents will cheerfully furnish full information and notes.



"LET OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

Belcher (making a concession to his chum in the matter of charges). "Well, Sandy,
seeing I lost your father, I'll make it two guineas."

Sandy—"Good sake, man! I'm glad ye didn't see grandfather!"—Punch.



Underwood

The Underwood Typewriter gives satisfaction,
and isn't that what you pay for and expect to get in a
typewriter? Just how this is produced is the business
of the manufacturer of the machine, but a business
man wants a typewriter that will do his work
rapidly and well, a typewriter that will stand hard
work and lots of it, as long as a good machine should.
The Underwood does all that.

The Underwood gives better satisfaction than
any other typewriter. If it did not, why should our
imports for one month in 1907 be greater than the
imports of our strongest competitor for the entire
year of 1906?

When you buy an Underwood, you get the
culmination of excellence in typewriter construction.
There are but two other classes of typewriters—
Underwood Imitations and Antiques.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd.

Adelaide Street East
Toronto

And in all the principal cities

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

White Opalite Glass Tile

The only Sanitary, Non-Crazing, Weather-Proof, Light-Reflecting and Non-Absorbent Tile on the Market.

Complete with
Corners, Mouldings and Cove
Base. . . .

The Cleanest
and best Material
for Wall Protection. . . .

Estimates
and
Samples
Supplied.

Used in Vestibules, Halls,
Lavatories, Bathrooms,
Operating Rooms, Kitchens.



One of Our Latest Store Fronts

LUXFER PRISM CO., LIMITED
100 King Street West, - - - TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Adams

The Lowest Priced High-Grade Desk on the Market.

The "Adams Special" Desk



The "Adams Special" Line of Roll and Flat Top Desks

- No. 307—Low Roll Top Desk, also 32x36—all transparent oak top, writing bed and drawers-front, rolled overleaf and heavy extension base all round—back and ends as well. Delivered to the front. All drawers work down into front and back—finished inside and fitted with drawer guides in grooves on sides. Pipe holes bored with our secret sliding cover, doing away with the old style pipe-hole base, square-hole cast, also equipped with two lock wood latches, drawers and other drawers for letter holders, newspapers, etc. In woods, as all types, either in the roll polish or our new and popular golden velvet dual finish. Price, net—**\$33.00**
- No. 308—Flat top to match, 32 x 36, roll polish or golden velvet finish. Price, net—**\$23.50**
- No. 309—Low Roll Top, exactly like No. 307, but made 62x34, roll polish or golden velvet finish. Net price—**\$39.00**
- No. 310—Flat Top to match, 62x34, roll polish or golden velvet finish. Price, net—**\$26.00**

Canadian Agents for the Famous

Macey Filing Cabinets
and Filing Cabinet Supplies

Send for Catalogue "E"—No Charge For It

The Adams Furniture Co.
TORONTO, ONTARIO. Limited

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine



It seems to be an accepted fact that the Bound Ledger is a thing of history; that the Copeland-Chatterton Perpetual Ledger stands alone the great success of modern accounting methods.

Our Ledger Binders are exclusive in quality and finish. They are easily operated and are built to stand the wear and tear that goes with the office handling of any book. The ledger leaves have our water-mark to guarantee them as being the very best product possible to secure.

- † The Copeland-Chatterton Perpetual Ledgers save you money and facilitate business. They lessen the possibility of error and assist in the transacting of business by making it easy for you to know at once the condition of your outstanding accounts, and in helping you to find the particular account wanted, quickly.
- † The Copeland-Chatterton Perpetual Ledgers can be adapted to meet any changes in any business at a moment's notice. New accounts may be added and old ones given more space if desired.
- † The inactive accounts may be filed away in the Transfer Ledger—active accounts only remaining in Current Ledger—never ceasing.
- † The alphabetical arrangement of the Copeland-Chatterton Ledger makes the Ledger an Index itself.

If you want to hear more about our ledgers a postal card to us will bring you literature.

The Copeland-Chatterton Co., Limited

Works: BRAMPTON,

General Office: TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Your Book-Keeper Can Do Twice As Much

It is a common mistake to think that a book-keeper can do only one thing. He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

The "Business Systems" System is a complete system of book-keeping.

The "Business Systems" System makes it easy for you to keep your books. The "Business Systems" System makes it easy for you to keep your books.

It is a common mistake to think that a book-keeper can do only one thing. He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

He can do much more than that.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS

LIMITED

100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, 1574, 1575, 1576, 1577, 1578, 1579, 1580, 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1664, 1665, 1666, 1667, 1668, 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, 1673, 1674, 1675, 1676, 1677, 1678, 1679, 1680, 1681, 1682, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1686, 1687, 1688, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1692, 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, 1709, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1716, 1717, 1718, 1719, 1720, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1724, 1725, 1726, 1727, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2

"UNISYSTEMS"

Our work is our best advertisement; it is backed by a factory equipped especially for the purpose. Write or phone nearest representative.



SALES OFFICES:

Toronto: Representatives

R. H. Green, H. StG. Clapton,
D. Fleming, W. C. Brown
8-10 Adelaide St. West, Phone MAin 4853

Montreal: Representatives

P. Hézouit, L. J. Dunbar,
G. A. Archambault, A. H. Lamerou,
14 Bank of Ottawa Bldg., Phone MAin 4853

Quebec: Representative

J. A. Poudrier
171, 2000 Street, Phone 4-51